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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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A SINGULAR LIFE.

I.

THERE were seven of them at the table that day, and they were talking about heredity. At least they were talking about whatever stood for heredity at the date of our history. The word had penetrated to religious circles at the time; but it was still interpreted with a free personal translation.

Perhaps there is no greater curiosity of this kind than that of a group of theological students (chiefly in their junior year) discussing science. It is not certain that the tendencies of the Seminary club dinner are not in themselves materialistic. The great law of denial belongs to the powerful forces of life, whether the case be one of coolish, baked beans, or an unrequited affection. That the thing we have not is the thing we would have, neither you nor I nor the junior may deny; and it is quite probable that these young men set an undue value upon a game dinner and *entrées*, which was not without its reactionary effect upon their philosophy.

Jaynes, for instance, had been reading Huxley. Jaynes was a stout man, and short, with those round eyeglasses by which oculists delight in deforming round people. He confessed that he was impressed by the argument. He said: —

"Varieties arise, we do not know why; and if it should be probable that the majority of varieties have arisen in a spontaneous manner" —

"A little vinegar, Jaynes, if you please," interrupted Tompkinton gently. Tompkinton was long and lean. His hair was thin, and scraggled about his ears, which were not small. His hands were thin. His clear blue eye had an absent look. In cold weather he wore an old army cape of his father's. He studied much without a fire, for the club board at the "short price" cost him two dollars and seventy-five cents a week. His boots were old, and he had no gloves and a cough. He came from the State of New Hampshire.

Then there was Fenton: a snug little fellow, who took honors at Amherst; a man who never spent more than five hundred a year in his life, yet always wore clean linen and a tolerable coat, had a stylish cut to his hair, and went to Boston occasionally to a concert. It was even reported that he had been to see Booth. But the Faculty discredited the report. Besides, he had what was known as "a gift at prayer."

Fenton was rather a popular man, and when he spoke in answer to Holt (who observed that *he* considered Huxley's Descent of Man an infidel book) he was listened to with marked attention.

Holt was in the Special Course. He was a converted brakeman from the Hecla and St. Mary's, a flourishing Western railway. Holt, being the only student present who had not received any undue measure of collegiate culture, was treated with marked courtesy by his more liberally educated fellow-students.

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"We are reading Darwin up at my room, two or three of us, after dinner," observed Fenton gently. "We should be happy to have you join us sometimes, Holt."

Holt blinked at the speaker with that uncertain motion of the eyelids which means half intellectual confusion, and half personal embarrassment. Not a man of these young Christians had smiled; yet the Special Course student, being no natural fool, vaguely perceived that something had gone wrong.

But Fenton was vivaciously discussing the last ball game with his *vis-à-vis*, a middler whose name is unknown to history. It was some time before he said, looking far down the long table: —

"Bayard, who is it that says it takes three generations to make a gentleman?"

"Why, Holmes, I suppose," answered he who was addressed. "Who else would be likely to say it?"

"Any of the Avonsons might have said it," observed a gentlemanly fellow from the extreme end of the table; he returned his spoon to his saucer as he spoke. There were several students at the club who did not drink with their spoons in their teacups, and even laid the knife and fork in parallels upon the plate, and this was one of the men. He had an effective and tenderly cherished mustache. He was, on the whole, a handsome man. It was thought that he would settle over a city parish.

"I doubt if there was ever an Avonson who could have said it, Bent," replied Bayard. The Avonsons were a prominent New England family, not unknown to diplomacy and letters, nor even to Holt of the Hecla and St. Mary's.

"But why, then?" persisted Bent.

"They have believed it too thoroughly and too long to say anything so fine."

Bent raised an interrogative eyebrow.

"You won't understand," returned Bayard, smiling. All the fellows turned towards Bayard when he smiled; it was a habit they had. "You are n't expected to. *You* are destined for the Episcopal Church."

"I see the connection less than ever," Bent maintained. "But I scent heresy somewhere. You are doomed to the stake, Bayard. That is clear as — as the Latin fathers. Have an apple, — do. It's sour, but sound. It's Baldwin year, or we should n't get them except Sundays."

Bayard mechanically took the apple, and laid it down untouched. His eye wandered up the cold length of the long table decorated with stone china. Somehow, few aspects of the theological life struck his imagination so typically as a big vegetable dish piled with cold, unrelieved Baldwins, to be served for after-dinner fruit on a winter day. In the kind of mental chill which the smallest of causes may throw over a nature like his, Bayard did not exert himself to reply to his classmate, but fell into one of the sudden silences for which he was marked.

"My father," observed the New Hampshire man quietly, "was a farmer. He dug his own potatoes the day before he enlisted. Perhaps I am no judge, but I always thought he was a gentleman — when I was a little boy."

Tompkinton shouldered himself out of the conversation, asked one of the fellows what hour the Professor had decided on for eternal punishment, and went out into the wintry air, taking long strides to the lecture-room, with his notebook under the old blue army cape, of which the northwest wind flung up the scarlet side.

"Has the Professor tea'd you yet, Bent?" asked Bayard, rousing, perhaps a little too obviously anxious to turn the channels of conversation. Genealogical problems at best, and in picked company, are unsafe topics; hence peculiarly dangerous at a club table of poor theologues, half of whom must, in the nature of things, be forcing their way into social conditions wholly unknown to their past. Bayard was quicker than the other men to think of such things.

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"Oh yes," said Bent, with a slightly twitching mustache. "Ten of us at a time in alphabetical order. I came the first night, being a B. Madam his wife and Mademoiselle his daughter were present, the only ladies against such a lot of us. I pitied them. But Miss Carruth seemed to pity us. She showed me her photograph book, and some Swiss pickle forks — carved. Then she asked me if I read Comte. And then her mother asked me how many of the class had received calls. Then the Professor told some stories about a Baptist minister. And so by and by we came away. It was an abandoned hour — for Cesarea. It was ten o'clock."

"I was in town that night," observed Bayard. "I had to send my regrets."

"If you were in town, why could n't you go?" asked the middler.

"I mean that I was out of town. I was in Boston. I had gone home," explained Bayard pleasantly.

"You won't come in now till after the Z's," suggested Fenton quickly; "or else you 'll be left over till the postgraduates take turn, and the B's come on again."

The Baldwin apples were all eaten now, and the stone china was disappearing from the long table in detachments. Jaynes and the Special Course man had followed Tompkinton, and the middler and Bent now pushed back their chairs. Bayard remained a moment to ask after the landlady's neuralgia, — he was one of the men who do not economize sympathy without more effort than its repression is usually worth, — and Fenton waited for him in the cold hall. The two young men shoved their shoulders into their overcoats sturdily, and walked across the Seminary green together to their rooms.

Strictly speaking, one should say the Seminary "white." It was midwinter, and on top of Cesarea Hill. From the four corners of the earth the winds of heaven blew, and beat against that spot; to it the first snowflake flew, and on it the last blizzard fell. Were the winters longer and the summers hotter in Cesarea than in other places? So thought the theologues in the old draughty, shaking Seminary dormitories dignified by time and native talent with the name of "halls."

Young Bayard trod the icy path to his own particular hall (Galilee was its name) with the chronic homesickness of a city-bred man forced through a New England country winter under circumstances which forbade him to find fault with it. His profession and his seminary were his own choice; he had never been conscious of wavering in it, or caught in grumbling about it, but sometimes he felt that if he had been brought up differently, — like Tompkinton, for instance, not to say Holt, — he should have expended less of that vitality necessary to any kind of success in the simple process of enduring the unfamiliar.

"How was the gale round your room last night?" inquired young Fenton, as the two climbed the frozen terraces, and leaped over the chains that hung between rows of stunted posts set at regular intervals in front of the Seminary buildings. For what purpose these stone dwarfs staggered there, no one but the founders of the institution knew; and they had been in their graves too long to tell.

"It made me think of my uncle's house," observed Bayard.

"By force of contrast? Yes. I never lived in Beacon Street. But I can guess. I pity you in that northwest corner. My mother sent me a soapstone by express last week. I should have been dead, I should have been frozen stark, without it. You heat it, you know, on top of the base-burner, and tuck it in the sheets. Then you forget and kick it out when you 're asleep, and it thumps on the fellow's head in the room below, and he blackguards you for it through the ceiling. Better get one."

"Are you really *comfortable* — all night?" asked Bayard wistfully. "I

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have n't thought about being warm or any of those luxuries since I came here. I expected to rough it. I mean to toughen myself."

In his heart he was repeating certain old words which ran like this: Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But they did not come to his lips. He was as afraid of cant as too many young theologues are of sincere simplicity.

"Oh, come, Bayard!" urged the other. "There 's where you miss it. Why not be comfortable? I don't see that Christianity and misery need be identical. You are certain to have a tough time if you go on as you begin. Talk about election, foreordination, predestination! You take the whole set of condemnatory doctrines into your hands and settle your own fate beforehand. A man does n't leave Providence any free will who sets out in life as you do."

"Do I strike you that way?" asked the young man anxiously. "If there is anything I abhor, it is a gloomy clergyman!"

"There you are again! Now I 'm not finding fault with you," began Fenton, settling his chin in his comfortable way. "Your soul is all nerves, man. It is a ganglion. You need more tissue round it — like me."

The two young men stood at the foot of the bare wooden stairs in the cold entry of Galilee Hall, at the dividing of their ways. It was the usual luck of the other that he should have a southwest room, first floor. But Bayard climbed to his northwest third-story corner uncomplainingly. It occurred to him to say that there were objects in life as important, on the whole, as being comfortable. But he did not. He only asked if the lectures on the Nicene Creed were to be continued at four, and went on, shivering, to his room.

It was a bitter February afternoon, and the wind blew the wrong way for northwest corners. Bayard had spent the day in coddling his big base-burner, which now rewarded him by a decent glow as he entered his study. He had no chum, and thanked God for it; he curled into the shell of his solitude contentedly, and turned to his books at once, plunging headlong into the gulf of the Nicene Creed. At the end of two hours he got up, shivering. The subject was colder than the climate, and he felt congealed to the soul. He flung open his bedroom door. An icy breath came from that monastic cell. He thought, "I really must get some double windows." He had purposely refrained all winter from this luxury lest he should seem to have more comforts than his poorer classmates.

The early winter sunset was coming on, and Cesarea Hill was wrapping herself in gold and purple and in silver sheen to meet it. Bayard went to his window, and stood, with his hands locked behind him, looking abroad.

The Seminary lawns (old Cesareans spoke of them as the Seminary "yard"), encrusted in two feet of snow, took on the evening colors in great sweeps, as if made by one or two strokes of a mighty brush. The transverse paths that cut across the snow, under rows of ancient elm-trees, had the shape of a cross. The delicate, bare branches of the elms were etched against a blazing west. Above, the metallic sky hung cold and clear. A few students were crossing the lawns, tripping and slipping on the paths of gray and glittering ice. In the wide street beyond, a number of people were breasting the blast, valiantly prepared for a mile's walk to the evening mail. The night threatened to be very cold. Across the street, the Professors' houses stood in a serious row. Beyond them, the horizon line ran to Wachusett undisturbed; and the hill and valley view melted into noble outlines under snow and sun.

Emanuel Bayard stood at his window looking across to the hills. The setting sun shone full in his face. I see no rea-

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son why one should hesitate to give a man full credit for personal beauty because one chances to be his biographer, and do not hesitate to say that the attractiveness of this young man was extraordinary.

He was of slender build, but tall, and with good square shoulders that sturdily supported his head. He had the forehead of a student, the carriage of a man of society, and the beauty of a myth, or a saint, which may be the same thing. His complexion was a trifle fair for a man; his brown hair, shot with gold, curled defiantly all over his head; when he first decided to study theology, he used to try to brush it straight, but he might as well have tried to brush Antinous out of fable. He had bright, human, healthy color, and, as has been intimated, a remarkable smile. His lips were delicately cut; they curved and trembled with almost pitiful responsiveness to impressions. Thought and feeling chased over his face like the tints of a vibrating prism cast on a white surface. It was in his eyes that the extreme sensitiveness of his nature seemed to concentrate and strengthen into repose. His nearest friend might have said of Bayard's eyes, They are hazel, and said no more. Some stranger in the street, to whom the perception of the unusual was given, might have passed him, and said, That man's eyes are living light. Indeed, strangers often moved back and looked again at him; while people who knew him best sometimes turned away from him uncomfortably, as if he blinded them. This power to dazzle, which we often see in merely clear-minded persons with a well-painted iris, may not be associated in the least with the higher nature, but even the contrary. It was the peculiarity about Bayard that his eye seemed to be the highest as well as the brightest fact in any given personal situation. Neither a prophet nor a cutthroat would for an instant have questioned the spiritual supremacy of the man.

In Paris, once, he was thrown in the way of a celebrated adventuress, and she confessed to him, sobbing, as if he had been her priest, within an hour. Rank is of the soul, and Bayard's was unmistakable. Beauty like his is as candid, in its way, as certain forms of vice. It is impossible for him to conceal his descent who is born a spiritual prince.

But the young man was thinking nothing of this as he faced the cold and gleaming sky, to see the sun drop just to the north of Wachusett, as he had done so many winter nights since he took possession of the northwest corner of Galilee Hall. If his musing had been strictly translated into words, "I must prove my rank," he would have said.

As he stood mute and rapt, seeming to bestow more brilliance than he took from it on the afterglow that filled the grim old room, his eye rested on the line of Professors' houses that stood between him and his sunset, and musingly traveled from ancient roof to roof till it reached the house behind which the sun had dropped. This house was not built by the pious founders, and had a certain impertinent, worldly air as of a Professor with property, or a committee of the Trustees who conceded more than was expected by the Westminster Catechism to contemporaneous ease and architecture. It was in fact a fashionable modern building, a Queen Anne country house, neither more nor less.

As Bayard's glance reached the home of his theological Professor it idly fell upon the second-story front window, where signs of motion chanced to arrest his attention. In this window the drawn shade was slowly raised, and the lace drapery curtains parted. A woman's figure stood for a moment between the curtains. There were western windows, also, to the room, and the still burning light shot through from side to side of the wing. In it she could be seen clearly: she stood with raised arm and hand; there was something so warm and womanly and rich in

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the outlines of that remote figure that the young man would have been no young man if his glance had not rested upon it.

After a moment's perceptible hesitation he turned away; then stepped back and drew down his old white cotton shade.

II.

More than thirty years before the day of this biography, a blue-eyed girl sat in her brother's home in Beacon Street, weighing the problem which even then had begun to shake the social world every year at crocus time, Where shall we spend the summer?

When Mary Worcester's gentle mind, wavering between the hills and the shore with the pleasant agitation of a girl who has never known any compulsion severer than her own young choice upon her fate, turned in the direction of the mountain village which her mother used to fancy, it seemed the least important of acts or facts, and was so regarded by her brother; for Hermon Worcester was a preoccupied young man, more absorbed in adding to his fortune, inherited in wool, than in studying the natural history of an attractive orphaned younger sister, left, obviously, by Providence upon his hands.

So, properly chaperoned and luxuriously outfitted, to the hills went Mary Worcester that conclusive summer of her life; and the village of Bethlehem — a handful then, a hamlet, if one should compare it with the luxurious and important place of resort known to our own day — received, as unconsciously as she gave, the presence of this young visitor whose lot was destined to become so fair a leaf bound in with the village history.

They are not usually the decisions to which we give the most thought that most control our lives, but those to which we give the least: and this city girl glided into her country holiday as unaware as the rest of us are when we cross the little misty space that separates freedom from fate.

She was not an extraordinary girl; unless we should consider extraordinary a certain kind of moral beauty to which the delicacy of her face and form gave marked expression. Such beauty she assuredly possessed. Her head had a certain poise never to be found except in women to whom we may apply the beautiful adjective "high-minded." Her eyes and the curve of her lip bore this out: and she had the quality of voice no more to be copied by a woman of the world than a pure heart is to be imitated by a schemer.

She was not an intellectual woman in our modern sense of the word. She was a bright, gentle girl; more devout than her mates who rode with her on picnics from the hotel, but as ready to be happy as the rest; she had a certain sweet merriment, or merry sweetness, peculiar to herself, and of which life and trouble never entirely robbed her. If we add to this that she had the angelic obstinacy sometimes to be found in unobtrusive and amiable people, her story, so far as it concerns us, need not be the enigma that it always remained to many of those who knew her best. In this summer of which we speak, when Miss Worcester had been for a couple of weeks among the hills, it befell that her party, for some cause not important enough to trace, moved into lodgings across the road from the hotel, where they commanded a cottage otherwise occupied only by the proprietor or tenant of the house. The cottage, after the fashion of its kind, was white of surface, green of blinds, and calm of demeanor. Its low front windows swept the great horizon of Bethlehem without obstruction, and when one drew the green-paper shade of the upper chamber in the rear, a tall pine — one of fourscore, the picket of a rich and sombre grove — brushed into one's face, and eyed one like a grave, superior rustic who knew his worth and one's own, and was not to be distanced.

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Mary Worcester, in a white, thin dress, was sitting by this window one July day, looking down on the long fingers of the pine bough, when she was disturbed by a sudden agitation in the green heart of the tree. The boughs shook and parted, and the branch that lay over upon her window-sill trembled, yielded, started, gave a smart, stinging blow upon her bending cheek, and swept aside. She sprang back to save her eyes, and, in doing so, perceived the top round of a ladder rising from the tree.

She was startled for the instant; but observing that the ladder continued to rise steadily, and had evidently higher aspirations than her window-sill, she remained where she was. At this moment a voice from below delicately suggested that if any of the ladies were upstairs they might like to draw the shade, as some repairs were necessary upon the roof. The speaker was sorry to incommode anybody, and would withdraw as soon as possible.

Owing, perhaps, to that kind of modesty which feels an embarrassment at being recognized, the young girl did not draw her shade, but moved into the adjoining room while the carpenter climbed the ladder. The doors and windows were open through, and she stood for a moment uncertain, her light dress swaying in the draught. Then, turning, she looked back at the mechanic. At that moment his face and shoulders were on a level with her window. To her surprise, she recognized the man as their host, the owner of the cottage.

In a few moments a stout arm struck the roof over her head, and resounding blows shook the cottage sturdily, while a few old shingles flew past her window and troubled the pine-tree, which, shivering at the indignity, cast them to the moss below.

To escape the clamor, Miss Worcester tossed on her straw hat and fled below-stairs. Her friends were all out and the house was empty. She wandered about such of the lower rooms as she had the right to enter, for a few moments, and then strolled out aimlessly into the grove. She flung herself down on the pine needles in the idle reverie of youth and ease and health; no graver purpose in life than to escape the noise of a shingler's hammer appeared to her. When the blows upon the roof had ceased she rose and went back. At the foot of the pine-tree, with his ladder on his shoulder, unexpectedly stood the man.

He was a well-built man, young and attractive to the eye. He did not look as rugged as his class, and showed, proportionally, more refinement. His eyes were dark and large, and had the sadness of a misunderstood dog. He raised them in one swift look to the young girl. She drifted by in her white dress with her straw hat on her arm; her hair was tumbled and bright; a little spot on one cheek, where she had rested it upon her arm, burned red. She smiled and said something, she did not know what. The mechanic lifted his old straw hat: the little act had the ease of town-bred gentlemen; something about it surprised the young lady, and she lingered a moment.

"And so you mend the roof for us?" she said, with her merry sweetness. "We thank you, sir."

"It is my business," replied the mechanic a little coldly. But his eyes were not cold, and they regarded her with deferent though daring steadiness.

"You are then the carpenter. Are you sure?" she persisted audaciously.

"That," replied her host, after a silence in which she heard her own heart leap, "is for you to determine." He bowed, shouldered the ladder which he had let drop, and passed on into the shed with it. His lodger, with burning cheeks, fled to her room, and drew down the green-paper shade.

The following day was Sunday, and the city lodgers in a party attended the village church. Mary Worcester, dain-

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tily dressed and devoutly inclined, sat with her head bowed upon the rail of the pew before her. When the village choir recited the opening fugue she did not move; but when the minister's voice broke the pleasant silence that followed, and the invocatory prayer filled the meeting-house, she lifted her eyes to the pulpit, and behold, he who had shingled the cottage yesterday was the preacher of to-day.

The services took their usual course. The smell of lilacs came in at the open windows of the country church. The rustic choir sang. The minister had an educated voice and agreeable manner. He did not preach a great sermon, but he spoke in a manly fashion, read the Bible without affectation, and prayed like a believer. It was not until the close of the service that he suffered his glance to rest upon the pew occupied by his lodgers, and thus he perceived the deepened color and the gentle agitation of her face. Their eyes met, and the fate of their lives was sealed.

At first they read their idyl with terror in their joy. She by her experience of the world, he by his inexperience thereof, knew what it meant for them to plight their troth. But Almighty Love had laid its hand upon them: not the false god, nor the sorcerer, nor the worldling, nor the mathematician, that steal the name, — none of these masqueraders moved them.

Mary Worcester and Joseph Bayard sat under the pine-trees of the grove behind the minister's cottage and faced their fate.

"I am a country parson," said the young man proudly, "and a carpenter, as your brother will remind you. I learned the trade to put myself through college, — a fresh-water college up in Vermont. Never mind the name. I doubt if he has ever heard of it. My father was the schoolmaster of our village. He was poor. My mother was an invalid for twenty years. It cost us a good deal to take care of her. After he died, you see it fell to me. I did the best I could for her. She died this spring. I never could go very far away from her. She liked to see me often, and it cost a good deal to get suitable nurses. She needed other things, of course. I was in debt, too, for my education. I 've been paying that off by degrees. Take it all, I 've got run down, somehow. Mother used to say I had her constitution. The people here called me to supply awhile, but they said I had too poor health to settle without trial. I don't wonder. They don't want a minister to die of consumption on their hands."

He stopped abruptly, and cast a bitter look at the young girl's drooping face to see how these blows struck that gentle surface. She did not lift it, but by the space of a breath she seemed to stir and tremble toward him.

"I love you," said the young man, flinging his thin hands out as if he thrust her from him. "A carpenter-parson, without a dollar or a pulpit he can call his own, and some day doomed to be a sick man at that! Go! I will never ask you to be my wife. Beacon Street! Do you think there is a man in Beacon Street who will ever love you as I do? Try it. Go and try. Go back to your brother. Tell him I scorned to ask you to marry me — for your sake, oh my Love!"

His voice fell into the whisper of unutterable passion and sacrifice, and he covered his face and groaned. Then Mary Worcester lifted her unworldly eyes and looked upon him as a woman looks but once in life, and upon but one.

"But if," she said, "*I* should ask *you?*"

He gasped, and sprang to his feet. Then he saw how she trembled before him. And she stretched up her arms. So he took her to his heart; and before the snow fell upon the hills of Bethlehem she had become his wife.

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Life dealt with them as the coldest head on Beacon Street might have predicted. Her brother fell at first into burning anger, and then into a frozen rage. When the thing became inevitable, he treated her civilly, for he was a gentleman; more than that she never sought from him, and did not receive. She married her country parson intelligently, deliberately, and joyously, and shared his lot without an outcry. She knew one year of blessedness, and treasured it as a proof of paradise to come. She knew one such year as the saddest of us would die to know, and the gladdest could not look upon without a pang of divine envy. She knew what love, elect, supreme, and unspotted from the world, as the old words say, can give a woman, and can do for her. And then she reached the chapter where the plot turns in the beautiful, delirious story, and she read the sequel through, — a brave, proud woman, calling herself blessed to the end.

The minister's health failed, as was to be foreseen. He could not keep his parish, "as she might have known," said Hermon Worcester to the lady (her name was Rollins, by the way) who had chaperoned that summer party, and whom the brother had never succeeded in forgiving. Joseph Bayard descended from his pulpit to his carpenter's bench, and his high-born wife did not protest. "A man must feel that he is at work," she said. She mentioned the circumstance to her brother proudly when she acknowledged the last check; for she received her mother's inheritance duly, and spent it rapidly. She supplied the ailing man with such comforts as Bethlehem had never seen. She lavished all the attainable luxuries familiar to her youth upon the invalid in the frozen mountain home. Nothing and no one could restrain her. It was her way, and love's. That divine compassion which takes possession of a woman's soul when passion subsides from it swept a torrent of pity and tenderness about the enfeebled man. She persuaded him at last out of the mountain cottage which had watched their courtship and known their honeymoon, and carried him to Italy, where she played the last desperate chances in the game of life and love and death that thousands of women have staked and lost before her.

In the midst of this experiment the two returned abruptly to America, and hid themselves in the Bethlehem cottage; and there, in the late and bitter mountain spring, their boy was born.

The baby was a year old when his father died. Mary Bayard looked at the frozen hills across the freezing grave. In all the world only the mountains seemed to understand her. Her brother came up to the funeral, and politely buried the carpenter, whose widow was civilly invited to return to the home of her youth; but she thanked him, and shook her head.

"I will stay here among our people. They love me, some of them. They all loved him. I have friends here. There is no kindness kinder than that in the hearts of country neighbors. I've found that out. Beacon Street has forgotten me long ago, Hermon. There is nothing left in common between us now."

"At least there is your birth and training!" exclaimed her brother, flushing hotly. "I should think," glancing around the white cottage, crowded with little luxuries that love and ingenuity could hardly convert into comforts (by his standard of comfort) in that place and climate, — "I should think you would like to come back to a good Magee furnace and a trained maid!"

"There have been times" — she began slowly, but checked herself. "Those are gone by now. This is the place where I have been a happy woman."

"There is something in that," replied the man of business in a softer tone. He looked at her a trifle wistfully.

A certain tenderness for her returned

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in his heart after that. He cared for her as he could, sometimes taking the chilly journey to see her in winter, and spending a part of every summer in the Bethlehem cottage.

Thus he came to discover in himself a root of interest in the boy. When the child was three years old, he induced his sister to come to Boston to consult a famous physician.

"She is dying of no disease," he told the doctor irritably. "She had fine health. That ailing fellow wore it all out. He was a heavy burden. She carried everything — for years. She spent almost all her property on him: it was not trusteed; it is nearly gone; I could n't help it. She has spent herself in the same way. She is that kind of woman."

"I have seen such," replied the physician gently, "but not too many of them. I may as well tell you at the outset that I can probably do nothing for her."

Nor could he. She lingered, smiling and quiet, in her brother's house for a few months; then begged to be taken home. Fires were kindled in the mountain cottage, and the affectionate villagers brought in their house-plants to welcome her; and there, on the morning after her return, they found her with her cheek turned upon the soft curls of the child's head. The boy was asleep. But he waked when he was spoken to. It was his uncle who took him from his mother's arms.

They buried her beside her husband; and her husband's people wept about her grave, for they had loved this strange and gentle lady; and they cut their white geraniums and heliotrope to bring to the funeral, and sighed when they saw the cottage under the pine grove stripped and closed. For the boy was taken to the home of his mother's girlhood, and reared there as she had been: delicately, and as became a lad of gentle birth, who will do what is expected of him, and live like the rest of his world.

III.

It had always been considered a mistake that the Professors' houses stood on the "morning side" of the street. But this, like many another architectural or social criticism, was of more interest to the critic than to the criticised. In point of fact, the western faces of the dwellings consecrated to the Faculty received the flood tide of the sea of sun that rose and ebbed between Cesarea and Wachusett. A man's study, a child's nursery, a woman's sewing-room, fled the front of the house as a matter of course; and the "afternoon side" of the dwelling welcomed them bountifully.

As Professor Carruth had been heard to say, that side of the street on which a man is born may determine his character and fate beyond repeal. The observation, if true, is tenfold truer of a woman, to whom a house is a shell, a prison, or a chrysalis.

The Professor's daughter, who had not been born in Cesarea, but in the city of New York, took turns at viewing her father's home in one of these threefold aspects. On that winter day of which we have already spoken, she might, if urged to it, have selected the least complimentary of the three terms. The day had been bleak, bright, and interminable. She had tried to take the morning walk to the post-office, which all able-bodied Cesareans penitentially performed six days in the week; and had been blown home in that state just so far from adding another to the list of "deaths from exposure" that one gets no sympathy, and yet so near to this result that one must sit over the register the rest of the morning to thaw out.

After dinner she had conscientiously resumed her study of Herbert Spencer's Law of Rhythm, but had tossed the book away impatiently, — she was metaphysical only when she was bored, — and had joined her mother at the weekly mending-basket. The cold, she averred,

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had struck in. Her brain was turning to an icicle — like that. She pointed to the snow-man which the boys in the fitting-school had built in front of the pump that supplied their dormitories with ice-water for toilet uses; this was carried the length of the street in dripping pails whose overflow froze upon one's boots.

There had been a rain before this last freeze, and the head of the snow-man (carefully moulded and quite Greek) had turned into a solid ball of ice.

This chilly gentleman rose imposingly from behind a desk of snow. Manuscripts of sleet lay in his frozen hand. An old silk hat, well glazed with drippings from the elm-tree, was pitched irreverently upon the back of his head.

"They say," replied Mrs. Carruth complainingly, "that the snow-man is meant to take off one of the Professors."

"Do they? I should think he might be! Which one?" answered the Professor's daughter. Her languid eyes warmed into merriment. "I call that fun."

"I call it irreverent," sighed the Professor's wife. "I call it profane."

"Now, Mother!" The young lady laid a green, theological stocking across her shapely knee and pulled the toe through the foot argumentatively. "Don't you think that is a little over-emphasized?"

Mrs. Carruth lifted her mild, feminine countenance from that shirt of the Professor's which she always found absorbing, — the one whose buttonholes gave out, while the buttons stayed on. She regarded her daughter with a puzzled disapproval. She was not used to such phrases as "over-emphasis" when she was young.

"Helen, Helen," she complained, "you do not realize what a trial you are to me. If there is anything sacrilegious or heretical to be found anywhere, you are sure to — to — you are certain to find it interesting," ended the mother vaguely.

"See, Mother! See!" interrupted Helen. Her laugh bubbled merrily through the sewing-room. "Just look out of the window, and see! The boys have stuck a whisk broom for a feather in the snow-professor's hat! And now they're giving him spectacles and a fountain pen. What delicious heresy, is n't it, Mother? Come and look!"

But after these trifling and too frequent conflicts with her mother, Helen never failed to feel a certain reaction and depression. She evaded the mending-basket that afternoon as soon as possible, and slipped into her own room; which, as we have said, was in a wing of the house, and looked from east to west. She could not see the snow-professor here. Nobody now accused her of heresy. The shouts of the boys had begun to die away. Only the mountains and the great intervale were peacefully visible from the warm window. Through the cold one the Theological Seminary occupied the perspective solidly.

Nature had done a good deal for the Christian religion, or at least for that view of it represented by our Seminary, when that institution was established at Cesarea, a matter of nearly a century ago. But art had not in this instance proved herself the handmaid of religion. The theological buildings, a row of three, — Galilee and Damascus Halls to right and left of the ancient chapel, — rose grimly against the cold Cesarea sky. These buildings were all of brick, red, rectangular, and unrelieved; as barren of ornament or broken lines as a packing-box, and yet curiously possessed of a certain dignity of their own; such as we see in aged country folk unfashionably dressed, but sure of their local position. Not a tremor seemed ever to disturb the calm, red faces of these old buildings, when the pretty chapel and the graceful library of modern taste crept in under the elms of the Seminary green to console the spirit of the contem-

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porary Cesarean, who has visited the Louvre and the Vatican as often as the salary will allow; who has tickets to the Symphony Concerts in Boston, and feels no longer obliged to conceal the fact that he occasionally witnesses a Shakespearean play.

Helen Carruth, for one, did not object to the old red boxes, and held them in respect; not for their architectural qualities, it must be owned, nor because of the presence therein of a hundred young men for whose united or separate personalities she had never cared a fig. But of the Cesarean sunsets, which are justly famous, she was observant with the enthusiasm of a girl who has so little social occupation that a beautiful landscape is still an object of attention, even of affection. And where does reflected sunset take to itself the particular glory that it takes on Cesarea Hill?

The Professor's daughter was in the habit of watching from her eastern window to see those rows of old buildings take fire from the western sky behind her; window after window, four stories of them, thirty-two to a front on either side, and the solemn disused chapel in the midst. It would have been a pleasant sight to any delicate eye; but to the girl, with her religiously trained imagination and unoccupied fancy, it was a beautiful and a poetic one. She had learned to watch for it on sunny days in her lonely Cesarea winters, — between her visits to New York or Boston. Now Damascus Hall, and now Galilee, received the onset of flame; now this floor reflected it, and now that; certain windows became refracting crystals, and flung the gorgeous color back; certain others drew it in and drank it down into their glowing hearts. One — belonging to a northwest corner room in Galilee Hall — blazed magnificently on that evening of which we tell. It attracted her eye, and held it, for the fiery flood rolled up against that old sash and seemed to break there, and pour in, deep into the unseen room, deeper than any other spot could hold. That window breathed fire as martyrs do, in ecstasy. It seemed to inhale and exhale beauty and death like a living thing whose doom was glory, and whose glory was doom. But the splendid panorama was always swift; she had to catch it while it lasted; moments unrolled and furled it. She stood with uplifted arm between her lace curtains; her eyes smiled, and her lips were parted. The old Bible similes of her childhood came inevitably even upon her lighter moods. It was not religious emotion, but the power of association and poetic perception which made her say aloud: —

"And the city had no need of the sun . . . to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it."

As the words fell from her lips the sun dropped beyond Wachusett. The fire flashed, and ran, and faded. Cold, dull, delicate colors replaced the glory on Galilee Hall; the burst of gold had burned out and melted; the tints of cool, precious stones crept upon the window whose display had pleased her. She passed her hand over her eyes, for she was blinded by the dazzling effect. When she looked again, she noticed that the old white shade in the northwest corner room was drawn.

She turned away, feeling an unreasonable sense of discomfort, as if she had been rebuffed in an unconscious intrusion. At that moment she heard her father moving about his study, which was below her room. The sound of flying slippers and the creak of his whirling study-chair indicated that his work was over for the day, and that he was about to take his evening pilgrimage to the post-office. His daughter ran down to see him.

He glanced up from the arctic overshoes which he was tugging on over his boots, with a relieved and pleasant look.

"Ah, Helen! You are just in time. I need you, my child. Just write out

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some invitations for me, will you? — in your mother's name. She seems to be too much absorbed in some domestic duties to attend to it, and I *must* have those omitted men to tea this week. Your mother says she can't have them to-morrow on account of — I have forgotten the reason, but it was an important one."

"She has some preserves to scald over. Yes," said Helen, with ripples in her eyes, "I think they are quinces. At any rate, it is of national importance. Friday, did you say? Certainly. I will have them written by the time you have selected your cane, Father. Who are these? The A's? Or the C's?"

"They are the B's," answered the Professor, looking over his assortment of handsome canes with the serious interest of a sophomore. If the Professor of Theology had one human weakness, it was for handling a fine cane. This luxury was to him what horses, yachts, and dry wines may be to different men. His daughter was quite right in assuming that the notes of invitation would be written before he had suited himself out of a dozen possibilities to his delicate Oriental grapestick with the heavy ivory handle.

"They are the B's," he repeated abstractedly. "Two B's, and — yes, one C. One of the B's I would not overlook on any account. He is that B who was preëngaged, for some reason, in the autumn. He must be invited again. His uncle is one of the Trustees. There 's the catalogue: you 'll find the address: Galilee Hall, Bayard, Emanuel. Don't make a mistake, my dear; and I hope you will take pains to be at home and help us entertain them."

"I was going in to the concert," said Helen disappointedly, pausing with her pen suspended. "I meant to spend the night with Clara Rollins. But — no, I won't, Father, if you care about it."

"Thank you, my dear," he said gently. He kissed her as he went out, and Helen smiled contentedly; she was deeply attached to her father. In his home the Professor of Theology was the most loving and beloved of men.

There came up a warm storm that week, and by Friday Cesarea Hill swam in a sea of melted snow. The two B's and one C waded their way to their Professor's house to tea that evening, across rills and rivers of ice-water, and through mounds of slush. Bayard sank over-rubbers amid-stream more than once; he wore the usual evening shoe of society. He was always a well-dressed man, having never known any other way of living. It was different with his fellow-students. That one C, for example, who strode across the Seminary green in comfort and rubber boots, had provided, it seemed, no other method of appearance within doors. His pantaloons were tucked into the rubber boots at the knees, and had the air of intending to stay there.

"Look here, man!" gasped Bayard, as the young men removed their overcoats in the large and somewhat stately hall of the Professor's house. "You have forgotten your shoes!"

"I have some slippers in my pockets, if you think them necessary," replied the other. "You know more about such things than I do."

The speaker produced a pair of slippers, worked in worsted by his sister; a white rose ornamented the toe of each. As he stooped to put them on, Bayard observed that the man wore a flannel shirt of the blue-gray tint at that time preferred by day laborers, and that he was guiltless of linen.

The three guests entered the drawing-room, headed by the flannel shirt. The one C sat down on the largest satin easy-chair, stretching his embroidered slippers on the Persian rug with such dignified unconsciousness of the unusual as one might go far to see outside of Cesarea, and might not witness once in a lifetime there. Occupied with the embarrassment of this little incident, Bay-

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ard did not notice at first that the daughter of the house was absent from the parlor. He fell to talking with his favorite Professor eagerly; they were deep in the discussion of the doctrine of election as taught in a rival seminary, by a more liberal chair, when Mrs. Carruth drew the attention of her husband to the gentleman of the flannel shirt, and seated herself by Bayard.

"I hope you are not very hungry?" she began in her literal voice. "We are waiting for my daughter. She attends the Symphony Concerts Fridays, and the coach is late to-night from the five o'clock train."

"Oh, that coach!" laughed Bayard. "*I* walk — if I want my supper."

"And so did I," said a soft voice at his side.

"Why, Helen, Helen!" complained the Professor's wife.

The young lady stood serenely, awaiting her father's introduction to the three students. She bowed sedately to the other B and the C. Her eyes scintillated when she turned back to Bayard. She seemed to be brimming over with suppressed amusement. She took the chair beside him, for her mother (who never trusted Cesarea service to the exclusion of the old-fashioned, housewifely habit of looking at her table before her guests sat down to it) had slipped from the room.

"You *walk* from the station — a mile — in this going?" began Bayard, laughing.

"No;" she shook her head. "I waded. But I got here. The coach had nine inside and five on top. It has n't come yet. I promised Father I 'd be here, you see."

Bayard's quick eye observed that Miss Carruth was in dinner dress; her gown was silk, and purple, and fitted her remarkably well; she had a sumptuous figure; he reflected that she had taken the time and trouble to dress for these three theologues as she would have done for a dinner in town. He saw that she gave one swift glance at the man in the flannel shirt, who was absorbed in the Professor's story about the ordination of somebody who was rejected on the doctrine of probation.

But after that she looked at the student's head, which was good. Upon the details of his costume no eye in the drawing-room rested that evening, again. That student went out from Cesarea Seminary to be a man of influence and intellect; his name became a distinguished one, and in his prime society welcomed him proudly. But if the Professor's family had been given the catalogue and the Inquisition to identify him, it may be questioned whether thumbscrews would have wrung his name from them. It being one of the opportunities of Christianity that it may make cultivated gentlemen out of poor and ignorant boys, Cesarea ladies take pride in their share of the process.

At tea — for Cesarea still held to her country tradition of an early dinner — Bayard found himself seated opposite the Professor's daughter. The one C sat beside her, and she graciously proceeded to bewitch that gentleman wholly out of his wits, and half out of his theology. Bayard heard her talking about St. Augustine. She called him an interesting monomaniac.

The table was served in the manner to which Bayard was used, and was abundantly lighted by candles softly shaded in yellow. In the pleasant shimmer, in her rich dress, with the lace at her throat and wrists, she seemed, by pretty force of contrast with the prevailing tone of the village, the symbol of beauty, ease, and luxury. Bayard thought how preëminent she looked beside that fellow in the shirt. He could not help wondering if she would seem as imposing in Beacon Street. After a little study of the subject he concluded that it would not make much difference. She was not precisely a beautiful woman, but she was certainly a woman of beauty. What was she? Blonde? She

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had too much vigor. But — yes. Her hair was as yellow as the gold lining of rich silverware. She was one of the bright, deep orange blondes; all her coloring was warm and brilliant. Only her eyes struck him as inadequate; languid, indifferent, and not concerned with her life. She gave the unusual effect of dark eyes with bright hair.

While he was thinking about her in the interludes of such chat as he could maintain with her mother, who had asked him twice whether he graduated this year, Miss Carruth turned unexpectedly and addressed him. The remark which she made was not original; it was something about the concerts: Did he not go in often? She had not asked the one C if *he* attended the Symphony Concerts. But Mrs. Carruth now inquired of that gentleman if he liked the last preparatory lecture. The Professor was engaging the attention of the other B. And Bayard and Helen Carruth fell to conversing, undisturbed, across the pleasant table.

He felt at home despite himself, in that easy atmosphere, in that yellow light. The natural sense of luxury crept around him softly. He thought of his northwest room over there, rocking in the gale, and of the big dish of apples at the club table. He thought of the self-denials and deprivations, little and large, which had accompanied his life at Cesarea; he tried to remember why he had chosen to do this or suffered that.

His ascetic ideals swam and blurred a little before the personality of this warm, rich, human girl. There was something even in the circumstance of eating quail on toast, and sipping chocolate from a Dresden cup in an antique Dutch spoon, which was disturbing to the devout imagination — in Cesarea.

Over his sensitive face his high, grave look passed suddenly, like the reflection thrown from some unseen, passing light.

"I had better be at my room and at work," he thought.

At that moment he became aware of a change in the expression of the Professor's daughter. Her languid eye had awaked. She was regarding him with puzzled but evident attention. He threw off his momentary depression with ready social ease, and gayly said: —

"You look as if you were trying to classify a subject, Miss Carruth; as if you wanted to put something in its place and could n't do it."

"I am," she admitted. "I do."

"And you succeed?"

"No." She shook her head again. "I do not find the label. I give it up." She laughed merrily, and Bayard joined in the laugh. But to himself he said:

"She does me the honor to investigate me. Plainly, I am not the one C. Clearly, I am not the other B. Then what? She troubles herself to wonder."

Then he remembered how many generations of theological students had been the subject of the young lady's gracious and indifferent observation. She was, perhaps, twenty-five years old, and they had filed through that dining-room alphabetically — the A's, the B's, the C's, the X's and the Z's — since she came, in short dresses, to Cesarea, when her father gave up his New York parish for the Chair of Theology. It occurred to Bayard that she might have ceased to find either the genus or the species theologus of thrilling personal interest, by this time.

Then the Professor mentioned to the other B a certain feature of the famous Presbyterian trial for heresy, at that time wrenching the religious world. Bayard turned to listen, and the discussion which followed soon absorbed him.

The face of the Professor of Theology grew grave as he approached the topic of his favorite heresy. Stern lines cut themselves about his fine mouth. His gentle eyes darkened. He felt keenly the responsibility of the influence that he bore over his students, even in hours of what he called social relaxation, and

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the necessity of defending the truth was vividly present to his trained conscience. Bayard watched his host with troubled admiration. It was with a start that he heard a woman's voice sweetly breaking in upon the conversation. She was speaking to the guest of the flannel shirt.

"Oh, have you seen the snow-professor since the rain? He 's melted into such a lovely slush!"

"Helen!" rebuked her mother plaintively. "Helen, Helen!"

But the Professor smiled, — a warm smile peculiar to himself. He shot a tender look across the table at his daughter. He did not resume the subject of the Presbyterian trial.

"The trouble with the snow-professor," suggested Bayard, "is, that he had the ice in his head, but the sun at his heart."

Helen Carruth turned quickly towards him. Her glance lingered into a look distinctly personal and indistinctly grateful. She made no answer, but her eyes and the student's understood each other.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE AMERICAN TYPE.

On Tuesday, the 6th of March, 1894, Robert Ross, a representative American citizen, a man young, full of high hopes, and of irreproachable character, was shot at the polls in the city of Troy, by Bat Shea, a partisan of Murphy, the so-called City Boss. Ross had already suffered for liberty's sake, and had, like Marcus Brutus, given his life for his country before he started on his country's errand, resolved to do his duty as a citizen by protesting against Murphy's repeaters. He knew that he was a marked man, and when a friend expressed fear for his life replied, "Let fifty Rosses die, if only we can have a pure ballot." As he lay on the ground dying in the midst of his enemies, his figure fitly marked the epoch in which we live, for he symbolizes that great struggle for survival which is now going on between the lingering type of Americanism and the alien element that surrounds it. It is doubtless a vivid though unintelligent sense of the situation that has given rise to the A. P. A. movement. In view of the facts, it becomes us not hastily to rebuke that which has its origin in a genuine national necessity, but to find, if we can, a wiser solution.

To one not familiar with our circumstances, the first feeling on becoming acquainted with them must be that of astonishment. A great people cross the seas, subdue a wilderness, found an empire, develop a new form of government, defend it with masterly courage, exhibit above all peoples the genius and force of statesmanship, and at the end of a century are found deliberately to have abandoned the sceptre to an alien race, and to be actually fighting the battle of liberty over again.

It may indeed be objected that this was true only in our great cities of the North; but it is these same great cities which, by their vote for the American Constitution, saved the country from anarchy. They have always been the nerve centres of the republic. In 1787 they were its moral backbone. They have now become its deadliest menace. Their political corruption is fast stamping its imprint upon the whole country. Nor is the situation mitigated by the fact that the foreigner is not a bad fellow, who has often proved himself capable of becoming the best of citizens, and that it is only in the mass, and under the management of that American traitor

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called the "boss," that he has become an instrument for subverting our liberties. The fact remains that by the foreign majority, and its susceptibility to the management of traitors, the American people have been put outside of their own institutions, while those institutions themselves have been turned into an instrument of degrading tyranny. The intelligent are in the power of the unintelligent, and the situation is duplicated at the South, where the possession of the suffrage by the negro has compelled the American population to choose between misrule and practical rebellion against the Constitution of the United States. Now, when a people are actually put in such a position that their only escape from an alien and ignorant domination is either by a rebellion of some kind against their own institutions, or by some process as yet undiscovered, they may fairly be said to have entered upon a struggle for survival, and to be not unjustly counted in with other examples of the same sort, such as the American Indian and the bison. Happily, we are in the first stages of this epoch, but much depends on our distinctly recognizing where we are. However much it may cost us, we had better get rid of our pet illusions. Curiously enough, it has been urged against the restriction of emigration that foreigners alone do not make dangerous citizens; that Americans themselves often turn into propagandists of anarchy; and that many communities, as for example the State of Kansas, which are most pure blooded in their Americanism, are most alien to our national principles. But this only serves to bring out a fact which should make us more prudent in regard to both emigration and suffrage. If our organism for imprinting the national type on our people is so far defective that it fails to Americanize even considerable portions of our native-born population, then all the more must it fail to take hold of foreigners. It is madness to trust to luck.

The first thing to do is to inquire how the organism came to be so defective, and what is possible to it under the circumstances. Unless we restrict both emigration and the suffrage within the reasonable range of our assimilating organism, we must certainly come to grief. In fact, this defection of a large portion of our Anglo-Saxon population shows us both our greatest peril and the point at which the remedy must be applied. Doubtless one of our worst mistakes has been that we have trusted too much to heredity. Heredity will certainly do much. It can make a clan, but not a nation. A great free nation must cohere through the force of its national character, and the propagation of national character cannot be trusted to sex alone. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. But it may be asked, Do you think it essential that there should be a distinct organism for the reproduction of the American type? I answer, It ought not to be necessary. The public schools, the Protestant churches (nay, the Catholic churches, when their priests, like Archbishop Spalding, plainly teach the separation of politics from religion), the national Constitution, the laws, the legislatures, the elections, even the trades unions themselves, when leaders like Powderly and Wilkinson stand up in an hour of trial for the American idea, all these are organs for reproducing the spirit of Americanism. Indeed, under a recent test, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has shown itself alive with true Americanism. But the trouble is that our organs are for the most part not performing their function. This is due to the fact that they are pervaded by an anti-American spirit; and here, beyond all question, lies our greatest peril. No American Protective Association can reach that. The foreign majority can be put down, and put out by force, should it come to such a sharp necessity, but an anti-American spirit among ourselves

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is a thing that can be put down only by conquering ourselves with the power of the truth: and this is an exceedingly difficult task, for the quality that gives force to our anti-American spirit is a specious humanity which claims the allegiance of our better nature. Its power lies in the element of good there is in it, and it can be eradicated only by an analysis sharp enough to separate the good, and distinctly brand the evil with which it is now identified.

As to humanity itself, let us thank God that, however mistakenly, we have followed it, for by following it we have been baptized with it. It has become the great creative force of our national life. Having gained the force, we are now to learn its use and limitations; but first we must rescue it by a struggle grander even than that by which it was obtained. One thing is becoming clear: humanity is not the supreme force. It may, as in the case of the French, lead to terrible mistakes where it is exalted above that truly supreme force, religion. Quite possibly that is one feature of our present peril. An insubordinate humanity, bent only on grasping material good, and trampling beneath its feet that unifying love of God which binds men into a spiritual brotherhood, may not unnaturally issue, as did the French Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, in a reign of hatred, for such a humanity is on the straight road to animalism. But whether this be so or not, there is food for solemn reflection in the fact that we have followed humanity now these ninety years, its inspired prophets marching before us, uttering their visions, holding up their undeniable verities, always demanding our absolute fealty, sometimes wildly attacking the Federal Constitution, often declaring the church a failure, and religion itself a monstrosity, because it could not follow fast enough, — nay, even avowing humanity itself the only religion. We have followed these prophets, I say, some ninety odd years, because we knew that their visions contained a reality, though we often suspected it of being confused. We have tried to share our freedom with foreigners, only to discover that freedom is not transferable. We have given the ballot to the negro, only to find out that an elector cannot be manufactured. The negro ballot meant a negro majority, and this in turn meant that the institutions of the country were to be under negro domination. This turns out to be impossible. Society will not cohere under such conditions. Intelligence cannot be ruled by ignorance. The higher force cannot be dominated by the lower. Nature will not tolerate it; she prefers disintegration and reorganization. Indeed, it is now generally agreed that the reorganization of a state must be left to those who have the natural leadership, and that it is better to suffer and be patient than to attempt to force nature in the interest of humanity. In short, we have discovered beyond question the fact which we all along more or less feared, that our humanity has defeated itself. It has been humanitarianism rather than humanity; for it is the characteristic of an "ism" that it does not stop to inquire carefully, or to work humbly and patiently.

Reckoning up profit and loss, our humanitarians have two items to their credit: the humanity itself, such as it is, and a tremendous lesson in respect to liberty, — namely, that liberty is not a thing that stands by itself, but is what the scientific people call an organic product, and that, as in the case of a strawberry, the only way to get it is to cultivate the stem, root, soil, leaves, and blossoms with which it belongs. This is important, because these same prophets of humanity who led us to give the ballot to foreigners and to the negro are still wildly urging us on. They are the real moral leaders of the present socialistic movement. They are still, in their old impetuous fashion, upbraiding the church, the state, the capitalists. Once it was the slaveholders that

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they particularly denounced; now it is the rich. Once it was the slave States; now it is the general structure of society. "Every poor man is a slave. The rich man has forged his chains." Now, is it not about time that these prophets of humanity should stop and reflect? May it not be that the welfare of the poor man, like that of the negro, may be actually imperiled by forcing nature in the interest of humanity? May it not be that wealth and happiness as well as liberty stand together with some kind of organism, and that instead of madly trying to manufacture them, or to extract them out of capitalists, it would be better patiently to cultivate the stem on which they grow? Is it not possible that humanity turned maniac from want of quiet reflection may, after having scuttled the ship, succeed in sinking her, and so wind up the business of humanity so far as this nation is concerned?

This stands out more plainly if, instead of taking humanity by dribblets, we grapple the whole question at once. The instant we face humanity squarely, we find that the Chinaman and the Zulu are just as much on our hands as Mr. Debs is. Humanity knows no local bounds, no conventional relations or obligations. It binds us to do whatever we can for every man, wherever he is. Nor does it know any limitation of rich or poor. It binds us to help the wretchedest victim of the African slave trade toward happiness, but not one whit less does it bind us to help the Prince of Wales in the same direction, if so be it in us lie. Furthermore, it bids us seek the real condition of human happiness, not what we imagine it to be, and then to attempt to secure it for every man. If, as has been lately assumed, wealth is the condition, and all that is required is a fair sharing of that wealth, then we are bound at once to divide with everybody. Not only are the capitalists bound to divide, but the labor unions. There are millions of men in Japan and China who earn only three or four cents a day: we ought to divide with them, — they will soon call upon us to divide with them; and they are well off, relatively, to multitudes in other parts of Asia and in Africa, with whom also we shall soon be called to divide. The fact is, this is a poor world, and if wealth be the condition of happiness, and the equal distribution of it the means of promoting happiness, then we, not only our millionaires, but our working people, are terribly wicked. For most of our American workingmen are millionaires compared with the masses of humanity. Indeed, so great is the world's poverty that a fair distribution would leave us each only enough to starve on, while industry, civilization, and education would all stand still together; and as the little that each man had would soon be spent, and there would be no capital to furnish employment, the distress would be greater than it is now.

Humanity has more than once faced this problem through her most thoughtful and dutiful minds, and has shrunk back aghast. Then she has asked herself the question, What does nature mean? We talk about the gifts of God, but in themselves considered these are a poor pittance. It is true that they may be made to yield untold wealth, but they must first be set free. One gift alone there is that can unlock the others: it is brains; and this gift nature has most unequally distributed, nor can it be developed into any kind of efficiency save by work. Men must work together, cultivating the earth for centuries before there is developed a brain like that of Fulton or Edison, and then we see what nature has been driving at. She has been developing a human stem of industry on which wealth may grow. Doubtless she still holds for us inconceivable treasures, but they are all securely hidden; before they can be ours there must be developed a new brain which shall unlock the secret door that conceals them. Nature never gives something for nothing. Her plan is organic;

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she will give bread, but it must be grown on a wheat stem, through the labor of hands, but above all of brains. Furthermore, she keeps crowding us sharply on by our necessities. We must have more bread, and, in order to it, quicker hands and keener brains. For she is bent not so much on giving us external conditions of happiness as on making organs which shall be themselves sources of power and happiness. Neither is it her plan to make life easy. Indeed, it is by the direst pressure of necessity that she forces that sluggish animal, man, to wrestle with her for her gifts, and creates his manhood by a hard struggle for survival. Often she appears to fail to come to the rescue of her offspring in his utmost need. Sooner than withdraw the coercing force that develops manhood by a struggle for survival, she leaves the individual man to perish in his misery, like Lazarus at the gate of Dives; so unrelenting is she in the law by which she develops her organs, so careful of the type she seems, so careless of the single life, so bent is she on fashioning manhood into a corporate whole, on developing it into a society by her organic method, for thus she stamps the type upon the individual. Every attempt to resist her has been in vain. Every endeavor to distribute wealth other than by her organic method has come to grief. She will not tolerate sameness. Distribute wealth equally, and society becomes but the poorer for it. She herself is really at the bottom of the inequality between men, for she gives to men unequal brain capacity, and hands are insignificant without brains. When she is left to herself, her irregularities are vast as those between oceans and ponds, between oaks and grass blades. But when we have looked on both sides, the advantage is often fearfully against Dives. The plutocrat has the most outward conditions of happiness, but Lazarus towers far above him as regards the inward sources of it.

To sum it all up, the question of humanity is an organic one. We often hear it said of a measure that it is generous, but it is not business. In other words, it is sacrificing the stem to the fruit, the plant to the produce. We also sometimes say that a man must be just before he is generous; that means, strictly speaking, that we must first pay our dues to the plant before we can give away the produce. And this is precisely the limitation of humanity. Christianity, altruism, whichever you name it, puts us under obligations to do for all mankind what we can do. We are to be generous even to the point of suffering for others, but we must first pay our dues to the organism on which everything depends. When those dues are paid, justice ends and generosity begins. Give your vine its due in fertilizers; take what is needed to support yourself, the cultivator; pay your hired laborer his wages; take care of your plant, and you may give away the rest of the produce. The plant and its progressive demands define the limitations of your humanity.

Now, nothing is more fundamental in the exercise of humanity than to keep clear this boundary line between justice and generosity. It is the lack of this plain distinction that lies at the bottom of our national peril; for there is a notion in the minds of our sentimental humanitarians that there is no such boundary line between rights and right, between our debt to the organism and our debt to humanity. To the minds of such people right is a line that shifts from age to age. Human progress is a battle between the "Haves" and "Have Nots," in which the "Haves" are wrong, and everything wrung from them a clear gain. It is the wicked rulers and capitalists who make the world's poverty. But the real quarrel of these agitators is with nature, or with its Author. Their position has been somewhat naively expressed by Mrs. Gougar, who wishes she could be in the Almighty's place for a few hours. This lady has an inkling of

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the real obstacle: we have to do with a structure of things that does not lend itself immediately and absolutely to the human will. Nature has a method of her own; she develops first a central trunk or stem, and then the dependent branches. Through slow processes she evolves a great organic type, a creative solar man, a Charlemagne, William of Orange, Washington, or Lincoln. He is the statesman, the stem. By him unities are felt, grasped, and formulated; around him society coheres; his thought constitutes an atmosphere, a national spirit, that pervades men. He is nature's king, ruler, or head. Around him lesser statesmen cohere, as the branches cohere about the trunk; and so society is formed down to its last organ, the individual citizen, whose fruition in the direction of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness is the object of the whole structure. Thus throughout the organic world nature specializes and differentiates her organs, and by this method builds her kingdoms and carries forward her evolutions. She creates a race through her stem Abraham, a language through her stem Dante. She creates the great republic through her stem Washington, restores it through her stem Lincoln; yes, and even far down into the lower unities does she work still upon this plan, creating commerce through merchant princes, business through great men of business, industry through inventive and commanding men of industry. In all departments she carries forward her developments of mankind, upon that plan of which the solar system itself is the type, by a central organ and dependent organs. Equality of interests is her idea. Her plan is as much concerned for the benefit of the feeblest organ as that of the greatest. In fact, it is for the last and feeblest organ, the tender blossom of the spring, that she creates the whole, and to that purpose she severely subordinates the whole, consuming by her fires the trunk that will not minister its energies to the leaf and fruit. But equality of function, organic structure, or position she will not tolerate. She will not have her trees all trunks, or her solar system all suns, or a body all head. Her irregularities are vast, but wondrously balanced; the organ that rules in one capacity serves in another. But against sameness she absolutely revolts.

Now from this standpoint it is possible to see that social development is not a mere struggle between the "Haves" and "Have Nots," with no forces to settle the question but the desire of liberty in one class, and the sympathy for that desire in another. As a matter of fact, social development consists in a progressive adjustment of interaction between the stem and the branches, between nature's ruler and his subjects, in which process we are continually learning, under the pressure of necessity, the great laws that govern it. Take, for example, the political world. First of all came the *necessity* for a stem about which society might cohere; nay, a stem with force enough to compel cohesion, — when, as Carlyle says, wild armed men lifted the strongest aloft on the buckler throne and said, "Be thou our acknowledged strongest, our king;" king, or *König*, meaning simply the man who is able, the man with energy strong enough and bold enough and rough enough to hold society together. That is the first grim primal necessity, a stem. Then came — for no stem can penetrate alone the varying needs of society — the branches, or ruling class, of the same material as the king. In the interaction that follows, this crude type of sovereignty, having vast physical force but small moral, sacrifices the interests of the dependent class, forgets nature's eternal equality, and tramples on her inalienable rights. The subject rebels against this, but not alone, for nature stands by his side with poverty and famine and disease, solemnly averring that faithfulness to the interests of the feeblest subject is a thing that she will re-

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quire at the hands of every one of her rulers. Then, as the process of interaction has gone on under the pressure of necessity, certain exaggerated powers have been wrested from the ruler, because these were in clear excess of his organic function and trespassed upon the interests that he was ordained to serve. The limitation of kingly power thus secured has been vested in the form of a charter or constitution. Then, to support the rights of the constitution, there has been developed the parliament, an assembly of the governing classes, to represent the interests of the realm. Parliament itself has then grown into a constitutional organ of government, holding in its hands the money power of the nation, so checking still more the tendency to insubordination on the part of the ruler. Following this has come the lower house. The intelligent and powerful middle class, the kings of industry and commerce, finding themselves not fully represented by hereditary legislation, assumed the function already inherent in them, and declared that those who created the wealth should be represented in the disposal of it. In this way there came to be a house of commons, or representatives, and a body of electors. Soon the body of electors is increased, as it seems evident that there must be a wider representation of interest. At first this new organ of the electorate is confined to the business of selecting members of the lower house, the organs of government being determined by heredity. Finally, however, under the pressure of environment, the defects of heredity appear, and the question arises. Why should not this new organ, the electoral body, take the place of heredity? So the popular electorate becomes at last the final source of government.

Thus the whole process, which at a hasty glance seems to be a mere struggle for liberty, is, from the true point of view, a series of actions and reactions by which nature has been developing an organic political structure. Society has really been following the same process of growth as a tree. At first there was only the stem, with one or two subsidiary branches; all else was inorganic. But as the nation has developed, a vital reciprocity has opened up throughout its structure. Each atom has grown into a living cell. The organs of political vitality have been widely distributed, until every genuine interest of manhood is represented by an organ that can in some way control the centre of vitality. Clearly, the progress has been from inorganic unity to organic unity, liberty being a condition of the latter. Parallel with this process and equally essential to liberty has been the differentiation of the political stem organ from those of religion, education, and industry. The fact has been revealed that in each of these great social formations nature operates precisely as she does in the political realm. The religious side of this truth was first brought out by Jesus in his claim to spiritual headship, while at the same time he distinctly disavowed all interference with temporal authorities. Since his day experience has shown that the religious and the political spheres both have their respective sovereignty, and that while they are interdependent, they are best developed without interference. The same is true of the industrial and the educational. Political government can at best only help these great social forces by seeing to it that they have sufficient scope, and that the law of their development is not intermeddled with.

The essential thing in every department of the nation's life is that the creative stem, man, should have free chance for development. The freer nature is, the larger and grander the personalities she will develop, and these personalities are the stems of all social growth. The result has not, of course, been reached without much experiment, much governmental persecution of preachers, teachers, and newspapers, and much arbitrary crushing of institutions generally; as the

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outcome of it all, a sufficient experience of the unprofitableness of such attempts, and a verdict that the above-mentioned social forces may, with small protection, be trusted to take care of themselves. This at least is Anglo-Saxon experience, and is our reason for holding that government should be reduced to the minimum practicable point. Apropos of this point, as we look at history we see that it is only in connection with the Anglo-Saxon race that this evolution of government has steadily progressed. The Anglo-Saxon has, in the hands of nature, been more susceptible to the organic method. He has absorbed its features; they have become a national characteristic, with salient traits, such as the love of justice, or, in other words, of what is due to the different organisms of the nation, and law-abidingness, or an inherent clinging to our national institutions. Probably one great secret of the Anglo-Saxon's susceptibility to nature's method has been the fact that in England and Scotland the spiritual stems have been strong. Religious leaders are often far more formal than spiritual, but from Wycliffe to Cromwell, and from Cromwell to Wesley, there have always been great spiritual types in England, — formative men who have stamped their impress upon the national character, who have generated an atmosphere of spirituality and created spiritual ideals. As a result, the masses of English and American people have been more penetrated than others with the sense of spiritual values and laws. The subjective has been with them a mighty force. The Puritan held the external conditions of happiness but a small thing; not Epictetus nor Marcus Aurelius was more philosophic concerning outward fortune. But with the Puritan it was more than a philosophy; it was a passion, and it extended to the humblest classes. Indeed, he was above all things law-abiding toward the spiritual realm; the great thing with him was, not the land tenure, but the man tenure. He held himself a steward and servant of God: he could therefore tolerate no paternalism in government: no power but God could be allowed to dictate to his conscience. Before such a stern and lofty idealism pope and prelate must needs give way; even industrialism must be left free to God's steward.

Thus the Anglo-Saxon has been the pith of the tree of liberty. His character has been the life of the organism. He has been inseparable from it, and it from him. This is the structure on which liberty has grown. The foundation of our freedom lies in the willingness of an Anglo-Saxon minority to submit to the majority; this is the cohesive force of the republic. Without this, anarchy would yawn before us. The Anglo-Saxon does not fear the triumph of the opposite party, because he knows it to have the same law-abiding characteristics as himself, and likewise because he knows that it will not attempt to rule except through the well-defined organism of government, which insures the protection of rights. The moment a party majority gives evidence of lacking in Anglo-Saxon characteristics, he begins to be anxious. He no longer thinks the government organism a sufficient protection. He trembles lest the official patronage should, in the hands of an un-American majority, pervert the government into a mechanism of tyranny. His fears have been justified; it is precisely what has happened. Free institutions, deprived of that type of life which is their sap and strength, have shown themselves capable of becoming a harborage of the worst political vermin.

To sum up matters, the question of humanity is the question of an organism. Nature is sternly coercive; if we give away her organisms, she will make us cultivate them again in tears and blood. She distributes her treasures through organism and through type, and it is the type, the ever evolving type, on which she is bent; for that everything else must

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wait. To it she sacrifices not only the single life, but, if necessary, multitudes of lives, not because she is unmerciful, but because her mercy is in the type. Therefore she is patient. She counts not the age of slavery too long if through it she may evolve an Epictetus, and crucifixion not too dark a tragedy if through it she may bring forth her Christ; for by her Epictetus, and yet more by her Christ, does she give character to her lives, and on the stem of character she builds the organic nation, with its wealth, liberty, and happiness. Now it is this sacrifice of the life to the type against which the animal in us rebels. Nature exalts the type above the life; she exalts the subjective condition of happiness above the objective. Animalism has exactly the opposite creed: it believes in putting the life first, and the type afterwards; it values the objective condition above the subjective. In its impatience it cannot wait for the type; it insists on having the outward circumstances first. This is the rot of nations; it destroys the ethical manhood, which is the backbone of every free nationality. This creed appears in the business man, whose ideals are sensuous, who cares more for wealth than for citizenship, who refuses to see that his money makes him the organ of the state and the steward of humanity. He is the original generator of the anti-national spirit; he first spreads the sentiment that the life is worth more than the type. It is not the colossal fortunes that hurt us, but the brutalizing creed which they too often illustrate, that the external is worth more than the inward. It is the impious prostitution of wealth from nature's purpose; it is the lie that a rich man utters when he parades as though money actually exalted him above his fellows. For outward circumstances cannot of themselves make any such inequality among men: it is brains that make the real inequality; it is character that builds the awful heights. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus is fixed at last, not by fortune, but by Dives himself, who says by his ostentation, "See how far above that poor wretch I am; we do not belong to the same class." But nature is pitiful, and when the great gulf becomes at last fixed it turns out to be Dives who is at the bottom of it. The spectacle of to-day is the creative facility of wealth; and when rich people choose to create such a society for the world's edification as is depicted in Mr. Warner's Golden House, it is not wonderful that hasty human nature revolts with a spark of divine indignation, and hankers to pitch the whole edifice into Tartarus; nor can it be wondered at if even Christian philanthropists, when they contrast such a spectacle with the awful poverty at its gates, should avow that wealth is the devil, and that our only hope is in binding both him and his angels. But when we see, as we often do, a vast fortune in the hands of a noble creative man like Plutarch, or William of Orange, or Howard the philanthropist, we then understand that wealth is not only a bond of brotherhood, but the condition for the development of a great type of humanity.

Such types are the progenitors of a noble national life. Deny to the grand personality its office, and you destroy the type. Contract the womb, and you spoil the child. Nor would it do any good to abolish the forms of wealth; the lie would remain. It is animalism that creates the illusion; it is this that is undoing us; it is anti-national because it is anti-ethical; unable to see the value of the type, it mistakes the organism for a machine, and gives birth to machine politics. Occupying a false view point, it is always one-sided. In its eagerness for liberty, it insists that every person shall have the ballot: it is blind to the fact that liberty depends not so much on the possession of the ballot as on its being in liberty-loving and intelligent hands; that the electorate is in reality an organ of the government; and that the essential char-

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acteristic of an organ is that it should be filled by the true type of vitality. Thousands of men have risen to power, enjoyed all the liberty they wanted, and changed the course of the world, without having the right of suffrage. Its possession by every man is not essential to the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness on his part, but its being held by trustworthy men, who are themselves true types of the nationality, is absolutely essential to everybody's welfare.

Again, in its eagerness after popular sovereignty, this one-sided humanity has attempted to exalt one organ of the state at the expense of another; it has made the elector everything, the legislator nothing; it has stripped from the statesman all statesmanship, making him a public servant in the lowest sense of the word, and developing in him the worst vices of servility. Men of that stamp are indeed servants of the people. They have ceased to be stems. In an hour of deadly peril like the Chicago strike, they wait to see which way the popular tide will turn. They degrade the national organ to which they belong. Destitute of the type of sovereignty, it ceases to be sovereign. Apropos of this is the notion that one man is as good as another, and that every man should have his turn at governing. Such an idea is not business; it would be death to a bank or a mercantile house to conduct it on such principles, and it is death to the nation; it is casting contempt on the type; it is emptying the organ of its life blood, and fearfully has it told upon us. Already are we a spectacle to foreigners; they say well that we have no respect for our own institutions, no faith in the people. Nor is it strange, since we have reversed nature's methods, so careless of the type we seem, so careful of the single life. This is truly an anti-American spirit, the opposite of that breathed forth by Washington and Lincoln; but it is the humanitarian aspect of this animalism that is most to be dreaded, for here the illusion is worst. Folly is transformed into an angel of light, yet, fool-like, it can see but a single interest. Formerly its eye was on the negro, its single aim to secure his liberty against his oppressor; now it is fixed on the workingman, but it is on one *kind* of workingman, and on one stage of his development. In the first stage, he must be so protected that he can let the labor of his hands for the largest price; he must be free to exercise generosity as he sees fit; nor must he be compelled to help his fellow-laborer, but as soon as he has a room in his tenement to let he becomes a landlord, and now this sentimental humanitarianism would dictate to him how he shall let, and when he must be generous. Still further, when he accumulates a little money, and so becomes a capitalist, there must be a law to dictate to him the terms on which he shall let his capital, and to arbitrate between him and his employee.

This one-sidedness is illustrated by the savage attacks upon Mr. Pullman. From the stage of labor he had risen to the stage of capital; he had become a stem of industry; into his hands hundreds of men put their savings, many of these stockholders being people of small means. Mr. Pullman was their trustee; the surplus of his company was their guarantee, it stood instead of a mortgage bond; nothing could be more desirable for the country than his reciprocity between the small savings and the industrial stem. Now the singular thing is that no one thought of attacking Mr. Pullman for want of generosity in the use of his private fortune, but there has been a universal howl against him for not being generous with other people's money; he should have reduced his rents though it cut into his surplus, invalidated the security, and lowered the stock at the cost of thousands of dollars to his stockholders. Not only should he have been generous at other people's expense, but he should have called it justice. Not

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only ought he to have done it, but he should have been compelled by government to do it, and for want of governmental interference he should be compelled by anarchy to do it. Actually, the popular attitude towards these small investors has been simply this: Go to Canada with your small savings; you have no rights in the case which we are bound to respect. This is a duel between riches and poverty. The intermediate stages are "beyond the pale."

Such an attitude is not only anti-American, and opposed to the old Anglo-Saxon bill of rights, but it is essentially anarchical. Beside, the question how much is due to the workingman is not one of abstract justice, — no man gets his moral deserts in the industrial world; the question what a man's work is worth depends on how essential it is to the business organism. This is the only practical criterion for commercial justice; and taking it as the criterion, it is by no means certain that the workingman is not receiving more than his share. In that case, the question of help for him becomes one of generosity, not of justice, precisely as it would in the case of a poor author or physician. On the other hand, if we throw away the organism, in behalf of the American workingman, and attempt to give him his moral valuation or his worth as a brother man, we are equally bound by the principles of humanity to do it for the Chinese or "the poor authors." Doubtless the industrial organism is a slow instrument for distributing wealth, but it has the merit of being nature's institution; it develops the type, the man of business genius, who is nature's stem and wealth creator; furthermore, it coerces all men in the direction of industry, economy, and skill. True, it is hard on the shiftless and the incapable, but it is better we should reach them by charity than give up the organism which develops type and stem. Certainly there is great suffering, but the sooner we realize it is to be relieved by existing forces, and throw the responsibility upon them, the better. Organized benevolence will then become what it has never been before; and that brings us to the question which anti-Americanism has forced upon us.

Shall we develop the present forces, or shall we throw away nature's plan and give up the Anglo-Saxon organic nation in which law is reduced to a minimum? Shall we abandon free benevolence, and go back to paternalism and militarism? It takes genius to create a first-class illusion, and socialism has of late had genius on its side. We read Mr. Bellamy's Looking Backward, and feel the same drawing to his Utopia that we felt towards the patriarchal institution when we read the first volume of Uncle Tom's Cabin. The devil really is not in it; no bill of rights seems necessary; the institution produces nothing but Uncle Toms, little Evas, and St. Clares. It is not till Legree appears that we realize how entirely this benign aspect was due to the concentration of light on a certain negative type of character. It must be the type, after all, even in socialism, that decides our happiness. Some one ought to write a second volume of Looking Backward, in which Mr. Bellamy's colorless officials should take the background, and the *political* organs of the industrial army should appear, with Mr. Debs as commander in chief. The opening chapter should deal with the last Anglo-Saxon struggle for liberty against the resistless patronage of the socialistic party which held in its hands all the railroads, telegraph lines, and mines in the country. It should describe the immensely preponderating foreign element in this new party; the loss of confidence on the part of the Anglo-Saxon minority; the resulting anarchy and bloodshed; the final seizure of the government by trades unions, under the leadership of some crafty "boss." It should go on to describe the political structure of the new nation: how, in the new paternalism, an ignorant foreign ma-

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jority took the place of the papacy, dictating to men's consciences when they should be generous; how it soon became necessary that religion and education should come under the paternal system, since the power which controls altruism must likewise control the social forces that lead to it; how one step toward tyranny led to another; how tyranny inevitably tended toward autocracy; and how at last that same single, forcible, shrewd head of the Cæsar once more appeared on the throne of the temporal and spiritual world, and so the "look backward" was complete. There should be a chapter, too, on the *personal* aspects of the inorganic Altruria: how men sank into mere automata; how personal interest in work died out because everything fell into a dead sameness; how individuality ceased because no man had any breadth of field in which to exercise it; how creative power failed for want of property; how men shirked because they were doing government work; how manliness perished because every man was taken care of by the state; how life became feeble because all the great types failed; how character became inert because nature ceased to be coercive; how altruism itself at last collapsed because it was enforced, and generosity died out because the secret of generosity is liberty.

I do not say that Altruria is impossible; on the contrary, I believe it is coming; what I do say is that the type must come first, and we are very far yet from the type. We have not yet an electorate pure enough or intelligent enough to be trusted with the first step towards socialism, the control of the railroads; our political stems, our Murphys and our Debses, have still too much murderous ambition. Nor do I believe that Altruria, when it comes, will be a reversal of the order of evolution, and a return to the inorganic nationality. I believe it will come, not through paternalism and militarism, but through larger liberty, through wider spheres of personal development, through greater individual wealth and nobler creative types. But the immediate peril of socialism is that it furnishes the animating spirit for anarchical societies. It creates a fiery illusion by putting things in a false light. This is dangerous because we are confronted with an enormous mass of men who do not think things out for themselves. They are organized into trades unions. These socialistic theories are to them what the loose ideas of the aristocratic and literary reformers were to the Jacobin clubs of France before the Revolution. But there is this vast difference in the times: liberty with us has already gone further than the structure of the organism can safely permit; to stretch it yet more means the loss of it. Yet these trades unions are wild for advance; they are a vast disciplined army, ready at a moment's notice to precipitate a war. They are inflamed by their false creed; they fancy themselves grievously wronged. Even if a wrong exists but in fancy, no one will sit quietly under it, nor will they. They are determined to right themselves, peaceably if possible, but should it require force they do not mean to fail; they do not wish anarchy, but, as the Chicago strike revealed, they prefer it to failure, and their madness at the President's interference reveals the direction in which they mean to move. They propose to have presidents and governors who agree with them.

As John Adams said when he heard the guns at Lexington, "It is a glorious morning." Nature has brought us into a place where we must lose our liberty or develop a new citizenship. That new citizenship has already appeared, thank God. It has had its proto-martyr. It now has, in New York city at least, its determined leader. Men are rallying around it; they are being recruited from all nationalities; it is a unifying hour; the great battle of liberty has at last come. There is genuine goodness in the country, but it has been nebulous and inert; it has been fiddling while Rome burnt; it

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is now awaking to facts. The call is for a party of the republic which, like Robert Ross, shall hold the type above the life; whose motto shall be, like his, Perish all lesser interests, if we can have a purified nation. Good will it be for us if we know in this our day the things that pertain to our peace, for nature will not step aside out of her course from deference even to the greatest of her republics; she has one law for them all, the law of the organism; nor does she ever suffer the national pyramid to stand upon its apex. The unintelligent do not rule the intelligent for long. Of two evils, men always choose the less. They fly from anarchy. Society must cohere, and it always coheres about a man who is able. Personality must come to the front. If there is enough of the national stock with which to furnish her organs, nature will have a republic as she did in Rome. If the stock runs short, she contracts her organs, and men pass under the tutelage of an empire. It is the organic that is possible. Whatever we have developed fit organs for we can reach; nothing else.

There sat in the imperial seat of Rome, long after the republic had passed away, a type of the old stock, whom nature had preserved for her beneficent work. For him the republic had existed and passed. Of him Frederick Maurice says: "Marcus Aurelius wrote in Greek, he dwelt in all the effeminacy of a court, but he desired above all things else, he says, to be a male and a Roman." "What he meant by that we can understand by his acts, and also from his thoughts; for he is one of those who lets us into the secrets of his life; who has told us what he was striving to be, and what helps and hindrances he met with in his strivings. He had evidently taken account of the causes which had made the Roman the ruler of the world; he had seen that self-restraint had been one main secret of his power; that reverence for the relations in which he found himself had been another; that out of both had come the habit of obedience, the only security for the fidelity of the citizen. His meditations exhibit a man who is striving by all means that he knows of to recover something which he feels has departed or is departing from his country, from those who are governing in it, from those who are serving in it."

Wonderful is this care of nature for the type; its own prolonged struggle, too, for survival, though reduced to a single man, a solitary headland against the tide of anarchy, the sole governmental organ of that state which could no longer be a republic, not even a limited monarchy, because there was not enough of the governing type left out of which to make constitutional organs. Years before, the transcendent intellect of Julius Cæsar had grasped the situation and foreseen the only possible form of government left for Rome. Two organs alone were possible, an imperator and an army. This was the fact that the eloquent Cicero and the noble Brutus were not clear-headed enough to see. They thought they could reverse history; unfortunately, it was natural history, and the battle of Pharsalia showed the irreversibility of organic law. The Roman stock was gone, the live tissue dead, and the Roman constitution which had conquered the world fell like a rotten trunk in a storm.

John H. Denison.

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ALCYONE.

In the silent depth of space,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Glittering with a silver flame
Through eternity,
Rolls a great and burning star,
With a noble name,
Alcyone!

In the glorious chart of heaven
It is marked the first of seven;
'T is a Pleiad;
And a hundred years of earth
With their long-forgotten deeds have come and gone,
Since that tiny point of light,
Once a splendor fierce and bright,
Had its birth
In the star we gaze upon.

It has traveled all that time —
Thought has not a swifter flight —
Through a region where no faintest gust
Of life comes ever, but the power of night
Dwells stupendous and sublime,
Limitless and void and lonely,
A region mute with age, and peopled only
With the dead and ruined dust
Of worlds that lived eternities ago.

Man! when thou dost think of this,
And what our earth and its existence is,
The half-blind toils since life began,
The little aims, the little span,
With what passion and what pride,
And what hunger fierce and wide,
Thou dost break beyond it all,
Seeking for the spirit unconfined
In the clear abyss of mind
A shelter and a peace majestical.
For what is life to thee,
Turning toward the primal light,
With that stern and silent face,
If thou canst not be
Something radiant and august as night,
Something wide as space?

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Therefore with a love and gratitude divine,
Thou shalt cherish in thine heart for sign
A vision of the great and burning star,
Immeasurably old, immeasurably far,
Surging forth its silver flame
Through eternity;
And thine inner heart shall ring and cry
With the music strange and high,
The grandeur of its name,
Alcyone!

Archibald Lampman.

JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN.

THE Old Ladies' Home, much to the sorrow of its inmates, "set back from the road." A long, box-bordered walk led from the great door down to the old turnpike, and thickly bowering lilac bushes forced the eye to play an unsatisfied hide-and-seek with the view. The sequestered old ladies were quite unreconciled to their leaf-hung outlook; active life was presumably over for them, and all the more did they long to "see the passing" of the little world which had usurped their places. The house itself was very old, a stately, square structure, with pillars on either side of the door, and a fanlight above. It had been unpainted now for many years, and had softened into a mellow lichen-gray, so harmonious and pleasing in the midst of summer's vital green that the few artists who ever heard of Tiverton sought it out, to plant umbrella and easel in the garden, and sketch the stately relic; photographers also made it one of their accustomed haunts. Of the artists the old ladies disapproved, without dissenting voice. It seemed a "shaller" proceeding to sit out there in the hot sun for no result save a wash of unreal colors on a white ground, or a few hasty lines indicating no solid reality; but the photographers were their constant delight, and they rejoiced in forming themselves into groups upon the green, to be "took" and carried away with the house.

One royal winter's day there was a directors' meeting in the great south room, the matron's parlor, a spot bearing the happy charm of perfect loyalty to the past, with its great fireplace, iron dogs and crane, its settle and entrancing corner cupboards. The hard-working president of the board was speaking hastily and from a full heart, conscious that another instant's discussion might bring the tears to her eyes: —

"May I be allowed to say — it's irrelevant, I know, but I should like the satisfaction of saying it — that this is enough to make one vow never to have anything to do with an institution of any sort, from this time forth for evermore!"

For the moment had apparently come when a chronic annoyance must be recognized as unendurable. They had borne with the trial, inmates and directors, quite as cheerfully as most ordinary people accept the inevitable; but suddenly the tension had become too great, and the universal patience snapped. Two of the old ladies, Mrs. Blair and Miss Dyer, who were settled in the Home for life, and who, before going there, had shown no special waywardness of temper, had proved utterly incapable of living in peace with any available human

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being; and as the Home had insufficient accommodations, neither could be isolated to fight her "black butterflies" alone. No inmate, though she were cousin to Hercules, could be given a room to herself; and the effect of this dual system on these two, possibly the most eccentric of the number, had proved disastrous in the extreme. Each had, in her own favorite fashion, "kicked over the traces," as the matron's son said in town meeting (much to the joy of the village fathers), and to such purpose that, to continue the light-minded simile, very little harness was left to guide them withal. Mrs. Blair, being "high-sperited," like all the Coxes from whom she sprang, had now so tyrannized over the last of her series of room-mates, so browbeaten and intimidated her, that the latter had actually taken to her bed with a slow fever of discouragement, announcing that "she 'd ruther go to the poor-farm and done with it than resk her life there another night; and she 'd like to know what had become of that hunderd dollars her nephew Thomas paid down in bills to get her into the Home, for she 'd be thankful to them that laid it away so antic to hand it back before another night went over her head, so 't she could board somewheres decent till 't was gone, and then starve if she 'd got to!"

If Miss Sarah Ann Dyer, known also as a disturber of the public peace, presented a less aggressive front to her kind, she was yet, in her own way, a cross and a hindrance to their spiritual growth. She, poor woman, lived in a scarcely varying state of hurt feeling; her tiny world seemed to her one close federation, existing for the sole purpose of infringing on her personal rights; and though she would not take the initiative in battle, she lifted up her voice in aggrieved lamentation over the tragic incidents, decreed for her alone. She had perhaps never directly reproached her own unhappy room-mate for selecting a comfortable chair, for wearing squeaking shoes, or singing "Hearken, ye sprightly," somewhat early in the morning, but she chanted those ills through all her waking hours in a high yet husky tone broken by frequent sobs. And therefore, as a result of these domestic whirlwinds and too stagnant pools, came the directors' meeting, and the helpless protest of the exasperated president. The two cases were discussed for an hour longer, in the dreary fashion pertaining to a question which has long been supposed to have but one side; and then it remained for Mrs. Mitchell, the new director, to cut the knot with the energy of one to whom a difficulty is fresh.

"Has it ever occurred to you to put them together?" asked she. "They are impossible people; so, naturally, you have selected the very mildest and most Christian women to endure their nagging. They can't live with the saints of the earth. Experience has proved that. Put them into one room, and let them fight it out together."

The motion was passed with something of that awe ever attending a Napoleonic decree, and passed, too, with the utmost good breeding; for nobody mentioned the Kilkenny cats. The matron compressed her lips and lifted her brows, but said nothing; having exhausted her own resources, she was the more willing to take the superior attitude of good-natured skepticism.

The moving was speedily accomplished, and at ten o'clock, one morning, Mrs. Blair was ushered into the room where her forced colleague sat by the window knitting. There the two were left alone. Miss Dyer looked up, and then heaved a tempestuous sigh over her work, in the manner of one not entirely surprised by its advent, but willing to suppress it if such alleviation might be. She was a thin, colorless woman, and infinitely passive, save at those times when her nervous system conflicted with the scheme of the universe. Not so Mrs. Blair.

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She had black eyes, "like live coals," said her awed associates, and her skin was soft and white, albeit wrinkled. One could even believe she had reigned a beauty, as the tradition of the house declared. This morning she held her head higher than ever, and disdained expression except that of an occasional nasal snort. She regarded the room with the air of an impartial though exacting critic: two little beds covered with rising-sun quilts, two little pine bureaus, two washstands. The sunshine lay upon the floor, and in that radiant pathway Miss Dyer sat.

"If I 'd ha' thought I should ha' come to this," began Mrs. Blair, in the voice of one who speaks perforce after long sufferance, "I 'd ha' died in my tracks afore I 'd left my comfortable home down in Tiverton Holler. Story-'n'-a-half house, a good sullar, an' woods nigh by full of sarsaparilla an' gold thread! I 've moved more times in this God-forsaken place than a Methodist preacher, fust one room an' then another; an' bad is the best. It was poor pickin's enough afore, but this is the crowner!"

Miss Dyer said nothing, but two large tears rolled down and dropped on her work. Mrs. Blair followed their course with gleaming eyes endowed with such uncomfortable activity that they seemed to pounce with every glance.

"What under the sun be you carryin' on like that for?" she asked at last, giving the handle of the water pitcher an emphatic twitch to make it even with the world. "You ain't lost nobody, have ye, sence I moved in here?"

Miss Dyer put aside her knitting with ostentatious abnegation, and began rocking herself back and forth in her chair, which seemed not of itself to sway fast enough, and Mrs. Blair's voice rose again, ever higher and more metallic: —

"I dunno what you 've got to complain of more 'n the rest of us. Look at that dress you 've got on, — a good thick thibet, an' mine 's a cheap, sleazy alpaca they palmed off on me because they knew my eyesight ain't what it was once. An' you 're settin' right there in the sun, gettin' het through, an' it 's cold as a barn over here by the door. My land! if it don't make me mad to see anybody without no more sperit than a wet rag! If you 've lost anybody, why don't ye say so? An' if it 's a mad fit, speak out an' say that! Give me anybody that 's got a tongue in their head, *I* say!"

But Miss Dyer, with an unnecessary display of effort, was hitching her chair into the darkest corner of the room, the rockers hopelessly snarling her yarn at every move.

"I 'm sure I would n't keep the sun off'n anybody," she said tearfully. "It never come into my head to take it up, an' I don't claim no share of anything. I guess, if the truth was known, 't would be seen I 'd been used to a house lookin' south, an' the fore-room winders all of a glare o' light, day in an' day out, an' Madeira vines climbin' over 'em, an' a trellis by the front door; but that 's all past and gone, past and gone! I never was one to take more 'n belonged to me; an' I don't care who says it, I never shall be. An' I 'd hold to that, if 't was the last word I had to speak!"

This negative sort of retort had an enfeebling effect upon Mrs. Blair.

"My land!" she exclaimed helplessly. "Talk about my tongue! Vinegar 's nothin' to cold molasses, if you 've got to plough through it."

The other sighed, and leaned her head upon her hand in an attitude of extreme dejection. Mrs. Blair eyed her with the exasperation of one whose just challenge has been refused; she marched back and forth through the room, now smoothing a fold of the counterpane with vicious care, and again pulling the braided rug to one side or the other, the while she sought new fuel for her rage. Without, the sun was lighting snowy knoll and hollow, and printing the fine-etched

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tracery of the trees against a crystal sky. The road was not usually much frequented in winter time, but just now it had been worn by the week's sledding into a shining track, and several sleighs went jingling up and down. Tiverton was seizing the opportunity of a perfect day and the best of "going," and was taking its way to market. The trivial happenings of this far-away world had thus far elicited no more than a passing glance from Mrs. Blair; she was too absorbed in domestic warfare even to peer down through the leafless lilac boughs, in futile wonderment as to whose bells they might be, ringing merrily past. On one journey about the room, however, some chance arrested her gaze. She stopped, transfixed.

"Forever!" she cried. Her nervous, blue-veined hands clutched at her apron and held it; she was motionless for a moment. Yet the picture without would have been quite devoid of interest to the casual eye; it could have borne little significance save to one who knew the inner life history of the Tiverton Home, and thus might guess what slight events made up its joy and pain. A young man had set up his camera at the end of the walk, and thrown the cloth over his head preparatory to taking the usual view of the house. Mrs. Blair recovered from her temporary inaction. She rushed to the window and threw up the sash. Her husky voice broke strenuously upon the stillness: —

"Here! you keep right where you be! I 'm goin' to be took! You wait till I come!"

She pulled down the window, and went in haste to the closet, in the excess of her eagerness stumbling recklessly forward into its depths.

"Where 's my bandbox?" Her voice came piercingly from her temporary seclusion. "Where 'd they put it? It ain't here in sight! My soul! where 's my bunnit?"

These were apostrophes thrown off in extremity of feeling; they were not questions, and no listener, even with the most friendly disposition in the world, need have assumed the necessity of answering. So, wrapped in oblivion to all earthly considerations save that of her own inward gloom, the one person who might have responded merely swayed back and forth in martyrized silence. But no such spiritual withdrawal could insure her safety. Mrs. Blair emerged from the closet, and darted across the room with the energy of one stung by a new despair. She seemed about to fall upon the neutral figure in the corner, but seized the chair-back instead, and shook it with such angry vigor that Miss Dyer cowered down in no simulated fright.

"Where 's my green bandbox?" The words were emphasized by cumulative shakes. "Anybody that 's took that away from me ought to be biled in ile! Hangin' 's too good for 'em, but let me get my eye on 'em an' they shall swing for 't! Yes, they shall, higher 'n Gil-'roy's kite!"

The victim put both trembling hands to her ears.

"I ain't deef!" she wailed.

"Deef? I don't care whether you 're deef or dumb, or whether you 're nummer 'n a beetle! It 's my bandbox I 'm arter. Isr'el in Egypt! you might grind some folks in a mortar an' you could n't make 'em speak!"

It was of no use. Intimidation was worse than hopeless; even bodily force would not avail. She cast one lurid glance at the supine figure, and gave up the quest in that direction as sheer waste of time. With new determination, she again essayed the closet, tossing shoes and rubbers behind her in an unsightly heap, quite heedless of the confusion of rights and lefts. At last, in a dark corner, behind a blue chest, she came upon her treasure. Too hurried now for reproaches, she drew it forth, and with trembling fingers untied the strings. Casting aside the cover, she

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produced a huge scoop bonnet of a long-past date, and setting it on her head with the same fevered haste, tied over it the long figured veil which made an inseparable part of her state array. She snatched her stella shawl from the drawer, threw it over her shoulders, and ran out of the room.

Miss Dyer was left quite bewildered by these erratic proceedings, but she had no mind to question them; so many stories were rife in the Home of the eccentricities embodied in the charitable phrase "Mis' Blair's way" that she would scarcely have been amazed had her terrible room-mate chosen to drive a coach and four up the chimney, or saddle the broom for a midnight revel. She drew a long breath of relief at the bliss of solitude, closed her eyes, and strove to regain the lost peace which, as she vaguely remembered, had belonged to her once in a shadowy past.

Silence had come, but not to reign. Back flew Mrs. Blair like a whirlwind. Her cheeks wore each a little hectic spot; her eyes were flaming. The figured veil, swept rudely to one side, was borne backwards on the wind of her coming, and her thin hair, even in those few seconds, had become wildly disarranged.

"He 's gone!" she announced passionately. "He kep' right on while I was findin' my bunnit. He come to take the house, an' he 'd ha' took me an' been glad. An' when I got open that plaguy front door he was jest drivin' away; an' I might ha' hollered till I was black in the face, an' then I could n't ha' made him hear."

"I dunno what to say, nor what not to," remarked Miss Dyer to her corner. "If I speak, I 'm to blame; an' so I be if I keep still."

The other old lady had thrown herself into a chair, and was looking wrathfully before her.

"It 's the same man that come from Sudleigh last August," she said bitterly. "He took the house then, an' said he wanted to again when the leaves were off; an' that time I was laid up with my stiff ankle, an' did n't git into it, an' to-day my bunnit was hid, an' I lost it again."

Her voice changed. To the listener it took on an awful meaning.

"An' I should like to know whose fault it was. If them that owns the winder, an' set by it till they see him comin', had spoke up an' said, 'Mis' Blair, there 's the photograph man. Don't you want to be took?' it would n't ha' been too late! If anybody had answered a civil question, an' said, 'Your bunnit box sets there behind my blue chist,' it would n't ha' been too late then! An' I ain't had my likeness took sence I was twenty year old, an' went to Sudleigh Fair in my changeable *visite* an' leghorn hat, an' Jonathan wore the brocaded weskit he stood up in the next week Thursday. It 's enough to make a minister swear!"

Miss Dyer rocked back and forth.

"Dear me!" she wailed. "Dear me suz!"

The dinner bell rang, creating a blessed diversion. Mrs. Blair, rendered absent-minded by her grief, went to the table still in her bonnet and veil; and this dramatic entrance gave rise to such morbid though unexpressed curiosity that every one forbore for a time to wonder why Miss Dyer did not appear. Later, however, when a tray was prepared and sent up to her (according to the programme of her bad days), the general commotion reached an almost unruly point, stimulated as it was by the matron's son, who found an opportunity to whisper to one garrulous old lady that Miss Dyer had received bodily injury at the hands of her room-mate, and that Mrs. Blair had put on her bonnet to be ready for the sheriff when he should arrive. This report, judiciously started, ran like prairie fire; and the house was all the afternoon in a plea-

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sant state of excitement. Possibly the matron will never know why so many of the old ladies promenaded the corridors from dinner time until long after early candlelight, while a few kept faithful yet agitated watch from the windows. For interest was divided: some preferred to see the sheriff's advent, and others found zest in the possibility of counting the groans of the prostrate victim.

When Mrs. Blair returned to the stage of action, she was much refreshed by her abundant meal and the strong tea which three times daily heartened her for battle. She laid aside her bonnet and carefully folded the veil. Then she looked about her, and, persistently ignoring all the empty chairs, fixed an annihilating gaze on one where the dinner tray still remained.

"I s'pose there 's no need of my settin' down," she remarked bitingly. "It 's all in the day's work. Some folks are waited on; some ain't. Some have their victuals brought to 'em an' set under their noses, an' some has to go to the table; when they 're there, they can take it or leave it. The quality can' keep their waiters settin' round day in an' day out, fillin' up every chair in the room. For my part, I should think they 'd have an extension table moved in, an' a snowdrop cloth over it!"

Miss Dyer had become comparatively placid, but now she gave way to tears.

"Anybody can move that waiter that 's a mind to," she said tremulously. "I would myself, if I had the stren'th; but I ain't got it. I ain't a well woman, an' I ain't been this twenty year. If old Dr. Parks was alive this day, he 'd say so. 'You ain't never had a chance,' he says to me. 'You 've been pull-hauled one way or another sence you was born.' An' he never knew the wust on 't, for the wust had n't come."

"Humph!" It was a royal and explosive note. It represented scorn for which Mrs. Blair could find no adequate utterance. She selected the straightest chair in the room, ostentatiously turned its back to her enemy, and seated herself. Then, taking out her knitting, she strove to keep silence; but that was too heavy a task, and at last she broke forth with renewed bitterness: "To think of all the wood I 've burnt up in my kitchen stove an' air-tight, an' never thought nothin' of it! To think of all the wood there is now, growin' and rottin' from Dan to Beersheba, an' I can't lay my fingers on it!"

"I dunno what you want o' wood. I 'm sure this room 's warm enough."

"You don't? Well, I 'll tell you. I want some two-inch boards, to nail up a partition in the middle of this room, same as Josh Marden done to spite his wife. I don't want more 'n my own, but I want it mine."

Miss Dyer groaned, and drew an uncertain hand across her forehead.

"You would n't have no great of an outlay for boards," she said drearily. "'T would n't have to be knee-high to keep me out. I 'm no hand to go where I ain't wanted; an' if I ever was, I guess I 'm cured on 't now."

Mrs. Blair dropped her knitting in her lap. For an instant she sat there motionless in a growing rigidity; but light was dawning in her eyes. Suddenly she came to her feet, and tossed her knitting on the bed.

"Where 's that piece o' chalk you had when you marked out your tumbler quilt?" she called. The words rang like a martial order.

Miss Dyer drew it forth from the ancient-looking bag, known as a cavo, which was ever at her side.

"Here 't is," she said, in her forlornest quaver. "I hope you won't do nothin' out o' the way with it. I should hate to get into trouble here. I ain't that kind."

Mrs. Blair was too excited to hear or heed her. She was briefly, flashingly, taking in the possibilities of the room, her bright black eyes darting here and

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there with fiery insistence. Suddenly she went to the closet, and diving to the bottom of a baggy pocket there, drew forth a ball of twine. She chalked it, still in delighted haste, and forced one end upon her bewildered room-mate.

"You go out there to the middle square o' the front winder," she commanded, "an' hold your end o' the string down on the floor. I 'll snap it."

Miss Dyer cast one despairing glance about her, and obeyed.

"Crazy!" she muttered. "Oh my land! she 's crazy 's a loon. I wisht Mis' Mitchell would come in!"

But Mrs. Blair was following out her purpose in a manner exceedingly methodical. Drawing out one bed, so that it stood directly opposite her kneeling helper, she passed the cord about the leg of the bedstead and made it fast; then, returning to the middle of the room, she snapped the line triumphantly. A faint chalk mark was left upon the floor.

"There!" she cried. "Leggo! Now you give me the chalk, an' I 'll go over it an' make it whiter."

She knelt and chalked with the utmost absorption, crawling along on her knees quite heedless of the despised alpaca; and Miss Dyer, hovering in a corner, timorously watched her. Mrs. Blair staggered to her feet, entangled by her skirt as she rose.

"There!" she announced. "Now here 's two rooms. The chalk mark 's the partition. You can have the mornin' sun, for I 'd jest as soon live by a taller candle if I can have somethin' that 's my own. I 'll chalk a lane into the closet, an' we 'll both keep a right o' way there. Now I 'm to home, and so be you. Don't you dast to speak a word to me unless you come and knock here on my headboard, — that 's the front door, — an' I won't to you. Well, if I ain't glad to be alone! I 've hung my harp on a willer long enough!"

It was some time before the true meaning of the new arrangement penetrated Miss Dyer's slower intelligence; but presently she drew her chair nearer the window and thought a little, chuckling as she did so. She too was alone. The sensation was new and very pleasant. Mrs. Blair went back and forth through the closet-lane, putting her clothes away, with high good humor. Once or twice she sang a little — Derby's Ram and Lord Lovell — in a cracked voice. She was in love with solitude.

Just before tea, Mrs. Mitchell, in some trepidation, knocked at the door, to see the fruits of contention present and to come. She had expected to hear loud words, and the silence almost terrified her. Miss Dyer gave one appealing look at Mrs. Blair, and then, with some indecision, went to open the door, for the latch was in her house.

"Well, here you are, comfortably settled!" began Mrs. Mitchell. She had the unmistakable tone of professional kindliness; yet it rang clear and true. "May I come in?"

"Set right down here," answered Miss Dyer, drawing forward a chair. "I 'm real pleased to see ye."

"And how are you this morning?" This was addressed to the occupant of the other house, who, quite oblivious to any alien presence, stood busily rubbing the chalk marks from her dress.

Mrs. Blair made no answer. She might have been stone deaf, and as dumb as the hearthstone bricks. Mrs. Mitchell cast an alarmed glance at her entertainer.

"Is n't she well?" she said softly.

"It 's a real pretty day, ain't it?" responded Miss Dyer. "If 't was summer time, I should think there 'd be a sea turn afore night. I like a sea turn myself. It smells jest like Old Boar's Head."

"I have brought you down some fruit." Mrs. Mitchell was still anxiously observing the silent figure, now absorbed in an apparently futile search in

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a brocaded workbag. "Mrs. Blair, do you ever cut up oranges and bananas together?"

No answer. The visitor rose, and unwittingly stepped across the dividing line.

"Mrs. Blair" — she began, but she got no further.

Her hostess turned upon her in surprised welcome.

"Well, if it ain't Mis' Mitchell! I can't say I did n't expect you, for I see you goin' into Miss Dyer's house not more 'n two minutes ago. Seems to me you make short calls. Now set right down here, where you can see out o' the winder. That square 's cracked, but I guess the directors 'll put in another."

Mrs. Mitchell was amazed, but entirely interested. It was many a long day since any person, official or private, had met with cordiality from this quarter.

"I hope you and our friend are going to enjoy your room together," she essayed, with a hollow cheerfulness.

"I expect to be as gay as a cricket," returned Mrs. Blair innocently. "An' I do trust I 've got good neighbors. I like to keep to myself, but if I 've got a neighbor, I want her to be somebody you can depend upon."

"I 'm sure Miss Dyer means to be very neighborly." The director turned, with a smile, to include that lady in the conversation. But the local deafness had engulfed her. She was sitting peacefully by the window, with the air of one retired within herself, to think her own very remote thoughts. The visitor mentally improvised a little theory, and it seemed to fit the occasion. They had quarreled, she thought, and each was disturbed at any notice bestowed on the other.

"I have been wondering whether you would both like to go sleighing with me some afternoon?" she ventured, with the humility which usually assails humankind in a frank and shrewish presence. "The roads are in wonderful condition, and I don't believe you 'd take cold. Do you know, I found Grandmother Eaton's foot-warmers the other day! I 'll bring them along."

"Law! I 'd go anywheres to get out o' here," said Mrs. Blair ruthlessly. "I don't know when I 've set behind a horse, either. I guess the last time was the day I rid up here for good, an' then I did n't feel much like lookin' at outdoor. Well, I guess you *be* a new director, or you 'd never ha' thought on 't!"

"How do you feel about it, Miss Dyer?" asked the visitor. "Will you go, — perhaps on Wednesday?"

The other householder moved uneasily. Her hands twitched at their knitting; a flush came over her cheeks, and she cast a childishly appealing glance at her neighbor across the chalk line. Her eyes were fast filling with tears. "Save me!" her look seemed to entreat. "Let me not lose this happy fortune." Mrs. Blair interpreted the message, and rose to the occasion with the vigor of the intellectually great.

"Mis' Mitchell," she said clearly, "I may be queer in my notions, but it makes me as nervous as a witch to have anybody hollerin' out o' my winders. I don't care whether it 's company nor whether it 's my own folks. If you want to speak to Miss Dyer, you come along here arter me, — don't you hit the partition now! — right out o' my door an' into her 'n. Here, I 'll knock! Miss Dyer, be you to home?"

The little old lady came forward, fluttering and radiant in the excess of her relief.

"Yes, I guess I be," she said, "an' all alone, too! I see you go by the winder, an' I was in hopes you 'd come in!"

Then the situation dawned upon Mrs. Mitchell with an effect vastly surprising to the two old pensioners. She turned from one to the other, including them both in a look of warm loving-kindness. It was truly an illumination. Hitherto,

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they had thought chiefly of her winter cloak and nodding ostrich plume; now, at last, they saw her face, and read some part of its message.

"You poor souls!" she cried. "Do you care as much as that? Oh, you poor souls!"

Miss Dyer fingered her apron and looked at the floor, but her companion turned abruptly away, even though she trod upon the partition in going.

"Law! it 's nothin' to make such a handle of," she said. "Folks don't want to be under each other's noses all the time. I dunno 's anybody could stan' it, unless 't was an emmet. They seem to git along swarmin' round together."

Mrs. Mitchell left the room abruptly.

"Wednesday or Thursday, then!" she called over her shoulder.

The next forenoon, Mrs. Blair made her neighbor a long visit. Both old ladies had their knitting, and they sat peacefully swaying back and forth, recalling times past, and occasionally alluding to their happy Wednesday.

"What I really come in for," said Mrs. Blair finally, "was to ask if you don't think both our settin'-rooms need new paper."

The other gave one bewildered glance about her.

"Why, 't ain't been on more 'n two weeks," she began; and then remembrance awoke in her, and she stopped. It was not the scene of their refuge and conflict that must be considered; it was the house of fancy built by each unto herself. Invention did not come easily to her as yet, and she spoke with some hesitation.

"I 've had it in mind myself quite a spell, but somehow I ain't been able to fix on the right sort o' paper."

"What do you say to a kind of a straw color, all lit up with tulips?" inquired Mrs. Blair triumphantly.

"Ain't that kinder gay?"

"Gay? Well, you want it gay, don't ye? I don't know why folks seem to think they 've got to live in a hearse because they expect to ride in one! What if we be gettin' on a little mite in years? We ain't underground yet, be we? I see a real good ninepenny paper once, all covered over with green brakes. I declare if 't wa'n't sweet pretty! Well, whether I paper or whether I don't, I 've got some thoughts of a magenta sofy. I 'm tired to death of that old horsehair lounge that sets in my clock-room. Sometimes I wish the moths would tackle it, but I guess they 've got more sense. I 've allers said to myself I 'd have a magenta sofy when I could get round to it, and I dunno 's I shall be any nearer to it than I be now."

"Well, you *are* tasty," said Miss Dyer, in some awe. "I dunno how you come to think o' that!"

"Priest Rowe had one when I wa'n't more 'n twenty. Some of his relations give it to him (he married into the quality), an' I remember as if 't was yesterday what a tew there was over it. An' I said to myself then, if ever I was prospered I 'd have a magenta sofy. I ain't got to it till now, but now I 'll have it if I die for 't."

"Well, I think you 're in the right on 't." Miss Dyer spoke absently, glancing from the window in growing trouble. "Oh, Mis' Blair," she continued, with a sudden burst of confidence, "you don't think there 's a storm brewin', do you? If it snows Wednesday, I shall give up beat!"

Mrs. Blair, in her turn, peered at the smiling sky.

"I hope you ain't one o' them kind that thinks every fair day is a weather breeder," she said. "Law, no! I don't believe it will storm; an' if it does, why, there 's other Wednesdays comin'!"

Alice Brown.

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THE SYMPHONY ILLUSTRATED BY BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH IN C MINOR.

A COMMON saying of the Philistine is that music makes no appeal to the intellect: it neither deals with definite ideas, nor arrives at exact results; it is clearly nothing but an amusement of the senses.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, there are no accepted definitions in art philosophy. At any rate, there is an easier defense for the musician than a disputation. Appealing to the agreement of all listeners as to their impressions of a representative work, he may then suggest the significance and capacity of the form in which the work is cast, and thus of the art itself. He cannot hope as yet to give a philosophic demonstration. But after all, he can afford to neglect others than the listeners. If they agree, their ranks will speedily grow. Then, by choosing a work of broad scope, he has the advantage of the internal evidence, as the lawyers put it, from the four corners of the document, — the harmony of purpose between remote regions of the composition.

There is, no doubt, in music a seeming preponderance of purely physical or sensuous effect. This might naturally be expected more especially in earlier stages of the art. An historic view will, here as elsewhere, make the present clearer. It shows that there is, in general, a progress from the vague towards the definite. But great irregularities in this movement appear whenever sudden changes of experience cause successions of "schools" of the art.

It must be remembered that the entire growth of the art of music — what was really the slow manufacture of its elements and forms — was wrought within the Church. This development began when to the unison chant was added the servile accompaniment of a second voice, keeping always its unaltered respectful distance. It ended when all the changes of fugal counterpoint had been rung with mathematical ingenuity. But until the modern centuries there had not been a thought of music without words, of unsung music. The only use of an instrument was to guide the voices. How pure organ music first arose can easily be imagined. When the absurdly artificial forms were abandoned by mutinous singers, the organ took the place of the unwilling voice, and invited further composition for its special performance.

But all this had nothing in common with secular instrumental music and its origin. For the elements, we must go back to the strange attempts at opera by Italian amateurs. The very convenient date of the first opera, 1600, is an excellent landmark in gauging the growth of unsung secular music, — the year when Peri's Eurydice was produced in Florence. It is in the formless preludes and interludes of the players that the germ of the symphony lies. The first conception of the flowing *cantabile* melody, which is the very fibre and tissue of every movement, came in these early operas. (There is absolutely no connection between this *melody* and the fugal *theme* of the Church school.) With these, the dance, of obscure origin, completes the foundation on which sonatas and symphonies were reared.

If we enter the forge in which these materials were being welded into the great forms of the symphony, — the sonata, rondo, and minuet; in other words, if we study the precursors of the masters, we find, indeed, little promise of intellectual significance, or, for that matter, of pleasurable amusement. But in art, periods of exclusively formal growth always lack imaginative power. It is like latent heat,

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when ice changes to water. Great men, it would seem, are content with the form they find, hiding the lines with their fullness of thought. Shallower minds, sensitive to popular demand, tinker at new devices of outward novelty. Thus, Sebastian Bach did not find the sonata sufficiently perfected. Haydn was the first master to approve. Therefore, in a review of the history of musical thought rather than of musical structure, it may fairly be said that the sonata and the whole school of secular instrumental music did not begin before Haydn.

The analogy between Bach and the secular masters is striking. In his earlier generation, he found nothing but the strict forms of the Church school. He gave them their essential artistic purpose; he crowned their development by endowing them with the highest expression of religious feeling. When a master thus reaches the greatest height, a lower level must be started in another direction, leading to a second master.

If we take a survey of this new stream of worldly composition, — melodies with artificial accompaniment, digressions of rippling scales or tripping arpeggios and suddenly intruding crashes of full chords, — and contrast it with what is found in the Church school with its precise, dignified, and elaborate structure of voices, independent in melody, yet interdependent in harmony, the question comes, What new spirit moves here? How can there be, almost at the same time, two opposite phases of the same art, both honored by the greatest masters?

Clearly, here is the latest though not the weakest wave of the Renaissance pulse. The same rebellion against the all-absorbing intellectual domination of the Church, the same resistless wave of earthly feeling and its expression, apparent in painting and in the literatures of England, France, and Italy, is here manifest in the youngest of the arts. Why the movement is so late in music need not be discussed beyond again saying that the art was jealously and exclusively fostered by the Church. All its forms, its whole framework, had been devised solely for worship. An entirely new garb must be created before it could venture from the cloister into the gay world without great awkwardness and stiffness. Much depth of feeling or intellectual emphasis must not be expected of the first century of this new phase. The early works show their reactionary origin by utter frivolity and shallowness. Until an actual fitting form was obtained, there was a constant striving after a satisfaction of this very need, a self-conscious kind of emphasis of mere sound; the composer sought to fill in as many black notes as possible.

The beginning of Haydn's career marks the final attainment of this form, and at the same time a sudden spring of true poetic feeling. The result was what is commonly called the sonata, which is really what we are considering; for a symphony is nothing else than a sonata written for the orchestra. In the light of the absolute newness of unsung music is seen the fitness of the name "sonata," that which is merely sounded, in contrast with that which is sung, the "cantata." Nowhere, I venture to say, in any phase of art, is the shock greater than of this burst from the sombre, confined, careful, intellectual process of the cloister to the free, irresponsible fancy dancing first over the meadows and in the forests, then into the life of men, the turmoil and the triumph of war, the romance and ecstasy of human affection.

It is clear, then, why the expected order — first of the less defined, secondly of the more clearly significant phase of the art — should be reversed. Within the cloister, music had reached a high and complex power of expression of those feelings which were there sanctioned. Without, all was new and vague; there were no words or forms of expression for the new life. It must begin with the A B C of a new language. To condemn

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the first fruits of this stage for lack of definiteness of meaning would be to misunderstand the very purpose of all art. While definite language is not impossible to art, this is not its chief function; no more is mere beauty of outline. If a sentiment be expressed and transmitted, the medium of transmission will be entitled to its place as an art form. The language of prose has not the power thus to express and transmit all sentiment, though it may entitle its field in a rough sort of way. What prose cannot, the other arts must do, each in its peculiar region, not perhaps without encroaching mutually. Each art, beginning with primordial feelings, will translate more and more delicate shades in a constantly refining process, the form always reacting on the sentiment and suggesting an advance.

This must account for the vagueness of the earlier great works for instruments. But even in Haydn the pastoral element, the poetry of nature, discovered anew, is unmistakable, as is the peculiar playfulness of his humor. In fact, the appearance of humor of any kind in music in the eighteenth century is as absolutely new as anything can be under the sun. Imagine how utterly inconceivable it would have been to the long line, stretching through many centuries, of the worthy fosterers of music in the Church.

The sonata was said by a German critic to be intended by the early writers to show, in the first movement what they could do, in the second what they could feel, in the last how glad they were to have finished. The simplicity of this interpretation — and no doubt it is accurate — emphasizes the vagueness of the real sentiment. In the hands of great men, the form very soon attained a much more dignified plan.

A symphony (which etymologically means a sounding together, using, as it did, all the resources of instrumental sound, and in Beethoven's Ninth even pressing voices into service) had, from the time of Mozart, the ambitious purpose of expressing a sort of modulation through three or four moods of one dominating feeling. I use the word "feeling" for lack of a better. In its highest phase, this purpose sometimes is a kind of poetic view of life, colored by what is at the time the individuality of the composer. An unentitled symphony, which is the true type, does pretend to this purpose. A poet's individuality may so far change that, in a subsequent year, a substantial difference of sentiment may produce a symphony of quite another effect. It is almost inconceivable that a man should compose more than one great symphony in a year; and the record of all the great symphonies from the time the form had fully developed confirms this view. Beethoven wrote nine, Spohr nine, Schumann four, and the other masters, in almost all cases, less than the Muses' number. Mozart's forty-nine and Haydn's one hundred and eighteen were written in the period of development; the number of those which are by common consent thought to embody a content worthy of performance are in each case less than Beethoven's.

But this purpose may be called the highest; in many works the range of feeling is narrowed in some way; and there is always a title which shows the limitation. Thus Beethoven wrote a Pastoral Symphony "on the memories of life in the country," and a Heroic Symphony expressly "to celebrate the memory of a great man." In modern works, such titles as Spring, Forest, Winter, Rhenish, are prominent; but in all, this universality of conception is apparent.

It is doubtful whether the importing of titles into the symphony, the introduction of what is called programme music, in itself has at all added to its dignity or power. The best example that can possibly be cited is the Pastoral, which Beethoven has annotated thus: first movement, Pleasant Feelings Awakened

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on Arriving in the Country; second, Scene at the Brook; third, Jovial Meeting of Country People; interrupted by, fourth, Thunder and Storm; in turn interrupted by the final movement, entitled Sentiments of Benevolence and Gratitude to God after the Storm. Of course, it is impossible not to accept the composer's interpretation. But it must be remembered that in his sketches an appended note was found directing the hearer to find the situations for himself; and further, that in the final programme he added to the title the words "Rather an Expression of Feeling than a Picture." If we should be obliged to dispense with any one of Beethoven's symphonies, I venture to say that in the Pastoral least would be lost. It is, moreover, impossible to agree with Sir George Grove that the annotations add any real advantage to the simple title.

In choosing from the rich field a single work as a type for illustration, from the limits of the untitled class, I have thought the fifth of Beethoven's symphonies, in C minor, the most broadly representative. This work was produced in 1808, having been for years in course of composition. No title appears on the programme except Symphony No. 5, in C minor, op. 67. 1. Allegro con Brio. 2. Andante con Moto. 3. Allegro (Scherzo). 4. Allegro. Presto.

There is one prejudice to the unassisted interpretation of the notes. It is Beethoven's reported casual declaration of his meaning; but for the present that may be disregarded. The symphony is characterized by a sublime dignity, vigor, and breadth. At the first hearing, it is impossible not to feel that there is a very real purpose behind the notes. The entire absence of frivolous dallying with themes, the striking contrast of the succeeding melodies (especially towards the end of the third and fourth movements, which, against all tradition, succeed each other without a stop), above all, the iteration from beginning to end of a certain short passage, but four notes,

with the whole orchestra at times hidden in the basses and drums, — now in its grim, terrible bareness, again in a fearless dancing measure, again in a timid mysterious discord, until it ends in the clearest note of triumph, — can it be said that all this means nothing, until or unless it be translated, word for note, into the language of commonplace?

As in all truly great works of the human brain, there must be a certain degree of intelligent perception. Further, a certain maturity is absolutely necessary to understand Beethoven. He is not for the young, above all not for the shallow. For these he is often no more than ugly and ominous noise, which makes them uneasy. They should shun him. His listeners must be capable of feeling the grimness, the terror, the fight of life. Then they can feel with him the triumphant joy of the undaunted.

Before analyzing in detail, it will be well to mention the character of the four movements which are the usual divisions of a symphony. The chief distinction is the *tempo*. The first movement is, generally, moderately fast; the second, slow; the third, tripping; the fourth, rushing. The first is always the fully developed sonata form. A description of this, the most highly wrought of all musical forms, could not escape technicalities. Its essence is its binary character, a certain balance between two melodies and between the keys in which they lie. The principal and second melodies first appear in the tonic and in a subordinate key, respectively. Their final appearance is in the same order of melodies, but in the reversed order of keys. Thus while the principal melody has the advantage of the first appearance in the tonic key, the second has the last word in the same tonal territory. The development of this

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form was Haydn's great achievement, though Beethoven much enlarged its capacity. It is called the sonata form, and is almost invariably found in the first movement of the sonata or symphony. Rapid though well poised in its pace, it is ambitious in elaboration, and emphasizes the leading thought of the work. With this the second movement is always in contrast, in rhythm, melodic character, and key. Its technical form is that of the song, with two melodies alternating, ending with the opening melody. Perhaps nowhere is the depth of Beethoven's genius better shown than in his andantes. There is always that profound, broad sympathy, so distinct from the statuesque pathos of Haydn or the stately grace of Mozart. It was Beethoven's highest trait, that which bound men to him most strongly.

It was in the third movement that Beethoven made the greatest change in outline. Originally, with Haydn and Mozart, it was an idealized dance, — the minuet with its second part, the trio, each in strictly repeated sections. With the two earlier masters it was a cheerful relief from the grandiose effect of the opening allegro, and from the pathos of the andante. Beethoven made it a humorous phase, fitting with the whole plan. But the humor was typically sardonic. He changed its name, too, from minuet to scherzo. The last movement could be either sonata form or rondo: where the various melodies alternated in a continuous round, with a periodical intervention of the principal melody. In the Fifth Symphony this movement is in sonata form.

One of the most vital questions is that of the attitude of the listener; and it is closely connected with the purpose of this essay. For it is a common idea that the proper way to listen to a concert is to banish all mental activity, and to submit yourself to the effect of the sounds just as you would to a narcotic. It would be equally rational for an audience to resign itself entirely to the personal charm of its orator, the timbre of his voice, the grace of his gestures, the outline of his countenance, without the least attention to the substance of his thought. This attitude is the chief source of modern musical misconceptions, and of the exaggerated *furore* over certain schools. It is an assumption *a priori* that there can be no underlying purpose. It is like the brigand in Fra Diavolo, who, his eyes lazily fixed on the sky, says he does not see the captain anywhere.

The first object is to grasp the themes, fixing the principal melody in the mind as literally the text or motto of the whole, then awaiting the appearance of the second melody. The contrast of these in the first part, which is always repeated, their harmonic and thematic variation in what is called the working out (*Durchführung*), and the restatement of the melodies in the *reprise* make up the structure of the first movement. Here it is important to notice a peculiarly significant advance of Beethoven. With his predecessors, the impression is of graceful flowing melodies, separated by passages of stiff conventional figures, somewhat like a sparsely strung necklace of gems. Beethoven not only made his connecting passages almost invariably of thematic material; he gave quite a new meaning to the working out. Pertinent here is the remark of a recent writer on the fact of the diatonic character of Beethoven's themes, the simplicity of their original conception. The second theme of the andante is an example.

Both these facts accentuate the change in the process of composition. The era of childlike simplicity of emotion had passed. A more intellectual and more virile age had arrived, in which the leading melody in itself was not so important as its use literally and strictly as a theme. — an age of musical thinking as against musical dreaming, of cerebration as against inspiration, of a logical

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sequence of thought rather than a blunt alternative; a tendency which has resulted in a school in which the theme is no more an essential part of a work than is the title of a story.

Here the opening phrase is that strange motto of four notes of which I have spoken above, played by the full orchestra, from which the principal melody presently rises: first softly; then ending with crashing chords, preparing for the second melody — strangely and mysteriously in the same warning, now more decided and rational — by the horns, followed by a beseeching answer from the violins. But the four notes are approaching in the background of the basses, ending the first part with a determined statement of the motto. On the movement goes with the same motive, — now the whole melody, now feverish and fitful suggestions, until the *reprise* is reached, preceded by the whole orchestra ringing in the warning again. The repetition of the first part is varied by a passage which has been likened to the hammer and anvil. There is no mercy as yet.

The second movement — the andante — is chiefly a variation on one melody of great beauty; it has a peculiar restfulness. The structure is simple. There is a distinct spirit of prayer about the entire movement, with but one or two distant reminders of the haunting motive. These occur at the close of each appearance of the second melody, which, simpler in conception than the first, — of the diatonic character mentioned above, — droops timidly before the advancing motto. First it rushes into a bold cadence, but, quickly relapsing, modulates, still followed by the motto, trustingly and hopefully into the first melody again. The movement ends in a reassured, confident spirit.

The third movement is probably the most interesting and beloved of Beethoven's scherzos. Berlioz says of it: "The scherzo is an extraordinary composition. The very opening, though containing nothing terrible in itself, produces the same inexplicable emotion that is caused by the gaze of a magnetizer. A sombre, mysterious light pervades it. The play of the instruments has something sinister about it, and seems to spring from the same state of mind which conceived the scene in the *Brocksberg* in Faust. A few bars only are *forte; piano* and *pianissimo* predominate throughout."

But this is only the introduction. Now appears a familiar spectre in a new guise. The same rhythm of the first ten bars of the symphony forms the melody of, no longer a bare warning, but a resistless, dancing, sweeping emotion. It is most difficult to penetrate the entrancing mystery. Sometimes it is clearly a bold, almost impious trifling of man with destiny, — reckless, wrecking; at other times the humor vanishes before the terrible earnestness of the *fortissimo* chords; again Berlioz's sinister theme; followed in turn by the mocking voice; finally, a passage of timid, ominous beating of the same motive by the drums, the strings holding an uncertain chord, until, against the tradition requiring a full stop, the mystery resolves into a mighty swell in the leading chord of the key of C major, into which the fourth movement breaks in a triumphant march. Berlioz calls it a pæan of victory. Curiously, it does not break at first into a pronounced melody, as if the joy were too great to find, for a while, a clear utterance. So there are really two principal melodies; likewise there are two secondary ones: one, feminine, graceful; the second, more serious, but with no uncertainty or drooping. In fact, the note of confidence is maintained through the first repeated part and a portion of the working out, until, without warning, just before the *reprise*, there is, contrary to all rules, once more the mysterious melody of the scherzo, as in its close, — a sort of reminiscence of the early terror, in order to make sure of the

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reality of the victory. Again it bursts out into the melodies of the finale with great freedom, — especially in the continuously sounded ring of the second subordinate melody, now in the tonic key, at *presto* speed, concluding which, in heavy chords in C major, the symphony ends.

I have said that Beethoven gave casually an interpretation of the motto. As it was casual, it can legitimately be disregarded. His words were, "So klopft das Schicksal an die Pforte" (Thus fate knocks at the door). Starting with this, it is quite possible to build up a complete picture of the strife of spirit with fate. Actually, this is not useful. As soon as the mind occupies itself with the details of an imaginative picture, the musical attention flags. The reality of the sentiment cannot be mistaken. It cannot be translated. The object is not a picture for entertainment; it is the communication of a sentiment such as that under which great deeds are done and genuine greatness is achieved, which does not depend for its force on its definability.

In closing, it is necessary to repeat the warning against the fallacy of finding a "meaning" in music. It seems to be the battledoor and shuttlecock of amateur critics to hold either the theory of mere sensuous sound effect or that of objective description. The true essence of music is its unconscious, subjective betrayal of a dominating emotion, in contrast with the conscious, objective depiction in poetry and in the plastic arts. In this unconsciousness lies its overwhelming power.

To return once more to Beethoven: there is no pretense of a conscious *a priori* purpose in the master to translate a message into his work. But, in the purely musical appreciation, it is impossible not to feel the force and quality of his spirit, rebelling, even as he stretched the fetters of his form, against the tyranny of his age, and struggling with the best of his time in other lands for the assertion of man's individual nobility.

Philip H. Goepp.

THE MEANING OF AN EISTEDDFOD.

"Why should n't gallant Taffy
Have his relics and his bones,
Llewellyns and Cadwallos
And Griffyevanjones?
To say nothing of the question
Whether Taffy's mother-tongue
Was n't quite a fine old language
When all of ours were young?"

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

I.

THE FOLLOWERS OF HU GADARN, AND THE LANGUAGE THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM.

FROM the "summer land" they came, over the "hazy sea:" so tradition in the form of the Triads tells us. The foggy German Ocean (Môr Tawch) was doubtless a depressing exchange for the mild Euxine region with its golden atmosphere. We wonder what must have been the pressure of over-population, or what the enterprise and curiosity on the part of these strenuous, restless, forward-pushing sons of Gomer, that drove them from sunny Defrobani across a continent and a sea to a country of fens, forests, and heavy-hanging clouds. That they were not driven by mere wandering instincts is plain. The Aryan was no nomad; when he traveled he generally went a great way, but once having chosen a spot to settle in, he was likely to stay in his new quarters. It was perhaps a

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prearranged thing that the portion earliest broken off from the parent stock should move on until it came to the jumping-off place, and then stop. Certain is it that all the Celtic races are found in the extreme west of Europe, and there is good showing to prove that they were the very foremost in the wonderful march of Aryan emigrants. As to the particular branch of Celts that we are now considering, when they reached the island of Britain (Inys Prydain) they sat down there contentedly enough, and nobody has ever been able to oust them.

Hu Gadarn — whom we may as well believe in, for I fancy he is no more mythical than Cadmus — strikes us as a sort of primeval Moses, teaching the ways and arts of peace to the smallest details, yet a strong leader withal; meek, but not milk-livered; a man to infuse courage, tenacity of purpose, and patience of everything save cruelty and injustice.

His followers — Gomeri, Cymry, Welsh, call them what you will — have been from first to last unconquerable. Henry II. of England, writing to the Emperor of Constantinople, said: "There is, in a corner of this island, a people called Cymry, who are so courageous in defense of their country that they will even dare to fight, open-handed and without weapons, an enemy armed with spear, sword, and shield." More than a thousand years before the English king wrote thus, Julius Cæsar had encountered the same rash courage in this people. That vanquisher of worlds failed to vanquish the Cymry, and though Claudius afterwards succeeded in winning the island as a Roman province, that it was ever really subdued to the Roman power cannot be truthfully stated. Nor could the Anglo-Saxon make such a boast regarding the Britons, nor even the masterful Norman.

When Henry II. had lain dead for a century, another English king "guaranteed to a people he could not conquer" the continuance of their ancient laws and usages. Rhuddlan Castle yet contains a huge stone bearing the following inscription: —

THIS FRAGMENT IS THE REMAINS
WHERE KING EDWARD I. HELD HIS
PARLIAMENT, A. D. 1283,
IN WHICH THE STATUTE OF RHUDDLAN WAS
ENACTED,
SECURING TO THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES ITS
JUDICIAL RIGHTS AND INDEPENDENCE.

This is hardly the record of a conquest.

To-day, the Welsh are, to the ordinary view, a subdued race. They no longer immure themselves in their mountain fortresses, and fling defiant words and arrows at the hated "Saeson." Offa's Dyke has long ceased to be even a moral barrier. The yellow hair of the early Britons has turned brown, and their fierce blue eyes now gleam with a mild earnestness. They apparently have accepted once and for all that sop in the shape of a royal prince, first thrown to them in a kind of desperation by Edward Longshanks. We do not hear their voices clamoring for the high places in public life; as a race they are singularly devoid of political ambitions. Yet in all the essentials that go to make a people they lack not one, unless it be the possession of a separate government. From the time when, shieldless, bucklerless, helmetless, without any strong implement of warfare, he drove back the mailed Roman army, until now, the Welshman has never ceased to be a Welshman.

Such persistence of race qualities, after so many centuries of struggle, of despoliation, of disintegration, is perhaps unmatched in history save in the instance of the Jews. The latter people have maintained their marvelous social integrity through their religion. A yet stronger — dare I say a deeper? — bond unites the scattered remnants of the followers of Hu Gadarn. This bond is twofold: it consists of a land and a language. Both of these have been their possessions for twenty-four hundred years, "which," says Sir Thomas Jones, "is the greatest argument that can be given of a people's

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never having been subdued to a foreign power."

It is very doubtful if the common Hebrew heart of the nineteenth century responds with one throb of national enthusiasm to the name of Palestine, or to any suggestion of return thither; the Hebrew language, though forming a part of the education of every Jewish child, is as dead as the Latin or the Greek. But Cambria, land of music and of song, "paradise of bards," land of renowned warrior patriots who through thirteen hundred years shed their blood to maintain its freedom, — Cambria the mountainous, to which "the sea is a wall," — this land is to every Welshman the world over, "Hen wlad fy nhadau" (Land of my fathers); and the refrain of the song in which he utters his pure, warm, undying patriotism is a plea that "while the sea remains a wall, the old language may live."

The plea is no vain one; the old language does live, not in books merely, but in the mouths of those to whom it is almost the dearest of inheritances. Cymraeg is as much alive to-day as any one of its Aryan sisters; and whereas philologists formerly held it to be, among that great family of languages, the one most transformed from its original source, some of them now seriously question the extent of this transformation; so that it is quite possible that in listening to modern Cymric we may be hearing more than faint echoes of the tongue spoken by the great mother of nations in her Caucasian (?) home.

The Welshman himself will tell you that his beloved accents were spoken in Eden; that Adam was a Welshman; that Eve never would have understood the devil had he not addressed her in Welsh; nay, one has soberly written it in a book that Jupiter and Saturn and Apollo were Welshmen. Perhaps they were. Perhaps Juno and Venus and Minerva were Welshwomen. I myself am nearly certain that the god of love must have been Welsh-tongued. If so, these gods and goddesses could not have desired a more dignified, richly expressive, high-sounding language in which to converse, quarrel, sing, make love, or fulminate, than the pure Cymric affords. It has been well called the most extraordinary monument of antiquity extant. Both in its structure and affinities it evidences a most remote origin, and is undoubtedly one of the oldest living languages in Europe; while its literature carries us further backward than any modern tongue except the Gaelic. Its unique system of versification — which will be more fully spoken of further on — is found in manuscripts five hundred years old, and had attained its highest degree of perfection when every European tongue that we now know of was in "the dark womb of barbarity." A stately speech it is, a trifle stilted at times. The Welsh always having been a literary people, imaginative rather than practical, their speech has naturally been more or less controlled by literary standards, and has retained its poetic form and flavor. It presents some curiously opposite traits. That it is essentially the most jaw-breaking of tongues must be named an impolite fiction for which apology is owing. No tongue is beautiful in the mouths of all its speakers; the "sweet bastard Latin" may be vulgarized into a frightful hiss, and in our Southwest I have heard Spanish which sounded like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Cymric well spoken is not unlike the Greek; in fact, the first time I listened to an address in it I was strongly reminded of the latter language, so rhythmical was it, so velvety smooth, then again so full of resonant, *big-mouth* words. Yet it has at least one poetical composition that is known as "the shibboleth of sobriety," because no man who is drunk can possibly repeat it. In music itself discord may be piled on discord, until both ear and soul are rent asunder; and it is the unlimited capacity of the

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Welsh language for producing musical combinations of sounds that also gives it its extraordinary power of cacophony. A synthetic and highly inflected tongue, rich in compounds which have the sudden, direct, and telling quality of the Greek compounds, it is capable at the same time of great conciseness and of an almost indefinite expansion and elaborateness of phrase. In its numberless inflected forms it shows, of course, a lack of full development, but much of its fluidity and beauty is owing to these inflections, which enable the writer of Welsh poetry to perform capers in versification quite beyond the reach of the versifiers of any other nationality.

Not the least remarkable thing about this remarkable language is the love lavished upon it by those to whom it belongs. The sound of his mother-tongue is truly dear to every one, especially when he is away from his country and hearing unknown accents. But this sentiment is apt to be a mere instinctive one, expressed in some superficial way, as, "How good to hear the old home words again!" It is something entirely different from the appreciative, critical admiration which the Welshman bestows upon his dear Cymraeg. The language is a cult with him; he not only loves, he reverences and adores it, — not just because it is his own, but for itself. He thinks it the most beautiful thing in the world; he rolls out its mellifluous and resounding words, and asks, "Did you ever hear anything so glorious?" Perhaps it is not too much to say that he would die for it.

I am inclined to think that the root of this fervent devotion may be found in the language itself. Men of equal excellence possess widely varying powers of attractiveness; it is the subtle thing personality that draws or repels. Why may not a language have a personality? We English-speaking people value our language, and, I believe, rate it rightly. We admire it chiefly for its fine working capacity. We say it is the best business language on earth; and we boast that it is better suited to telegraphy than any other. Having produced the invaluable word "hello," it naturally claims the telephone for its own. But it does not inspire us with a great enthusiasm on its personal account. When Shakespeare, or Swinburne, or Tennyson juggles with it, and makes music, pictures, and even poetry out of it, we marvel, saying, Is it not wonderful what can be done with the English language?

But the Welshman does not marvel at his own poetic jugglers, for the spell of his enchanting tongue is ever upon him. The literary sense has not been developed so universally in the Anglo-Saxon as in the Welsh Celt. The aim of the former — unless he be specifically a man of letters — is to express his thoughts as clearly as possible in the fewest words, regardless of form. Almost every Welshman is, in a sense, a man of letters; for though he may not write essays or poetry himself, he is constantly listening, in the weekly or monthly literary societies, or in the yearly Eisteddfod, to those who at least are striving to be men of letters. He hears his language discussed; he hears the would-be poets turn and twist its sounds and grammatical forms; he comes to realize that there is something in it beyond its mere use; that it is also capable of misuse; moreover, that it is capable of beautiful, graceful, melodious use. He becomes filled with a sense of its inherent grandeur and importance. No wonder that he cannot be induced to give it up; that he has introduced the study of it into the common schools of Wales; and that in the United States, where the danger of its disappearance is still greater, classes are formed in the literary societies in order that the children may learn it. You can part a true Welshman from his skin as easily as you can part him from his language. The last perfect relic of the ancient Celtic

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tongues, its use is increasing, not diminishing. The Cornish dialect is now extinct; so, practically, is the Manx; in Brittany there yet linger among the peasants words and forms of Celtic origin, so that a Welshman can there make out to be understood; the Gaelic is fast dying out in Ireland. But Welsh is daily spoken by a million people, and has a large living literature. At the national Eisteddfod in 1886, it was reported that there were seventeen newspapers, twenty-five monthly magazines, and six quarterlies printed in Welsh, and it is not likely that their number has lessened in these eight years; from what I know of the almost passionate efforts on the part of Welshmen to resist the oncoming flood of English which threatens to engulf the whole globe of nations, I can well believe it to have grown.

This love and admiration and zealous defense of the language is no new, modern thing. Dr. Dafydd John Rhys, of the sixteenth century, a grammarian, a linguist, and a poet, wrote a Latin Treatise on the Grammar of the Welsh Language, wherein, while strenuously upholding the capacity of the Welsh for delicacy and subtlety of expression, he also gloats over its euphoniousness and flexibility, with astonishing shamelessness comparing it in these respects to the Italian. In his Introduction, Dr. Rhys laments the neglect of this beautiful tongue, and condemns those who, following the fashion of the time, are giving it up to speak other tongues "when they are but imperfectly acquainted with them." He has no mercy for these misguided persons, but calls them "vain and shallow upstarts," "a degenerate race and *outcasts* of society." He says they are like "a surly, ill-natured cur who will neither gnaw the bone himself nor suffer any other dog to have it." He justifies such strong terms by asserting that the Welsh language can never be extinguished without utterly destroying the Welsh nation.

Dr. Rhys's censures and warning were no doubt timely, yet he surely overestimated the danger; Cymraeg has enough inherent vitality to revivify itself from its own ashes, but it is too strong, too full of energy, too well organized, to die.

This language, — ancient, rich in associations, and highly organized as we find it to be, — while in itself an object worthy of a keen and profound interest, is also, in the very fact of its existence, an indication of the character of those who have spoken it so long. The Encyclopædia Britannica, speaking of the Welsh, says, "The speech of Gaul and of Spain is at this day Latin; . . . the Roman tongue has in Britain no place at all." Why is this? Why but that these wild Cymry, though obliged to yield a physical submission to the nations assailing them who possessed a superior genius for government, were yet in certain mental and moral directions not a whit inferior to those nations; that so active and forceful was their intellectual life as to keep their free spirits unenslaved by the powers which in turn managed to coerce and bind, though never to absorb them. The Roman, the Saxon, the Norman, the Teuton, has set out, each in his own way, to gobble up this rarebit; it remains in the nineteenth century an unassimilated mass. We do not read that it was ever attempted to extinguish the Briton's native speech; the thought alone of doing so would have brought discouragement with it; a terrible obstinacy makes itself felt both in speech and people; but it was a mistake on the part of the encroaching nations not to have done so. You may take away a people's name; you may demolish their political institutions; you may deprive them of every liberty, civil or religious; but leave them their language and you can never make them your slaves; you cannot even make them your brothers, in the sense of turning all their interests and aims into the one channel of your own national family life. This is one of the truisms of history.

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II.

THE ORDER OF THE SKY-BLUE ROBE.

The modern as well as the ancient world has for the most part underrated the importance of early Celtic civilization, particularly the Cymric portion of it.[1] Popular and superficial historians are largely to blame for this, passing over with a word, perhaps with a sneer, comprehensive and significant facts. The scientists, especially the philologists, are doing much to make amends for this historical injustice. Knight speaks of the Welsh of the thirteenth century as "a brave but imperfectly civilized people," and seems to think he has sufficiently characterized them; but the unmodified statement is misleading. What people were perfectly civilized at that time? If we but for a moment reflect upon what Europe in general was doing in the thirteenth century, and contrast those doings with the doings of a certain rugged, remote little corner of it, some of us will perhaps be surprised.

The truth is that when the Cymro first peeps out of the darkness, he is reading and writing and composing poetry. He writes in Greek characters, to be sure, — taught him by Brutus, says tradition, a thousand years before Christ, — and sometimes, centuries later, in Irish characters; but his thoughts are his own, individual and marked as is his physiognomy. The Romans found him with cities, arts, manufactures, with knowledge of metallurgy as well as of letters. Moreover, this barbarian in a white linen tunic and gold torques had attained a point in civilization which we in this *fin de siècle* are agonizing vainly to reach: his "women folks" shared with him the elective franchise.

As to the Cymro of whom Knight so slightingly speaks, he was at that very time at the height of his intellectual vigor. The era comprised in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from Gruffydd ab Cynan to Llewellyn, last native Prince of Wales, is the boast of bardic annals; it formed the Augustan age of early Cymric literature. Nor, as on the Continent and in England, was learning here esteemed the privilege of the few and presumably better sort, to be acquired only through the medium of dead foreign languages; in Wales, any man whose tastes so led him might strive for the blue mantle, and in his own noble tongue.

In the midst of politically busied peoples, Wales is like the "accomplished" daughter of the family, who does not scrub, bake, and sew, but spends her elegant leisure in the drawing-room with books and music. We are too much accustomed to think of the early Britons as exclusively engaged in fighting. Some of us, I fear, have pictured them as having the Berserker's periodic rage for blood. Good fighters they were, — let Cæsar and Agricola bear witness, — but they fought not for war's sake, never for conquest, save to gain back their own lost land. When Buddug fought the Romans, it was what Hosea Biglow would have called "pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'." It was brutal work, no doubt, brutal as the she-bear's work when her cubs are attacked. But the danger over, and the pressure of foreign foes removed, the peaceful arts of music, literature, and science reassumed their sway over intellects no less alert than the spear-hands had been when spear-hands were needed.

[1] Baldwin, in his Prehistoric Nations, says, "Their (the Celts') civilization was greater than history has admitted." And he adds, "If Roman scholars had carefully studied the Celtic languages, literatures, and antiquities, we should not now begin our histories of Great Britain with the invasion of Cæsar;" and furthermore, that "it may well be doubted whether the Celts, at the time of the Roman invasion, were much inferior to the Romans themselves in anything save unity and military organization," — two very important things under the circumstances!

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Among all Celts we find a literary order, — the bards, guardians of traditionary learning, collectors and preservers of genealogies, eulogists of princes and their deeds. But of the several members of this division of races, the Welsh alone have retained anything approaching in character to the ancient bardic system. A very elaborate system it was in the olden time, and still is; far too comprehensive in its scope and intricate in its workings to be much more than referred to here. It arose, according to the Triads, out of the black mists of time immemorial, apparently from the mere human desire for self-expression. Gwyddon Ganhebon enjoys the distinction of being the first man in the world to compose vocal song (poetry). Gwyddon seems to have had no *arrière-pensée* when he invented this pleasant method of telling what he knew or believed for the benefit of his kind. But Hu Gadarn, the utilitarian leader of the Cymry, had a thought beyond that simple one of Gwyddon Ganhebon's. He it was "who first adapted vocal song to the preservation of memory and record." After him came one yet greater, Tydain Tad Awen, Father of the Muse. In Tydain was that rare combination of the poetical and the practical. He "conferred art on poetic song, and system on record." Hence originated bardism, and later the three primary bards, Plenwydd, Alawn, and Gwron, created "a system of privilege and discipline."

The system embraced three orders, bards, druids, ovates. The ovate — an honorary degree — wore a green robe, thereby symbolizing the natural sciences; the druids, or priests and instructors, wore white, as representatives of holiness; the "privileged bards" — including poets and musicians — were clad in blue, the blue of the firmament, showing both their character and their mission, purity and peace. Triad 233 tells what are the indispensable qualifications of a bard (hardly to be improved upon in this generation): "a poetical genius, a knowledge of the bardic institutes, and irreproachable manners."

It was only after twenty years of study and practice that a bard was considered perfectly graduated. We shall not be greatly astonished at this when we discover that all learning was taken for his province. Our astonishment will be still less when we get a glimpse of what the bare technique of Welsh poetry means. Before admission to the order, the disciple must commit to memory every precept and every branch of knowledge embraced by his teachers. That these branches were not few in number may be inferred from the following list of subjects treated by the ancient Welsh poets: metaphysics (theology and vaticination), history, heraldry, elegy, ethics, art, physiology, mechanical and pastoral matters. Astronomy, also astrology, music, and even geometry and arithmetic were taught through their verses.

The scope of the true poet's art is thus shown in the Triads: —

"Three things to form a poet: genius, knowledge, and incentive."

"The three branches of versifying: sound learning, sound composition, sound judgment."

"The three intentions of poetry: the increase of good, the increase of understanding, the increase of happiness."

"The three splendid honors of the bards of the isle of Britain: the triumph of learning over ignorance, the triumph of reason over irrationality, the triumph of peace over depredation."

There are many such maxims, but all are summed up in the following: —

"Three things which a bard ought to maintain: the Welsh language, the primitive bardism, the memorial of everything good and excellent."

The high moral end of poesy was to be assured in the poet's own person and character. No corrupt tree could be trusted to bring forth good fruit. A bard must utterly renounce the seven

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mortal sins, "for sin tends to make barren the Muse, the memory, and the imagination." He was preëminently a man of peace, being employed in embassies and negotiations. As a symbol of his peaceful character, no weapon might be held naked in his presence.

The ancient Briton had arrived at an ideal state in one regard, at least: those favored by the Muses were the darlings of the community. They were exempted from personal attendance in war; they had permission to pass everywhere unmolested in time of war; their persons were held sacred in battle; they were entitled to five acres of land and to exemption from land-tax; and every plough in the district where they taught owed them a contribution. Where shall we of to-day look for such enlightened patronage of those gifted ones who, while delighting our senses and instructing our minds, are too often unendowed with the ability to earn unbuttered bread! But, as if to accent the more forcibly the glory of that estate to which a bard was called, "one convicted of any crime was to be degraded forever."

The bards comprised three orders: the itinerant, or minstrel; the family, or herald, bard; and the poet proper. The minstrels were public satirists, going from place to place to elevate morals "by censure, by ridicule, by precept," — a responsible and dangerous position to fill. It is to be feared that the average *clerwr* relied more upon satire than upon wise and sober precepts, and that his example was not always what it should have been. The office of wandering minstrel was naturally liable to abuse. But the clerwr was not the only censor of morals. The *teulüwr*, or family harpist, enjoyed something of the jester's privilege of plain speaking, while even the chief bard (*prydydd*), who was supposed to represent the highest rank in art and morality, often dealt in satirical denunciations that were little less than fatal.

One story told of Dafydd ab Gwilym, the most famous of the fifteenth-century bards, calls to mind the frequent tragic effect ascribed to the Greek iambics. Dafydd, then a youth, being at the house of a nobleman, was insolently called upon by Rhys Meigan, a rival poet and a much older man than Dafydd, to take his horse and give it some oats. Whereupon Dafydd challenged Rhys to a poetic contest as to a duel. The contest must have been characterized less by poetry than by truth, truth of the most bitter sort. Frightful was the interchange of insults, the youthful Dafydd always gaining on his adversary. His last stone of vituperation took the Welsh Philistine fairly between the eyes. Rhys Meigan fell forward from his chair, dead.

And now I come to the task of giving to English readers a far-off, momentary view of the bewildering complexities of that department of Welsh poetical composition which is known as "restricted versification;" for it must be understood that, except when competing for bardic honors, the Welsh poet is as free as any English versifier to choose both his metres and his syllables.

The very root and being of restricted versification is in alliterative consonance (*cynghanedd*), and the highest possibilities of alliterative consonance are to be found in the Welsh language. It is safe to say that no other tongue possesses a similar equipment in its sounds. The salient characteristics which fit it thus peculiarly for symphonic composition are: (1) the absence of silent letters; (2) that each letter has everywhere the same sound; (3) that the accents are invariably regular, falling on the penultimate; (4) the homogeneity of its construction; being rich in roots, it is likewise rich in the similarity of its consonantal sounds; (5) the mutation of initial consonants. This law would seem primarily to have had a euphonic basis. It applies to all words — except the particles — beginning with *c*, *p*, *t*, *g*, *b*, *d*, *m*, *ll*, *rh*, the changes occurring according to the sense

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in which the word is used, its position in the sentence, or the word which immediately precedes it. There are three classes of these mutations, so that each word is subject to one, two, or three initial changes. It will at once be seen how this virtual multiplying of words enriches the language for purposes of "alliterative symphony and concord." Welsh alliteration bears small resemblance to what is recognized by that name in English, and which consists chiefly in beginning several successive or neighboring words with the same letter. The cynghanedd is something infinitely more elaborate. One of the Triads states that these symphonies may be of three kinds: pencerddol (*magistralis*), dysgyblaidd (*disciplinaris*), and iselraddol (*vulgaris*).

It is difficult to imagine a *vulgar* production, in any sense of the word, which should conform to rules expressed by such terms as, the trailing, attractic, or unirhyme symphony; the transilient, or unindented transverse symphony; the conjunctive transverse by retroversion; the unirhyme and transilient sonorous; the descending trailing transilient; the ascending catenated sonorous transverse; the reciprocal transilient transverse; with many another yet more unspeakable and unexplainable, and all of them endlessly varied. These complications of alliterative and syllabic consonance are capable of adaptation to every form of verse, from doggerel to the highest poetry, being entirely accordant with the nature and structure of the Welsh language.

Then there are the twenty-four metres in which every aspirant to the bardic chair must show himself expert. What poet's head would not burst to produce stanzas (*englynion*) that should be pronounced poetry, in such measures as, the undeviating unirhyme, or the recurrent homoerhythmic sustich, or the combined catenated alternity, or the catenated blending recurrent; and so on to the end of the twenty-four. It would be wearisome to dwell upon the descriptions of these measures; variations in metre are no new thing, though the Venedotion Canons might have some novelties for us. It is enough to say that many of them are hardly rhythmical, according to English notions of rhythm; the number of syllables in a line being of more importance than the balanced and recurrent accent which helps to make the music of our verse. In fact, the lines are not to be measured by feet at all, but by single syllables.

Not that all Welsh poetry is unrhythmical; let it be remembered that we are now speaking only of restricted versification, which may be likened to the writhings, contortions, and "Anglo-Saxon messenger attitudes" of the Delsarte system, to be gone through with as an exercise for the sake of muscular development and for the modifying of natural awkward movements, but not intended of themselves to enter into our daily behavior. Alliterative consonance, however, is a unique fact in the history of verse; and although a complete understanding of its complications is possible only to a Welshman, it is quite worth the effort to have acquired even a faint conception of so curious a product of poetic ingenuity.

The following illustrations are taken from a prize essay written for the national Eisteddfod in Wales a few years ago, in which the writer heroically attempts to give an example in English of every class of Welsh metres and consonances. One wanders through a hundred pages to gain at the end confusion of intellect; not because the writer has done his work unsystematically, but because of the infinite tortuosity of the system.

The examples here given are for the most part empty of meaning; for since English is to so limited an extent phonetically written, equivalents in form to the true alliterative symphony and concord are far to seek. It is important to keep in mind that symphony and concord

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imply the satisfaction of the eye as well as of the ear; also, that consonance consists not merely in rhyming endings, or in occasional mid-line rhymes; it is "an agreement of symbols and sounds in a prescribed order and form." In the line,

She doth rue that she threw a heart away,

the sound of *th rue* is echoed in *threw*, but the symbols do not correspond; therefore the line could not pass according to the rules of cynghanedd.

The first of the symphonies is the attractic or unirhyme, of which there are two kinds, the smooth attractic and the attractic by conjunction. The former is very simple, consisting of a single rhyme ending with a single consonant: —

He may fro*wn* on thy cro*wn*ing.
In their gre*ed* they hate fre*ed*om.

It will be observed that the rhyme here must always fall on the penult, and that the word rhyming with the penult must fall upon some natural pause or rest in the line. Such a symphony is not highly prized, being considered weak. A variation of the smooth attractic calls for a double consonant rhyme, as: —

In fa*ct* he was a*ct*ive.
He paced the Stra*nd* in gra*nd*eur.

There are also triple consonant rhymes:

From the fi*rst* he felt thi*rst*y.

In the attractic by conjunction, the first letter of one word is joined to the final letter of another to form the symphony, thus: —

The Vie*ar* *d*ied reg*ard*ing.
Tri*m* *b*uilt with finest ti*mb*er.

There are very artful forms of this order called "hidden conjunctions," because not always readily discoverable by either the eye or ear. In these the symphony is composed of vowels and consonants: —

To the *lea* past me *leap*ing.

A transilient symphony is one in which certain consonantal sounds in the middle of a line are passed over, or leaped over, and remain unanswered. The syllables passed over can have only a secondary accent, the strong accent falling upon the concordant syllables. It has many varieties, distinguished by different combinations of consonantal sounds. The most curious of these is the furcated, or cloven transilient, so named because one sound is divided, or made up of two sounds. In Welsh, two soft consonants coming together and sounded separately are regarded, for symphonic purposes, as equivalent to one hard sound. Thus, "I *p*ainted a cu*b* *h*unting" is a cloven transilient by conjunction; the *cleavage* being made by joining part of one word to part of another, the soft labial and the aspirate together, *bh*, making a sound equal to the hard labial *p*.

The sonorous symphony consists chiefly of concordant *syllabic* sounds in regular sequences, but it also requires a consonantal correspondence and a change of vowels: —

No long*er* a *str*ang*er* *str*ives.

Here we have a syllabic symphonic symphony ending two pauses, *er;* a correspondence of consonantal combinations, *str;* a vowel change from *a* to *i*. The accent in this form must fall on the last syllable of the line. The pauses, also, have their special places appointed them. There are five varieties of the sonorous symphony, and a very slight study of them fills one with immense respect for the nicety of the Welsh ear which can detect and enjoy such subtle harmonies and rhythms, as well as for the language which unstintedly supplies material for these cunning combinations.

The transverse is considered the strongest and most elegant of all the symphonic orders. Every consonant in the former part of the line must be answered in the latter part. Here are a few examples of its very simplest variety: —

*S*ee how I *cut* his *c*oat.
Oh, *b*eware how you *b*orrow.
*To the arch tie the arch*in.
Lo, how *long* will he *ling*er.

To attempt an analysis of all its possible changes — ascending, descending, conjunctive (complete and incomplete),

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reciprocal, etc. — would be distracting to the writer and unsatisfactory to the reader. I have given the merest glimpse of this vast system of concordance, avoiding many details, passing over much of importance and interest, fully aware of the inadequacy of our own irregularly formed and rather unmusical language to represent the diversity and fullness of sounds which the Welsh affords, and which are so necessary to the making of these literary symphonies. I should like, however, to give a single instance of the mixed symphonies. These are endlessly intricate, being compounds of the different alliterative and syllabic concords. The following is a transilient sonorous with a furcated reciprocal transverse: —

*D*raw your *p*aw, *d*are you *r*ob *h*ere?

The alliterative symphony is *d r r p* — *d r r bh*. It is transverse, because of the complete answering of consonantal sounds in the two parts of the line; sonorous, because of the repetition of syllabic sounds in *draw* and *paw*: reciprocal, in that the two parts of the line may be transposed without altering the symphony; and furcated, on account of the sound *p* being divided into *bh*.

After these unpleasing, not to say senseless examples in the English, it may be gratifying to some readers to see a sonorous transverse symphony in its natural setting. Those who are so fortunate as to be able to read it properly may hear, as well as see, its peculiar beauties:

"Llio Eurallt lliw Arian,
Llewch Mellt, ar y lluwch mân;
Mai ar y phenn seren serch
Llio rhuddaur Llio Rhydderch."

Observe that the consonantal symphony in the first line runs, *ll r*; in the second, *ll wch m*; the third has the sonorous correspondence in *se*ren *se*rch; the fourth is especially rich, *ll rh dd r*. The vowel changes also are very beautiful, balancing and accenting throughout the echoing consonants.

I shall surely be excused for not going into an exposition of all the other laws of restricted versification, though a column might be easily devoted to poetical resumptions, which indicate the mode of transit from one line to another; a page to the variations thereof; and many pages to the Venedotion Canons, or rules relating to the twenty-four metres, compiled in the fifteenth century; then it would take an entire article to explain the differences between these and their rivals, the Glamorgan Canons.

If it be asked whether such over-elaborateness of technique does not tend to interfere with the free spirit of poesy, the answer will come from the bards themselves that it does. Cynghanedd has been well called "the incubus of Welsh poetry." Inevitably must sense at times go overboard when words are made to perform such wonders of lofty tumbling. The Chief Bard (*Pencerdd*) is he who has least sacrificed sense to syllables; and a genuine bard, one born as well as made, with the Welsh language for the instrument of his Muse, would seem to have little excuse for not producing verse to edification. Lack of study and practice could alone cause him to fall short, and without study and practice he might never hope to be a bard. We have seen that his term of probation was twenty years, and we have glanced at the general course of learning required of him. It may be interesting to know what was the special poetic curriculum which was set up for him half a millennium ago, and, so far as I am able to discover, has not been modified since that time.

(1.) A Probationary Disciple was required to have a competent knowledge of the five forms of the stanza or sustich. His teacher, who was to be a Chief of Song, must pledge *his word and conscience* in attestation of the disciple's ability to compose in these metres. (2.) The Articled Disciple had to be proficient in twelve metres. Besides the five stanza forms, he must master four ode metres and three poem metres. He

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must be able to avoid the fifteen ordinary faults which are prohibited, and give an example of his own composition in each metre, displaying in every one a genius befitting a disciple. (3.) The Qualified Disciple was required to know all the metres, to be able to avoid all alliterative faults, and to compose coherently and regularly in twenty-one of the metres. (4.) A Chief of Song was to be an adept in all the metres, and be able to compose in them after the most approved style and with the most intricate characteristics. In short, he was expected to be a perfect master of all the bardic canons, and to be capable of producing superior poetry in all the metres, that he might be adjudged qualified to teach others.

III.

THE EISTEDDFOD, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The Eisteddfod has been said to be the pivot on which the whole system of bardism turns. It is much more than this: it is the pivot of the national life of the Welsh people; it is the very symbol of their separateness, of their so-called clannishness, in which we perhaps see a survival of the Aryan "village kinship" feeling, a feeling that in its excessive form the more roomy-hearted peoples have relinquished. In the Welsh there is an inextinguishable pride of ancestry, and though they have long since lost all of the outward glamour that once made them the most romantic subjects for song and story, they continue to cherish this pride. It has become an inward thing, however; it still counts its kings and its nobles, but these high ones "feed not upon earth nor pelf;" the realms they inherit and the realms they strive to gain are of the mind. The proudest memories of the Welshman to-day are not of "his Llewellyns and Cadwallos," but of his Iolo Gochs and his Dafydd ab Gwilyms. His living heroes are they whose voices are the sweetest, whose renderings of great music by voice or instrument are the noblest, whose own musical compositions are pronounced by competent judges the most worthy; they whose oratorical delivery of fine passages most stirs the multitude and defies the minute censure of skilled critics; or they of the golden pens, whose work shall meet every requirement of the strictest standards. And the field whereon these heroes win their honors is the Eisteddfod.

Where, when, and how the first Eisteddfod took place no man can even guess. The earliest record we have of this assembly is one regarding its reformation by Gruffydd ab Cynan and Bleddyn ab Cynfyn, before the Norman conquest; so we may safely conclude that the institution could not have been either in its youth or middle age at this time. Some of the rules of the new arrangement give more than an inkling of the condition which rendered reform needful. The Eisteddfodau were to be held every three years (this gave ample time for preparation and insured regularity); no man was to be accounted a bard who had not passed through an Eisteddfod, and no work might be accounted poetry except under its laws. Also, the professions of poet and harpist were separated, it being strictly forbidden that one man should follow both. (It would appear from this that wandering players had laid claim to full bardic glory.) It was likewise enjoined that no one should set himself up to be a bard or a minstrel without previously gaining the *consent of his lord*, or the written testimony of his teacher, who should answer for him as an able man at the *legal stated time*.

The earliest intimation of copyright on record is found in this code: the bard is forbidden to use the songs of any other man without a special license from the owner. Gruffydd's code of laws for music proves that science to have been already in an advanced state

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of cultivation among the early Britons. The would-be musician found it no easier than the poetical aspirant to establish a reputation in the Congress of Bards; amateurship met with small encouragement at the hands of that congress. In Dr. Dafydd John Rhys's account of the qualifications necessary to take the degree of Pencerdd, we learn that the probationary pupil must know ten concords, one fundamental, five concords of accompaniment, and eight tunes. The disciplined pupil must know twice as many; the master pupil three times that number, and be able to explain them. The chief minstrel must know four times as many, and be acquainted with all the canons; also with the system of canons set forth in the book of science. He must be able to compose a piece of music, and give an explanation of every part of it, so that the doctors and chief minstrels may conscientiously adjudge him to be a composer and master in science. The code, moreover, prohibited candidates who proved unfit for the profession of music from following it at all, and torturing the ears of unoffending folk by their wretched performances, — showing, for the dark ages, a truly broad and enlightened conception of the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

There is extant a license bestowed upon one Gruffydd Hiraethog, admitting him to the rank of bard in the year 1546. In this, the whole gentry and commonalty of Wales are apprised by the chiefs of song — all of whose names appear — that by virtue of the commission of his Grace King Henry VIII., etc., said Gruffydd is "capable without any lack" to attain to the degree of Professorial Disciple, according to the Five Books of the Profession of the Act of Vocal Song.

But notwithstanding all these forms and ceremonies, and in spite of the appearance of maintaining such lofty standards of excellence, abuses were already creeping in, which by the time of Queen Elizabeth had grown intolerable; whereupon a royal injunction was issued, wherein it was stated that "vagrant and idle persons naming ymselves mynstrells, Rithmors and Barthes are lately growen into such an intollerable multitude within ye principalitie of North Wales yt not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also ye expert mynstrells and mussicons in town and country thereby much discouraged to travail in the exercise and practice of their knowledge, and also not a little hyndred in their lyving and preferments." Therefore a commission was "apointed and auctorized" to summon "every person and persons that entend to maynteigne their lyving by name or color of Mynstrells, Rithmors and Barthes," to appear on a certain day, "to shew forth their learnings" before "such expert men in ye faculte of Welsh musick as shall be thought convenient." Those found unworthy were to be commanded "that they returne to some honest labour such as they be most apte unto, upon pain to be taken as sturdie vagabonds."

In consequence, some say, of this proclamation the bardic congresses were discontinued for about two hundred years. This would seem to be an evidence of a very serious lowering of standards; as if truly "expert mynstrells and mussicons" had grown so scarce, and sham "Rithmors and Barthes" so plentiful, that the arts of music and poetry themselves lost ground in public estimation, rendering it an unprofitable thing to hold an Eisteddfod. I am inclined to attribute the suspension of this national festival less to the proclamation and its enforcement than to a temporary change in the spirit of the Welsh people. The Reformation had come, and was working its way more or less rapidly in the isle of Britain. Its tendency was towards seriousness, towards a consideration of the things of the soul rather than of the mind. In the wake of the Reformation came Puritanism, with its positive hatred

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of earthly aims and vanities, with its utter lack of sympathy for the æsthetic aspect of things. The Welsh have from the first been singularly open to what are technically known as evangelical influences. The stern, narrowing doctrines of Puritan Calvinism took ready root in their hearts, and I can well imagine that during this long period of religious storm and stress psalm-singing and a sober contemplation of eternity and its awards may for them have come quite to supersede the "devilish delights" afforded by a pursuit of the arts, and by the trivialities of contests for preëminence in worldly music or in that idle word-mongering called poetry.

They are still an essentially religious-minded people, but in common with the rest of Christendom they have arrived at a more steady and whole view of life. With a correct perspective, in life as in pictures, objects fall into their right places; and among many other things which modern times have brought into focus, the Eisteddfod has resumed its position as the natural expression of a people's national feeling, the normal outgrowth of their æsthetic nature.

The institution was revived in the eighteenth century with great enthusiasm, — an enthusiasm so genuine that the past hundred years have seen no diminution of it. The national Eisteddfodau are now held yearly, alternating between North and South Wales. They are under the patronage of the highest in the land, beginning with the sovereign, and the judges are sought for among the most distinguished and competent in their respective departments.

The modern Eisteddfod has a very wide scope. It includes competitions in the composition and performance of music, in poetry, prose essays, fiction, and translations; it offers prizes, also, for specimens of artistic work and for manufactures. At the meeting held in Carnarvon last August, a £3 award was made for the design for a bardic chair; £10 and a silver medal were given for the chair itself, of carved oak; £20 and the chair for the "chair poem." The "crown prize" was for a poem on Lord Tennyson. Other subjects for poetical competition were a pastoral, patriotic songs, verses suitable to be sung with the harp, a drama, besides stanzas and several other forms of verse. Among the numerous subjects for prose treatment were: Historical and Critical Notes upon the Poems of Iolo Goch; A Critical Essay on the Welsh Poetry of the Present Century; An Essay on the Roman in Wales, and his Influence on the Welsh People and Language; A Serial Story Illustrative of Welsh Life; and An Essay on the Establishment of a National Museum for Wales. The musical prizes offered were thirty in number, ranging from £150, for a great choral composition, down to £1; this last for a violin solo by a child not over twelve years of age. Perhaps the most interesting, because the most characteristic of these musical numbers, was the performance of a distinctively Welsh composition upon the triple-harp of Wales, so called on account of being three-stringed. Brinsley Richards, in establishing his theory that the peculiar characteristics of a people's music are attributable to their national instrument, dwells upon the fact that Welsh music is essentially harp music, showing everywhere the influence of that instrument upon its development. Within the last quarter of a century the three-stringed harp, long neglected, has again come into use, adding yet another to the many indications that the Cymric spirit is not on the decline.

In art Wales is far behind, notwithstanding the fact that a number of the most famous modern British architects and painters have been Welshmen. Constantly are art prizes withheld at the Eisteddfodau because of an entire lack of merit in the objects sent up for competition. At a recent Eisteddfod, one of the speakers amusingly asserted that

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"nothing is more indicative of the *powerful imagination* of our race than the way in which we continue to offer prizes for works of art, while Wales is almost destitute of the ordinary means of securing the most rudimentary instruction." Such blind persistence is indicative rather of the same bulldog courage noted by King Henry in writing to the Emperor regarding "a people in a corner of this island" who fought an armed host without weapons.

In the United States the Eisteddfod is almost exclusively a musical festival. A few recitations are always on the programme, but the poem and the essay rarely find a place there. A Welsh friend of mine attributes this to what he rightly regards as a prostitution of the high ends of the Eisteddfod, namely, the growing tendency to make it the occasion, after the American fashion, of raising money for various outside purposes; hence, banishing from it whatever is not of immediate popular interest, which musical contests are sure to be. The real reason probably lies deeper; it would seem to be this: that in our country there are not enough bards to maintain a branch of the National Eisteddfod Association, with authority to confer degrees, and with the encouraging influence lent by numbers and acknowledged preëminence to the pursuit of those more difficult aims of the poet and essayist.

Those who would attain to the rank of bard must send their work to Wales. If a sufficient number are found deserving of honors, and if they cannot go to the old country to receive them, a commission of bards comes over here and bestows the bardic accolade with appropriate ceremonies. These ceremonies require a circle of stones, very suggestive of druidical days, a book of runes, to be read in hearing of the people, and an ancient sword, to be laid upon the shoulders of the kneeling candidate. Men very ordinary in outward seeming take this degree. They are found in the mines and in many other obscure walks of life. The blue robe has shrunk to a blue ribbon, but the little silk knot stands for glory all the same, the sort of glory that a Welshman most prizes.

In musical gifts the Welsh have no peers. Their natural voices are uniformly good, sometimes exceedingly beautiful; so perfect, indeed, that one would almost dread training for them. Though a highly sensuous and emotional people, their tones are remarkably pure and steady, the timbre being brilliant, often cold, and in their art they evince a self-restraint which is quite Grecian; for while their mode of singing is fervency itself, particularly in the great chorals wherein they excel all other nationalities, yet the intensity of their fervor never causes a loss of purity of tone, such as is too frequently heard in the provincial German singing societies.

About fifteen years ago, Dr. Damrosch came to the town in which I live, having been invited as one of the musical adjudicators in an Eisteddfod. I shall never forget his unfeigned delight at the singing by our own local choir of some of the Messiah choruses. He said afterwards, "I wish I could get my choral society to sing in that way."

It was a vain wish. None but a Welsh choir can sing in that way. At the last Eisteddfod in this neighborhood I listened to a rendering of Mendelssohn's "Oh, great is the depth," which literally took me off my feet: the firm, honest manner of singing; the solidity of tone; the warmth of harmonic coloring; the effective phrasing, — strong, not delicate, as befitted the music and the words; and then the spirit of it! The singers were one and all of the lower classes; some of them I knew to be quite uneducated. The leader was a plain man, who stood upon a chair that he might see all the faces of his large choir. One of the first contraltos was a little woman who sang holding a very young baby in her arms. This was the great event of the year to

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her, for which she had spent many months in practicing, and no doubt the baby attended every rehearsal. Its presence at the great festival did not prevent that choir from taking the first prize; and who shall say what may be the effect upon its future of those mighty strains pouring into its tiny ear from birth!

The Welsh are never too young to sing, — nor too old, as would appear from the fact that lately, in Wales, a woman of ninety competed in the Penillion contest.

The Welsh youth get an early public training in the weekly "Literary Society," a diversified form of entertainment and instruction which, in a way, may be regarded as a preparation for the Eisteddfod. Here they learn in infancy to face an audience, and to hear their own voices without fear. I have seen children of five or six nonchalantly skip up on a platform, deliver their little "pieces" with admirable feeling and emphasis, and skip down again with a pretty air of belonging by right to the body politic. These little ones sit with exemplary patience through the performances of their elders, listening to speeches, essays, and long debates; these dry matters being interspersed with songs and recitations contributed in a go-as-you-please manner by any who may feel moved to "shew forth their learnings."

The fondness of the Welsh for the higher pursuits is the most noteworthy thing regarding this strange people. While producing little, perhaps, — in literature, at least, — that is of definite and universal importance, they have always been able to show a greater proportion of individuals, in all ranks, who are interested and more or less versed in music and poetry than any other people, save one, on the face of the earth. In this fact is to be found the true meaning of an Eisteddfod.

I have made exception of one people, the Greeks, but it is a question whether intellectual activity was so widely diffused among them as among the Celts of Cymry. Public taste in Greece, in all matters artistic and literary, was immensely higher; actual participation in artistic and literary pursuits, save as spectators, was probably far less common. The Eisteddfod has been likened to the Olympic games, and in spirit the two institutions are not dissimilar. Leaving out the physical contests which formed the basis of the Greek festival, we find in both the same evidence of a passionate racial sentiment; the same desire to keep alive the national customs, traditions, language, and literature; the same appeal to the glories of past times, and to the glorious ones who gave those times their character. Each is essentially representative of the respective nature, tastes, and strivings of the people who founded it; a gathering together of all who can *do* to display their *doings* before a cloud of witnesses, and for whose reward public acclaim is no less necessary than a crown.

But physical grace and strength, so prized by the Hellene, do not enter into the list of the Cymro's ambitions: his lyrics are not written for the dancers; his odes celebrate no mighty boxer, wrestler, runner; to him beauty means brains; his sole vanity is in intellectual superiority. This vanity is a wholesome one; it keeps him a happy being. In his favorite pursuits he finds a sure preservative against discontent. Not overthrifty nor ambitious for riches, he asks for little so long as he has opportunity to study, write poetry, practice and compose music, and match his mind with his neighbor's. Above all, he wishes to be let alone to do as he chooses. To him freedom and independence of mind are not luxuries, but stern necessities. Roger Williams, who may stand to Americans as the symbol of every liberty they enjoy, is a worthy type of the Cambrian race. A fascinating, baffling study, this race, whether we follow it along the lines of history, or, standing face to face with the living man, we strive to penetrate the curious caul that envelops him, and

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read his mystery at first hand. Clannish in his ways of life, he is often hard to approach, yet underneath the repelling surface it is not unusual to find a genuine *bonhomie*, and a certain reserved friendliness that has a charm of its own. He makes a good friend, does "gallant Taffy," for he will never tell you a lie; his offense, if he offend, will more likely be in the other direction. His motto has always been "Y Gwir yn erbyn y Byd," — Truth against the World; and truth he will maintain even at the expense of your dearest feelings. It must be confessed that Taffy has not the *suaviter in modo* of his Celtic brother Patrick. This lack has doubtless helped to keep him back in the race with nations, and from taking the position for which, by his superior mental gifts, he would seem to be qualified. Yet his very aloofness of spirit, wherein he moves as in a separating atmosphere, has enabled those mental gifts to retain their unique flavor untainted by the promiscuous elements of the surging nationalities about him.

Edith Brower.

A VILLAGE STRADIVARIUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

"Goodfellow, Puck and goblins,
Know more than any book.
Down with your doleful problems,
And court the sunny brook.
The south-winds are quick-witted,
The schools are sad and slow,
The masters quite omitted
The lore we care to know."

EMERSON'S *April.*

"FIND the 317th page, Davy, and begin at the top of the right-hand column."

The boy turned the leaves of the old instruction book obediently, and then began to read in a sing-song, monotonous tone: —

"'One of Pag-pag'" —

"Pag-a-ni-ni's."

"'One of Paggernyner's' (I wish all the fellers in your stories did n't have such tough old names!) 'most dis-aster-ous triumphs he had when playing at Lord Holland's.' (Who was Lord Holland, Uncle Tony?) 'Some one asked him to im-provise on the violin the story of a son who kills his father, runs a-way, becomes a high-way-man, falls in love with a girl who will not listen to him; so he leads her to a wild country site, suddenly jumping with her from a rock into an a-b-y-double-s'" —

"Abyss."

"'— a — rock — into — an — abyss, where they disappear forever. Paggernyner listened quietly, and when the story was at an end he asked that all the lights should be distinguished.'"

"Look closer, Davy."

"'Should be *ex*tinguished. He then began playing, and so terrible was the musical in-ter-pre-ta-tion of the idea which had been given him that several of the ladies fainted, and the sal-salon-*sa*lon, when relighted, looked like a battlefield.' Cracky! Would n't you like to have been there, Uncle Tony? But I don't believe anybody ever played that way, do you?"

"Yes," said the listener, dreamily raising his sightless eyes to the elm-tree that grew by the kitchen door. "I believe it, and I can hear it myself when you read the story to me. I feel that the secret of everything in the world that is beautiful, or true, or terrible, is hidden in the strings of my violin, Davy, but only a master can draw it from captivity."

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"You make stories on your violin, too, Uncle Tony, even if the ladies don't faint away in heaps, and if the kitchen does n't look like a battlefield when you 've finished. I 'm glad it does n't, for my part, for I should have more housework to do than ever."

"Poor Davy! you could n't hate housework any worse if you were a woman; but it is all done for to-day. Now paint me one of your pictures, laddie; make me see with your eyes."

The boy put down the book and leaped out of the open door, barely touching the old millstone that served for a step. Taking a stand in the well-worn path, he rested his hands on his hips, swept the landscape with the glance of an eagle, and began like a young improvisator:

"The sun is just dropping behind Brigadier Hill."

"What color is it?"

"Red as fire, and there is n't anything near it, — it 's almost alone in the sky; there 's only teenty little white feather clouds here and there. The bridge looks as if it was a silver string tying the two sides of the river together. The water is pink where the sun shines into it. All the leaves of the trees are kind of swimming in the red light, — I tell you, Nunky, just as if I was looking through red glass. The weather vane on Squire Bean's barn dazzles so, the rooster seems to be shooting gold arrows into the river. I can see the tip top of Mount Washington. The peak of its snow cap touches the pink sky. The henhouse door is open. The chickens are all on their roost, with their heads cuddled under their wings."

"Did you feed them?"

The boy clapped his hand over his mouth with a comical gesture of penitence, and dashed into the shed for a panful of corn, which he scattered over the ground, enticing the sleepy fowls by insinuating calls of "Chick, chick, chick, chick! *Come*, biddy, biddy, biddy, biddy! *Come*, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick!"

The man in the doorway smiled as over the misdemeanor of somebody very dear and lovable, and rising from his chair felt his way to a corner shelf, took down a box, and drew from it a violin swathed in a silk bag. He removed the covering with reverential hands. The tenderness of the face was like that of a young mother dressing or undressing her child. As he fingered the instrument his hands seemed to have become all eyes. They wandered caressingly over the polished surface as if enamored of the perfect thing that they had created, lingering here and there with rapturous tenderness on some special beauty, — the graceful arch of the neck, the melting curves of the cheeks, the delicious swell of the breasts.

When he had satisfied himself for the moment he took the bow, and lifting the violin under his chin, inclined his head fondly toward it and began to play.

The tune at first seemed muffled, but had a curious bite, that began in distant echoes, but after a few minutes' playing grew firmer and clearer, ringing out at last with velvety richness and strength until the atmosphere was satiated with harmony. No more ethereal note ever flew out of a bird's throat than Anthony Croft set free from this violin, his *Liebling*, his "swan song," made in the year he had lost his eyesight.

Anthony Croft had been the only son of his mother, and she a widow. His boyhood had been exactly like that of all the other boys in Edgewood, save that he hated school a trifle more, if possible, than any of the others; though there was a unanimity of aversion in this matter that surprised and wounded teachers and parents.

The school was the ordinary "deestrick" school of that time; there were not enough scholars for what Cyse Higgins called a "degraded" school. The difference between Anthony and the other boys lay in the reason as well as the degree of his abhorrence.

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He had come into the world a naked, starving human soul; he longed to clothe himself, and he was hungry and ever hungrier for knowledge; but never within the four walls of the village schoolhouse could he get hold of one fact that would yield him its secret sense, one glimpse of clear light that would shine in upon the "darkness which may be felt" in his mind, one thought or word that would feed his soul.

The only place where his longings were ever stilled, where he seemed at peace with himself, where he understood what he was made for, was out of doors in the woods. When he should have been poring over the sweet, palpitating mysteries of the multiplication table, his vagrant gaze was always on the open window near which he sat. He could never study when a fly buzzed on the window-pane; he was always standing on the toes of his bare feet, trying to locate and understand the buzz that puzzled him. The book was a mute, soulless thing that had no relation to his inner world of thought and feeling. He turned ever from the dead seven-times-six to the mystery of life about him.

He was never a special favorite with his teachers: that was scarcely to be expected. In his very early years, his pockets were gone through with every morning when he entered the school door, and the contents, when confiscated, would comprise a jew's-harp, a bit of catgut, screws whittled out of wood, tacks, spools, pins, and the like. But when robbed of all these he could generally secrete a piece of elastic, which, when put between his teeth and stretched to its utmost capacity, would yield a delightful twang when played upon with the forefinger. He could also rig a very interesting musical instrument in his desk by means of spools and catgut and bits of broken glass. The chief joy of his life was an old tuning-fork that the teacher of the singing-school had given him, but, owing to the degrading and arbitrary censorship of pockets that prevailed, he never dared bring it into the schoolroom. There were ways, however, of evading inexorable law and circumventing base injustice. He hid the precious thing under a thistle just outside the window. The teacher had sometimes a brief season of apathy on hot afternoons, when she was hearing the primer class read, "*I see a pig. The pig is big. The big pig can dig;*" which stirring phrases were always punctuated by the snores of the Hanks baby, who kept sinking down on his fat little legs in the line and giving way to slumber during the lesson. At such a moment Anthony slipped out of the window and snapped the tuning-fork several times, — just enough to save his soul from death, — and then slipped in again. He was caught occasionally, but not often; and even when he was, there were mitigating circumstances, for he was generally put under the teacher's desk for punishment. It was a dark, close, sultry spot, but when he was well seated, and had grown tired of looking at the triangle of elastic in the teacher's congress boot, and tired of wishing it was his instead of hers, he would tie one end of a bit of thread to the button of his gingham shirt, and, carrying it round his left ear several times, make believe he was Paganini languishing in prison and playing on a violin with a single string.

As he grew older there was no marked improvement, and Tony Croft was by general assent counted the laziest boy in the village. That he was lazy in certain matters merely because he was in a frenzy of industry to pursue certain others had nothing to do with the case, of course.

If any one had ever given him a task in which he could have seen cause working to effect, in which he could have found by personal experiment a single fact that belonged to him, his own by divine right of discovery, he would have counted labor or study all joy.

He was one incarnate Why and How,

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one brooding wonder and interrogation point. "Why does the sun drive away the stars? Why do the leaves turn red and gold? What makes the seed swell in the earth? From whence comes the life that is hidden in the egg under the bird's breast? What holds the moon in the sky? Who regulates her shining? Who moves the wind? Who made me, and what am I? Who, why, how, whither? If I came from God but only lately, teach me his lessons first, put me into vital relation with life and law, and then give me your dead signs and equivalents for real things, that I may learn more and more, and ever more and ever more."

There was no spirit in Edgewood bold enough to conceive that Tony learned anything in the woods, but as there was never sufficient school money to keep the village seat of learning open more than half the year the boy educated himself at the fountain head of wisdom and knowledge the other half. His mother, who owned him for a duckling hatched from a hen's egg, and was never quite sure he would not turn out a black sheep and a crooked stick to boot, was obliged to confess that Tony had more useless information than any boy in the village. He knew just where to find the first May flowers, and would bring home the waxen beauties when other people had scarcely begun to think about the spring. He could tell where to look for the rare fringed gentian, the yellow violet, the Indian pipe. There were clefts in the rocks of the Indian Cellar where, when every one else failed, he could find harebells and columbines.

When his chores were done, and the other boys were amusing themselves each in his own way, you would find Tony lying flat on the pine needles in the woods, listening to the notes of the wild birds, and imitating them patiently, till you could scarcely tell which was boy and which was bird; and if you could, the birds could n't, for many a time he coaxed the bobolinks and thrushes to perch on the low boughs above his head and chirp to him as if he were a feathered brother. There was nothing about the building of nests with which he was not familiar. He could have taken hold and helped if the birds had not been so shy, and if he had had beak and claw instead of clumsy fingers. He would sit near a beehive for hours without moving, or lie prone in the sandy road, under the full glare of the sun, watching the ants acting out their human comedy; sometimes surrounding a favorite hill with stones, that the comedy might not be turned into tragedy by a careless footfall. The cottage on the river road grew more and more to resemble a museum and herbarium as the years went by, and the Widow Croft's weekly house-cleaning was a matter that called for the exercise of Christian grace.

Still, Tony was a good son, affectionate, considerate, and obedient. His mother had no idea that he would ever be able, or indeed willing, to make a living; but there was a forest of young timber growing up, a small hay farm to depend upon, and a little hoard that would keep him out of the poorhouse when she died and left him to his own devices. It never occurred to her that he was in any way remarkable. If he were difficult to understand, it reflected more upon his eccentricity than upon her density. What was a woman to do with a boy of twelve who, when she urged him to drop the old guitar he was taking apart and hurry off to school, cried, "Oh, mother! when there is so much to learn in this world, it is wicked, wicked, to waste time in school."

About this time Tony spent hours in the attic arranging bottles and tumblers into a musical scale. He also invented an instrument made of small and great, long and short pins, driven into soft board to different heights, and when the widow passed his door on the way to bed she invariably saw this barbaric thing locked to the boy's breast, for he often played himself to sleep with it.

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At fifteen he had taken to pieces and put together again, strengthened, soldered, tinkered, mended, and braced, every accordion, guitar, melodeon, dulcimer, and fiddle in Edgewood, Pleasant River, and the neighboring villages. There was a little money to be earned in this way, but very little, as people in general regarded this "tinkering" as a pleasing diversion in which they could indulge him without danger. As an example of this attitude, Dr. Berry's wife's melodeon had lost two stops, the pedals had severed connection with the rest of the works, it wheezed like an asthmatic, and two black keys were missing. Anthony worked more than a week on its rehabilitation, and received in return Mrs. Berry's promise that the doctor would pull a tooth for him some time! This, of course, was a guerdon for the future, but it seemed pathetically distant to the lad who had never had a toothache in his life. He had to plead with Cyse Higgins for a week before that prudent young farmer would allow him to touch his five-dollar fiddle. He obtained permission at last only by offering to give Cyse his calf in case he spoiled the violin. "That seems square," said Cyse doubtfully, "but after all you can't play on a calf!" "Neither will your fiddle give milk, if you keep it long enough," retorted Tony; and this argument was convincing.

So great was his confidence in Tony's skill that Squire Bean trusted his father's violin to him, one that had been bought in Berlin seventy years before. It had been hanging on the attic wall for a half century, so that the back was split in twain, the sound-post lost, the neck and the tailpiece cracked. The lad took it home, and studied it for two whole evenings before the open fire. The problem of restoring it was too great for his abilities. He finally took the savings of two summers' "blueberry money" and walked sixteen miles to Portland, where he bought a book called The Practical Violinist. The Supplement proved to be a mine of wealth. Even the headings appealed to his imagination and intoxicated him with their suggestions, — On Scraping, Splitting, and Repairing Violins, Violin Players, Great Violinists, Solo Playing, etc.; and at the very end a Treatise on the Construction, Preservation, Repair, and Improvement of the Violin, by Jacob Augustus Friedheim, Instrument Maker to the Court of the Archduke of Weimar.

There was a good deal of moral advice in the preface that sadly puzzled the boy, who was always in a condition of chronic amazement at the village disapprobation of his favorite fiddle. That the violin did not in some way receive the confidence enjoyed by other musical instruments, he perceived from various paragraphs written by the worthy author of The Practical Violinist, as for example: —

"Some very excellent Christian people hold a strong prejudice against the violin because they have always known it associated with dancing and dissipation. Let it be understood that your violin is 'converted,' and such an objection will no longer lie against it. . . . Many delightful hours may be enjoyed by a young man, if he has obtained a respectable knowledge of his instrument, who otherwise would find the time hang heavy on his hands; or, for want of some better amusement, would frequent the dangerous and destructive paths of vice and be ruined forever. . . . I am in hopes, therefore, my dear young pupil, that your violin will occupy your attention at just those very times when, if you were immoral or dissipated, you would be at the grogshop, gaming table, or among vicious females. Such a use of the violin, notwithstanding the prejudices many hold against it, must contribute to virtue, and furnish abundance of innocent and entirely unobjectionable amusement. These are the views with which I hope you have adopted it, and will continue to cherish and cultivate it."

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II.

"There is no bard in all the choir,
. . . . . .
Not one of all can put in verse,
Or to this presence could rehearse
The sights and voices ravishing
The boy knew on the hills in spring,
When pacing through the oaks he heard
Sharp queries of the sentry-bird,
The heavy grouse's sudden whir,
The rattle of the kingfisher."

EMERSON'S *Harp.*

Now began an era of infinite happiness, of days that were never long enough, of evenings when bedtime came all too soon. Oh that there had been some good angel who would have taken in hand Anthony Croft the boy, and, training the powers that pointed so unmistakably in certain directions, given to the world the genius of Anthony Croft potential instrument maker to the court of St. Cecilia; for it was not only that he had the fingers of a wizard; his ear caught the faintest breath of harmony or hint of discord, as

"Fairy folk a-listening
Hear the seed sprout in the spring,
And for music to their dance
Hear the hedge-rows wake from trance;
Sap that trembles into buds
Sending little rhythmic floods
Of fairy sound in fairy ears.
Thus all beauty that appears
Has birth as sound to finer sense
And lighter-clad intelligence."

As the universe is all mechanism to one man, all form and color to another, so to Anthony Croft the world was all melody. Notwithstanding all these gifts and possibilities, the doctor's wife advised the Widow Croft to make a plumber of him, intimating delicately that these freaks of nature, while playing no apparent part in the divine economy, could sometimes be made self-supporting.

The seventeenth year of his life marked a definite epoch in his development. He studied Jacob Friedheim's treatise until he knew the characteristics of all the great violin models, from the Amatis, Hieronymus, Antonius, and Nicolas, to those of Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and Steiner.

It was in this year, also, that he made a very precious discovery. While browsing in the rubbish in Squire Bean's garret to see if he could find the missing sound-post of the old violin, he came upon a billet of wood wrapped in cloth and paper. When unwrapped, it was plainly labeled "Wood from the Bean Maple at Pleasant Point; the biggest maple in York County, and believed to be one of the biggest in the State of Maine." Anthony found that the oldest inhabitant of Pleasant River remembered the stump of the tree, and that the boys used to jump over it and admire its proportions whenever they went fishing at the Point. The wood, therefore, was perhaps eighty or ninety years old. The squire agreed willingly that it should be used to mend the old violin, and told Tony he should have what was left for himself. When, by careful calculation, he found that the remainder would make a whole violin, he laid it reverently away for another twenty years, so that he should be sure it had completed its century of patient waiting for service, and falling on his knees by his bedside said, "I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for this precious gift, and I promise from this moment to gather the most beautiful wood I can find, and lay it by where it can be used some time to make perfect violins, so that if any creature as poor and as helpless as I am needs the wherewithal to do good work, I shall have helped him as Thou hast helped me." And according to his promise so he did, and the pieces of richly curled maple, of sycamore, and of spruce began to accumulate. They were cut from the sunny side of the trees, in just the right season of the year, split so as to have a full inch thickness towards the bark, and a quarter inch towards the heart. They were then laid for weeks under one of the falls in Wine Brook, where the musical tinkle, tinkle, of the stream fell on the wood already wrought

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upon by years of sunshine and choruses of singing birds.

This boy, toiling not alone for himself, but with full and conscious purpose for posterity also, was he not worthy to wear the mantle of Antonius Stradivarius?

"That plain white-aproned man who stood at work
Patient and accurate full fourscore years,
Cherished his sight and touch by temperance,
And since keen sense is love of perfectness,
Made perfect violins, the needed paths
For inspiration and high mastery."

And as if the year were not full enough of glory, the school-teacher sent him a book with a wonderful poem in it.

That summer's teaching had been the freak of a college student, who had gone back to his senior year strengthened by his experience of village life. Anthony Croft, who was only three or four years his junior, had been his favorite pupil and companion.

"How does Tony get along?" asked the Widow Croft when the teacher came to call.

"Tony? Oh, I can't teach him anything."

Tears sprang to the mother's eyes.

"I know he ain't much on book learning," she said apologetically, "but I 'm bound he don't make you no trouble in deportment."

"I mean," said the school-teacher gravely, "that I can show him how to read a little Latin and do a little geometry, but he knows as much in one minute as I shall ever know in a year."

Tony crouched by the old fireplace in the winter evenings, dropping his knife or his compasses a moment to read aloud to his mother, who sat in the opposite corner knitting: —

"Of old Antonio Stradivari, — him
Who a good century and a half ago
Put his true work in the brown instrument,
And by the nice adjustment of its frame
Gave it responsive life, continuous
With the master's finger-tips, and perfected
Like them by delicate rectitude of use."

The mother listened with painful intentness. "I like the sound of it," she said, "but I can't hardly say I take in the full sense."

"Why, mother," said the lad, in a rare moment of self-expression, "you know the poetry says he cherished his sight and touch by temperance; that an idiot might see a straggling line and be content, but he had an eye that winced at false work, and loved the true. When it says his finger-tips were perfected by delicate rectitude of use, I think it means doing everything as it is done in heaven, and that anybody who wants to make a perfect violin must keep his eye open to all the beautiful things God has made, and his ear open to all the music he has put into the world, and then never let his hands touch a piece of work that is crooked or straggling or false, till, after years and years of rightness, they are fit to make a violin like the squire's, a violin that can say everything, a violin that an angel would n't be ashamed to play on."

Do these words seem likely ones to fall from the lips of a lad who had been at the tail of his class ever since his primer days? Well, Anthony was seventeen now, and he was "educated," in spite of sorry recitations, — educated, the Lord knows how! Yes, in point of fact the Lord does know how! He knows how the drill and pressure of the daily task, still more the presence of the high ideal, the inspiration working from within, how these educate us.

The blind Anthony Croft sitting in the kitchen doorway had seemingly missed the heights of life he might have trod, and had walked his close on fifty years through level meadows of mediocrity, a witch in every finger-tip waiting to be set to work, head among the clouds, feet stumbling, eyes and ears open to hear God's secret thought; seeing and hearing it, too, but lacking force to speak it forth again; for while imperious genius surmounts all obstacles, brushes laws and

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formulas from its horizon, and with its own free soul sees its "path and the outlets of the sky," potenial genius forever needs an angel of deliverance to set it free.

Poor Anthony Croft, or blessed Anthony Croft, I know not which, — God knows! Poor he certainly was, yet blessed after all. "One thing I do," said Paul. "One thing I do," said Anthony. He was not able to realize his ideals, but he had the "angel aim" by which he idealized his reals.

O waiting heart of God! how soon would thy kingdom come if we all did our allotted tasks, humble or splendid, in this consecrated fashion!

III.

"Therein I hear the Parcæ reel
The threads of man at their humming wheel,
The threads of life and power and pain,
So sweet and mournful falls the strain."

EMERSON'S *Harp.*

Old Mrs. Butterfield had had her third stroke of paralysis, and died of a Sunday night. She was all alone in her little cottage on the river bank, with no neighbor nearer than Croft's, and nobody there but a blind man and a small boy. Everybody had told her it was foolish for a frail old woman of seventy to live alone in a house on the river road, and everybody was pleased, in a discreet and chastened fashion of course, that it had turned out exactly as they had predicted.

Aunt Mehitable Tarbox was walking up to Milliken's Mills, with her little black reticule hanging over her arm, and noticing that there was no smoke coming out of the chimney, and that the hens were gathered about the kitchen door clamoring for their breakfast, she thought it best to stop and knock. No response followed the repeated blows from her hard knuckles. She then tapped smartly on Mrs. Butterfield's bedroom window with her thimble finger. This proving of no avail, she was obliged to pry open the kitchen shutter, split open a mosquito netting with her shears, and crawl into the house over the sink. This was a considerable feat for a somewhat rheumatic elderly lady, but this one never grudged trouble when she wanted to find out anything.

When she discovered that her premonitions were correct, and that old Mrs. Butterfield was indeed dead, her grief at losing a pleasant acquaintance was largely mitigated by her sense of importance at being first on the spot, and chosen by Providence to take command of the situation. There were no relations in the village; there was no woman neighbor within a mile: it was therefore her obvious Christian duty not only to take charge of the remains, but to conduct such a funeral as the remains would have wished for herself.

The fortunate Vice-President suddenly called upon by destiny to guide the ship of state, the general who sees a possible Victoria Cross in a hazardous engagement, can have a faint conception of Aunt Hitty's feeling on this momentous occasion. Funerals were the very breath of her life. There was no ceremony, either of public or private import, that, to her mind, approached a funeral in real satisfying interest. Yet, with distinct talent in this direction, she had always been "cabined, cribbed, confined" within hopeless limitations. She had assisted in a secondary capacity at funerals in the families of other people, but she would have reveled in personally conducted ones. The members of her own family stubbornly refused to die, however, even the distant connections living on and on to a ridiculous old age; and if they ever did die, by reason of a falling roof, shipwreck, or conflagration, they generally died in Texas or Iowa, or some remote State where Aunt Hitty could not follow the hearse in the first carriage. This blighted ambition was a heart sorrow of so deep and sacred a character that

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she did not even confess it to "Si," as her appendage of a husband was called.

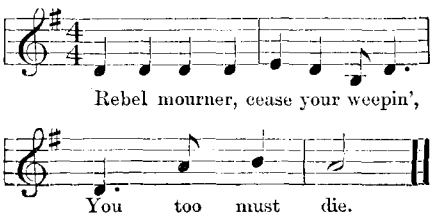
Now at last her chance for planning a funeral had come. Mrs. Butterfield had no kith or kin save her niece, Lyddy Ann, who lived in Andover, or Lawrence, or Haverhill, Massachusetts, — Aunt Hitty could n't remember which, and hoped nobody else could. The niece would be sent for when they found out where she lived; meanwhile it was warm weather, and the funeral could not be put off.

She glanced round the house preparatory to locking it up and starting to notify Anthony Croft. She would just run over and talk to him about ordering the coffin; then she could attend to all other necessary preliminaries herself. The remains had been well-to-do, and there was no occasion for sordid economy, so Aunt Hitty determined in her own mind to have the latest fashion in everything, including a silver coffin plate. The Butterfield coffin plates were a thing to be proud of. They had been sacredly preserved for years and years, and the entire collection — numbering nineteen in all — had been framed, and adorned the walls of the deceased lady's best room. They were not of solid silver, it is true, but even so it was a matter of distinction to have belonged to a family that could afford to have nineteen coffin plates of any sort.

Aunt Hitty planned certain dramatic details, as she walked down the road to Croft's. It came to her in a burst of inspiration that she would have two ministers: one for the long prayer, and one for the short prayer and the remarks. She hoped that Elder Weeks would be adequate in the latter direction. She knew she could n't for the life of her think of anything interesting about Mrs. Butterfield, save that she possessed nineteen coffin plates, and brought her hens to Edgewood every summer for their health; but she had heard Elder Weeks make a moving discourse out of less than that. To be sure, he needed priming, but she was equal to that. There was Ivory Brown's funeral: how would that have gone on if it had n't been for her? Was n't the elder ten minutes late, and what would his remarks have amounted to without her suggestions? You might almost say she was the author of the discourse, for she gave him all the ideas. As she had helped him out of the wagon she had said: "Are you prepared? I thought not; but there 's no time to lose. Remember there are aged parents; two brothers living, — one railroading in Spokane Falls, the other clerking in Washington, D. C. Don't mention the Universalists, — there 's ben two in the fam'ly; nor insanity, — there 's ben one o' them. The girl in the corner by the clock is the one that the remains has been keeping comp'ny with. If you can make some genteel allusions to her, it 'll be much appreciated by his folks."

As to the long prayer, she knew that the Rev. Mr. Ford could be relied on to pray until Aunt Becky Burnham should twitch him by the coat tails. She had done it more than once. She had also, on one occasion, got up and straightened his ministerial neckerchief, which he had gradually "prayed" around his saintly neck until it was behind the right ear.

These plans proved so fascinating to Aunt Hitty that she walked quite half a mile beyond Croft's, and was obliged to retrace her steps. She conceived bands of black alpaca for the sleeves and hats of the pallbearers, and a festoon of the same over the front gate, if there should be any left over. She planned the singing by the choir. There had been no real choir-singing at any funeral in Edgewood since the Rev. Joshua Beckwith had died. She would ask them to open with



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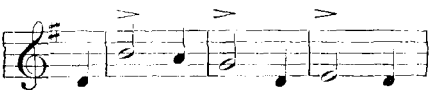
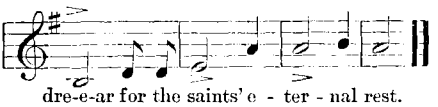
This was a favorite funeral hymn. The only difficulty would be in keeping Aunt Becky Burnham from pitching it in a key where nobody but a soprano skylark, accustomed to warble at a great height, could possibly sing it. It was generally given at the grave, when Elder Weeks officiated; but it never satisfied Aunt Hitty, because the good elder always looked so unpicturesque when he threw a red bandanna handkerchief over his head before beginning the twenty-seven verses. After the long prayer, she would have Almira Berry give for a solo —



This gro-o-oanin' world 's too dark and



dre-e-ar for the saints' e - ter - nal rest.

This hymn, if it did not wholly reconcile one to death, enabled one to look upon life with sufficient solemnity. It was a thousand pities, she thought, that the old hearse was so shabby and rickety, and that Gooly Eldridge, who drove it, would insist on wearing a faded peachblow overcoat. It was exasperating to think of the public spirit at Egypt, and contrast it with the state of things at Pleasant River. In Egypt they had sold the old hearse house for a sausage shop, and now they were having hearse sociables every month to raise money for a new one.

All these details flew through Aunt Hitty's mind in fascinating procession. There should n't be "a hitch" anywhere. There had been a hitch at her last funeral, but she had been only an assistant there. Matt Henderson had been struck by lightning at the foot of Squire Bean's old nooning-tree, and certain circumstances combined to make the funeral one of unusual interest, so much so that fat old Mrs. Potter from Deerwander created a sensation at the cemetery. She was so anxious to get where she could see everything to the best advantage that she crowded too near the bier, stepped on the sliding earth, and pitched into the grave. As she weighed over two hundred pounds, and was in a position of some disadvantage, it took five men to extricate her from the dilemma, and the operation made a long and somewhat awkward break in the religious services. Aunt Hitty always said of this catastrophe, "If I 'd 'a' ben Mis' Potter, I 'd 'a' ben so mortified I believe I 'd 'a' said, 'I wa'n't plannin' to be buried, but now I 'm in here I declare I 'll stop!'"

Old Mrs. Butterfield's funeral was not only voted an entire success by the villagers, but the seal of professional approval was set upon it by an embalmer from Biddeford, who declared that Mrs. Tarbox could make a handsome living at undertaking anywhere. Providence, who always assists those who assist themselves, decreed that the niece "Lyddy Ann" should not arrive until the aunt was safely buried; so, there being none to resist her right or grudge her the privilege, Aunt Hitty, for the first time in her life, rode in the next buggy to the hearse. Si, in his best suit, a broad weed and weepers, drove Cyse Higgins's black colt, and Aunt Hitty was dressed in deep mourning, with the Widow Buzzells's crape veil over her face, and in her hand a palmleaf fan tied with a black ribbon. Her comment to Si, as she went to her virtuous couch that night, was: "It was an awful dry funeral, but that was the only flaw in it. It would 'a' ben perfect if there 'd ben anybody to shed tears. I come pretty nigh it myself, though I ain't no relation, when Elder Weeks said: 'You 'll go round the house, my sisters, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the orchard, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the barn, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the shed, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there; you 'll go int' the hencoop, and Mis' Butterfield won't be there!' That would 'a' drawed tears from a stone,

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most 'specially sence Mis' Butterfield set such store by her hens."

And this is the way that Lyddy Butterfield came into her kingdom, a little lone brown house on the river's brim. She had seen it only once before when she had driven out from Portland, years ago, with her aunt. Mrs. Butterfield lived in Portland, but spent her summers in Edgewood on account of her chickens. She always explained that the country was dreadful dull for her, but good for the hens; they always laid so much better in the winter time.

Lyddy liked the place all the better for its loneliness. She had never had enough of solitude, and this quiet home, with the song of the river for company, if one needed more company than chickens and a cat, satisfied all her desires, particularly as it was accompanied by a snug little income of two hundred dollars a year, a meagre sum that seemed to open up mysterious avenues of joy to her starved, impatient heart.

When she was a mere infant, her brother was holding her on his knee before the great old-fashioned fireplace heaped with burning logs. A sudden noise startled him, and the crowing, restless baby gave an unexpected lurch, and slipped, face downward, into the glowing embers. It was a full minute before the horror-stricken boy could extricate the little creature from the cruel flame that had already done its fatal work. The baby escaped with her life, but was disfigured forever. As she grew older, the gentle hand of time could not entirely efface the terrible scars. One cheek was wrinkled and crimson, while one eye and the mouth were drawn down pathetically. The accident might have changed the disposition of any child, but Lyddy chanced to be a sensitive, introspective bit of feminine humanity, in whose memory the burning flame was never quenched. Her mother, partly to conceal her own wounded vanity, and partly to shield the timid, morbid child, kept her out of sight as much as possible; so that at sixteen, when she was left an orphan, she had lived almost entirely in solitude.

She became, in course of time, a kind of general nursery governess in a large family of motherless children. The father was almost always away from home; his sister kept the house, and Lyddy stayed in the nursery, bathing the brood and putting them to bed, dressing them in the morning, and playing with them in the safe privacy of the back garden or the open attic.

They loved her, disfigured as she was, — for the child despises mere externals, and explores the heart of things to see whether it be good or evil, — but they could never induce her to see strangers, nor to join any gathering of people.

The children were grown and married now, and Lyddy was nearly forty when she came into possession of house and lands and fortune, — forty, with twenty years of unexpended feeling pent within her. Forty, — that is rather old to be interesting, but age is a relative matter. Have n't you seen girls of four-and-twenty who have nibbled and been nibbled at ever since they were sixteen, but who have neither caught anything nor been caught? They are old, if you like, but Lyddy was forty and still young, with her susceptibilities cherished, not dulled, and with all the "language of passion fresh and rooted as the lovely leafage about a spring."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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THE GENIUS OF FRANCE.

I HAVE lately been making a map of France on a rather novel plan. On this map, instead of place names there are only names of men, all together over one hundred and fifty of the most illustrious Frenchmen of the last five centuries. Each man is placed on the spot, not necessarily his birthplace, in which there is reason to believe that he had sent down his deepest ancestral roots. When his father belonged to one region and his mother to another, his name is to be seen in both places: this is, for instance, the case with Victor Hugo, who may sometimes, perhaps, have characteristically imagined himself, with one foot on the mountains of the Vosges and another by the sea in Brittany, striding across the whole of France. Again, omissions have been made in the case of individuals whose ancestry is so mixed that it is difficult to find anything like a taproot: this may be said to be the case with Molière and Saint-Simon; there are doubtless many such instances which we cannot detect. For a similar reason, I have omitted many eminent persons who are not only of mixed, but largely of foreign ancestry: Ronsard, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, and Zola are a few of those excluded by this rule. Finally, all Parisians are omitted, for the fact that a man was born in any large capital, or even that his parents were born there, tells us nothing as to his racial affinities. François Coppée, for instance, belongs on his father's side to a family which has been settled in Paris for several generations, but it is perhaps not fanciful to trace in his poetic work the characteristics of the Belgic race to which he ultimately belongs. Such austerity in omission is necessary if we wish confidently to place a man among his own people. In the selection of names, the only criterion has been fame: the names of earlier days have been sifted by posterity; in selecting from the names of our own day, a foreigner may share some of the privileges of posterity.

On looking at this map, one is struck in the first place by the barren character of the interior of the country. If we take the triangle formed by Paris at the apex, with Bordeaux and Lyons at the base, and covering about a fourth of the whole country, we find that outside this triangle the genius population is thick, more especially in the northwest, in the southwest, and along the whole eastern frontier. Within it only a few scattered names are to be found: the chief of these are Rabelais, Regnier, and Pascal, all three near the edges of the triangle, and all three set down merely on the strength of the uncertain guarantee of their birthplace. The barrenness in genius of this central region, which contains some of the richest and most picturesque parts of France and some of the finest monuments of architecture, is not unaccountable, but it is certainly surprising to find it so well marked.

If we look again at the map, we find that the names fall into numerous more or less distinct groups: the Breton group, the large Norman group, in the northeast the vaguely outlined Belgic or Flemish group fluctuating around Rheims and Valenciennes, the three allied groups of Lorraine, Burgundy, and Dauphiny along the eastern frontier, the Provençal or Ligurian group along the Mediterranean, and the extensive southwestern group, including Guienne, Gascony, and part of Languedoc, which may be called Aquitanian. I propose to investigate these groups in turn.

We may start at the northwestern peninsula with the men of Brittany. They form a strong and well-defined group; even between the Bretons and the neigh-

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boring Normans there is a broad, vacant band on the map. The Bretons are a vigorous, tenacious race, fierce in their conservatism, sometimes fierce in their radicalism; while very religious, sacrilege has also flourished among them; their chief vice is drunkenness. They are a blue-eyed people, on the whole rather dark, but in some parts fair, especially on the coast, which is probably inhabited by the Britons who long ago fled from England, and in the Morbihan, which is the second fairest department in France. They are a seafaring folk, and the spirit of the sea has passed into their blood; they are adventurers, initiators in thought, — above all, idealists, dreamers, and poets. Saint-Malo, their great seaport, was founded by British colonists, but the English, in spite of many attempts, have never been able to take it. The men of Saint-Malo have sent out discoverers all over the world; they discovered Canada, the Falkland Islands, took possession of Rio Janeiro, visited so many lands that English sailors, whenever they lighted on some remote island, came to call it a *maloon*. In the region of thought, especially a kind of impassioned and poetic thought, Brittany has produced Abélard, Descartes, Maupertuis, La Mettrie, Broussais, Lamennais, and Renan, — a more brilliant group of thinkers than any other part of France can show. The Bretons are not painters, and they lack the plastic and architectonic qualities of art, though they have produced one notable sculptor, Michel Colomb, while the original and eccentric artist, Odilon Redon, a kind of French Blake, belongs to Brittany on his father's side. Of recent years, however, numerous painters, mostly of the third rank, have come from this part of the country, and have clannishly banded themselves together in a society. The Bretons are above all a race of poets. Their land is harsh and barren and granitic; the *fleur d'Armor* is the gorse, and, as one of their own poets has said, that flower that one never gathers is indeed the symbol of the Breton people: —

"Cercle de dards autour d'un cœur d'or."

Chateaubriand, a very characteristic child of the soil; Victor Hugo, by his Breton mother; Villiers de l'Isle Adam; Leconte de Lisle, of Breton race, though born abroad; Pierre Loti, belonging to La Vendée, are among the chief names in the literary annals of Brittany; there are very many of less note. The Breton may soak himself in brandy, but the ideal is always with him. Brittany is the great Continental centre of Celtic glamour. Souvestre, himself a Breton, celebrated this fact in his Derniers Bretons; and more recently, Renan has, in numberless ways, given expression to the latent poetry of Brittany. The latter, a blue-eyed Celt belonging to the old British colony at Tréguier, while inheriting all the gifts of his native land, had in him also something of the southern vivacity of his Gascon grandmother, which enabled him to survey the Breton within him from outside, with such incomparably delightful results.

The blank gulf which separates on the map the men of Brittany from their neighbors of Normandy corresponds to the radical difference in the character of the two races and of their lands. The Bretons, among the menhirs and dolmens of their bleak moors, are idealists, living with their traditions and legends. The Normans, a large and well-favored race, living in a rich and picturesque country, one of the most prosperous parts of France, are sturdy materialists. Stendhal, who himself belonged to the opposite side of France, thought that while Normandy was not the most *spirituelle* part of France, it might be considered the most civilized. While very prosperous, as usually happens, it has also been from very early times the most obstinately criminal region of France; certain parts of Brittany, like the Morbihan, on the other hand, being among the freest from criminality. Normans are

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not great poets. Songs, indeed, they possess in abundance, — their *chansons*, it has been said, are almost as numerous as their apples, — but one misses the profound poetic emotion of the Bretons. Tiersot, who has exhaustively studied the popular songs of France, has sought in vain from Avranches to Dunkerque for the song of sentiment; the Norman's *chanson d'amour* is merely a *chanson de galanterie*. Usually, when the men of Normandy have wanted to sing, it has been of their apples and their cider; they are "*fort experts en beuverie*," and Olivier Basselin, the poet of perpetual drinking, is perhaps the most characteristic Norman singer. In recent days, the writer who has chiefly undertaken to sing of Normandy and its people, André Lemoyne, is himself a Breton. Malherbe, Delavigne, and Vacquerie are among the Normans, but the greatest of Norman poets is certainly Corneille. He is the majestic representative of all that is finest in the proud, individualistic, self-sufficing Norman. The answer in Médée to the question, "What protection have you against so many enemies?" "Myself!" contains the essence of the Norman spirit; and it is a spirit not unfamiliar to the Englishman, who both by his virtues and his vices is in many respects allied to the Norman. The land itself recalls to us neighboring parts of England, and in the Cotentin peninsula, which stretches out towards England, and is inhabited (as Topinard has shown) by the fairest people in France, we find on every side names which are familiar to us in England and in English history. The Normans are great painters, and the temper of their art has usually been found congenial to the Anglo-Saxon spirit. Millet, who belonged to the part of Normandy nearest to England, is the chief of the later Norman painters. But Poussin was also a Norman, as was Géricault, and from Normandy and allied districts up the coast come Jules Breton, Cazin, and many well-known painters of recent times. Normandy has been fertile in distinguished writers. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, Fontenelle, Mademoiselle de Scudéry, Octave Feuillet, Barbey d'Aurevilly, are among the Normans. Molière can scarcely be called a Norman, but the Poquelins belonged to Beauvais, which lies in a district closely allied to Normandy in character. Guy de Maupassant, with his solid materialism and concentrated laconic art, was a true Norman. The greatest of Norman writers, however, is Flaubert; half a Norman by blood, he was more than half a Norman by the temper of his work. Laplace and Le Verrier are first among the Normans in science. Charlotte Corday was a Norman, as also was her victim, Marat.

The Norman men of genius do not entirely coalesce with those of Picardy. We may, however, regard the latter as representing the extreme left of the Norman spirit. Picardy is not an attractive country, and its inhabitants, as a race, are not, perhaps, among the most lovable in France. They are rough, independent, taciturn, not apt to cultivate the social graces of life, with a reputation for *mauvaise tête*; though quarrelsome, they are not so fond of litigation as the Normans; at the same time they lack the Norman's audacity and his love of adventure. They are a very positive race, with much good sense and perseverance, sound at the core, but with an element of savagery in them sometimes, not easily aroused, but hard to subdue when once it is aroused. Zola laid the scene of his Germinal in this district. They are observant and caustic, good story-tellers; they possess a picturesque *patois*, now disappearing, and are said by those who know them well to represent the old *esprit gaulois*. It may well be that there is a strong aboriginal Celtic element among the Picards; they are certainly not ethnically identical with the Normans, for while the department of the Eure-Inférieure on the Norman side of them is the third

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fairest in France, and the Pas-de-Calais on their Flemish side stands fifth, the Somme, which corresponds to the greater part of Picardy, stands twenty-second on the list. Henri Martin, the historian, a Saint-Quentin man, — cold, shrewd, narrow, a firm believer in the virtues of individualism, — is a typical representative of Picardy, and has been described as a typical Celt. From Picardy, and even more from the neighboring Artois, where the Picard blends with the more sympathetic Fleming, have come many able writers, thinkers, and men of affairs: Sainte-Beuve, English on his mother's side, belonged to Boulogne through his father; Condorcet was half a Picard; Malebranche belonged to Artois, as also Suger and Daunou. The somewhat sombre, narrow, and fervent Picardy spirit is favorable to religion, though of late fervid belief has largely given way to fervid unbelief, without, however, abolishing superstition. France, on the whole, is far from being a land of fanatics, but the Picard's moral character is the soil on which fanaticism flourishes. It can hardly be an accident that the three most famous and influential fanatics of Europe were all born within fifty miles of one another, in Picardy or on its borders: Peter the Hermit belonged to Amiens, Calvin to Noyon, Robespierre to Arras. Damiens, the would-be regicide, also came from this region. The men of Picardy are not poets. There is no province in France, says Tiersot, where the popular song is so neglected; the only *chanson* held in honor is the *chanson grivoise*. It was not so always; Picardy was once a centre of musical evolution, but this was probably due to Flemish influence, which has now receded. Gresset and Voiture are the chief poets Picardy has to show, patient artisans of language, whose work reminds us, it has been said, of the skillful and delicate handicrafts of Picardy and Artois. In recent times, Bourget was born at Amiens. It seems to me, on the whole, that the artistic impulse in this region is due chiefly to the Flemings. In the Middle Ages, all Artois and half Picardy up to Amiens, perhaps to Abbeville, were Fleming. In the seventeenth century, according to Reclus, the Flemish zone still reached Boulogne, and north of a line from Boulogne to Saint-Omer this Teutonic speech was general. Arras still has the characters of a Flemish town.

The people of French Flanders are a brave, industrious, and independent race, more sociable than the Picards. A tall, full-bodied, fair race, — as they were long ago described, and as they remain to-day, — they are fond of good cheer, and are the chief beer-drinkers in France. Soon angry, they are soon appeased; easily won by gentleness, they have never yielded to force. The women are beautiful, with more *esprit* than the men, enjoying the same freedom as the men, and with all the Flemish passion for cleanliness. It is noteworthy that Flanders has produced more distinguished women than any other part of France. Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, the poet, whose reputation is still growing, came from here; so did Madame Bourignon, a mystic of the finest temper, as well as several actresses whose fame still lives, including Clairon; Madame Adam, also, who has for many years been the most conspicuous woman in France, belongs to Picardy. This race has strong artistic aptitudes both for poetry and design. During four centuries these northern provinces of France, together with Belgium, were the field in which modern music developed. The most celebrated *trouvères* of the Middle Ages also belonged to this country, and a rich harvest of ancient popular melodies, sacred and profane being here closely allied, has been found. In old times the Flemish weaver used to accompany his solitary task with a song, often plaintive in character; to-day, in no part of France are choral societies and concerts of all kinds so popular. There is also a great love of pic-

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tures in Flanders. Picture galleries are numerous, and Baudrillart assures us that an innate love for drawing and color is frequently found among the young peasants; this quality has often been displayed in the delicate fabrics of Flanders. The Fleming or Belgic race which possesses this quality has produced a group of the greatest masters of subtle and delicate art which France can show. Froissart, who chronicled mediæval chivalry so delightfully, was a native of Valenciennes, while Monstrelet belonged to Cambrai, not far off. John of Bologna, the sculptor, belonged to Douai. Watteau, the chief representative of the Belgic spirit in painting, belonged to Valenciennes, and J. B. Pater was born close by. Racine came from over the border in the Isle of France; La Fontaine, who was born still farther south, is perhaps related to the group; while Coppée belongs to a Walloon family who came from Mons over the Belgian frontier, and Félicien Rops, one of the most original of modern artists, is also Belgian, and spiritually allied to the same group. The chief recent representative of the group is Verlaine ("*espèce de mauvais Racine,*" as he has called himself), who belongs to Arras by his mother, to the forests of Ardennes by his father, whose name is that of a Belgian town not far over the frontier. It seems, to me at least, that this group possesses a peculiarly distinctive individuality as a group. Their art is not robust, not usually profuse or expansive, but it is never weak or insincere; it is singularly free from any mixture of base artistic alloy. It is the art of a race of weavers and musicians, seeking more or less unconsciously to express their racial traditions. Both Watteau and Verlaine, the most typical men of their tribe, seem to have been haunted by some ideal of musical harmony. *Nuance* is their chief canon of technique, and Verlaine's L'Art Poétique sets forth the real aspirations of the whole group. At the same time, we feel that this exquisite art is a flower that has coarse roots deep down in the exuberant energy of a rough and vigorous race. We are reminded sometimes of the savagery that has been seen in Picardy, and the terrible gayety of Rubens's Kermesse. All such delicate flowers of art, vital enough to live, have roots below that are coarse enough.

As we leave Flanders we come down the eastern side of France, where we find at least three main groups of names on the map in Lorraine, in Burgundy, and in Dauphiny. Here we find a different race, a large, fair people, though less fair than the men of the northern coast, in many respects Teutonic. They also differ from the people of the west of France in traditions. Thus, while the Aguilaneuf fête, that of the winter solstice, between Christmas and Epiphany, is celebrated chiefly in the western provinces from Normandy to Gascony, in the east May Day is the most solemn festival. This fair race came into France by the valley of the Moselle, leaving a much darker race in the north of Lorraine (protected from invasion by the Ardennes), spreading out in Champagne, and mingling with the fair people of Flanders near the eastern frontier. The Alsatians are a thoroughly mixed race, now practically homogeneous. The undoubtedly large Germanic element in the mixture is perhaps well indicated by the fact that the national dance of Alsace is the waltz, which could scarcely take popular root in a less Teutonic region. The people of Lorraine are also mixed, though less thoroughly. As Collignon has shown, they are tall and fair like their eastern neighbors, broad-headed like their western neighbors. The tallest Frenchmen come from the highlands of the Jura at the south of Lorraine. These eastern people generally are a solid, deliberate race, fond of work, and very tenacious of their freedom; they succeeded in preserving their autonomy until a much later date than the people in any other part of France. The free com-

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munities of the Jura energetically resisted the armies of Louis XIV.; Franche-Comté became really French only at the Revolution. We do not find that violent political revolutionaries come from this part of France (although some extreme idealistic social revolutionaries), but rather the men of sturdy republican principle, not apt for mere revolt. The main character of the Lorraine genius, as one contemplates the map, seems to be a certain pure idealism, little touched by that earthiness which often gives sanity, and sometimes a certain coarseness of fibre, to the French genius. It is not the concrete poetic idealism of the melancholy seafaring Bretons, but the more abstract idealism of an independent mountain-dwelling people, and it is sometimes combined with mathematical ability. Joan of Arc is the typical heroine of Lorraine; and in modern days, Louise Michel, another notable woman of Lorraine, represents something of the same spirit. The names of Proudhon and Fourier are to be seen a little to the south in Franche-Comté. Joinville, the biographer of St. Louis, as has lately been pointed out, had not a little in common with Joan, who was born in his domain, and like her he had fallen under the influence of Franciscan mysticism, which had then lately reached France. The chief artists of Lorraine — Claude Lorraine, Callot, and Bastien Lepage — show much of the same spirit. Victor Hugo, on his father's side, sprang from peasants in the Vosges, thus combining the two most idealistic races in France. The Goncourts also come largely from this part of France. Theuriet, among recent writers, represents much of the spirit of his native Lorraine. My map shows few soldiers or men of science in Lorraine; the idealists, painters, and poets rule undisturbed. But men of science abound in Burgundy, a little farther south.

The German Burgunds, in spite of their height and strength, were distinguished from the Franks by their relative mildness; in Burgundy, however, we find a small, dark, lively, round-headed race as well as the fair and tall people, and it is doubtless to the mixture of the two that the fine qualities of the Burgundian genius are due. There is a breadth and many-sided exuberance in the Burgundian genius, a generosity of power which some enthusiasts like Stendhal have not hesitated to attribute to the generosity of the native wines. In literature the Burgundian possesses a certain majestic eloquence tinctured with moral fervor, which I find to be peculiar to his province. St. Bernard and Diderot, Bossuet and Buffon, are the four great spiritual pillars of Burgundy. Lacordaire came from here. Lamartine, statesman and poet, who occupies an epoch-marking place in the evolution of modern French literature, is a characteristic example of the passion, exuberance, and versatility of the Burgundian genius. Edgar Quinet came from the southern part of the province (Bresse), which has an individuality of its own, a certain melancholy and intensity, a strong love of nature. Desperiers, the audacious author of the Cymbalum Mundi, was a Burgundian, as were Piron and Crébillon. Burgundy, like Lorraine, shows well in the arts; Rameau, Greuze, Prud'hon, Rude, and Courbet (over the western border) are among the names to be seen in this district. The neighborhood is especially rich in great scientific men. They include Monge, De Brosses, Buffon, Diderot, Lalande, Bichat, Pasteur just over the Franche-Comté frontier, Cuvier a little further east still, Paul Bert just over the Berri frontier. South of Burgundy lies Lyons, a city which stands at the junction of too many roads to be considered profitably from the present point of view; but Lyons has produced at least three great scientific men — Jussieu, Ampère, Claude Bernard — who seem to belong to the same group. On the whole, there is a fine solidity about the

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Burgundian spirit; it is sound and juicy to the core. Very independent, these men have rarely run to insane eccentricity or excess. Even in their physical aspect, as we see them in their portraits, there is a certain nobility, though they have often sprung from the peasant class, for Franche-Comté and the neighboring regions have always been practically democratic. Moreover, Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, never a very large town, was in its best days intellectually self-centred, not waiting to take its fashions from Paris, and no French provincial city has produced so large a crop of genius.

In Dauphiny we find a peculiarly vigorous and sturdy race of men, differing in many respects, as all observers agree, from neighboring races. They are robust in physique, in character, and in intellect, a cautious, inquiring, energetic, stubborn race, — the Scotchmen of France. "Prudence and energy," said Berlioz, a true Dauphiny man, "those are the only means of success in the world." These men are tenacious of their freedom, — the great Revolution began in Dauphiny, — but petty revolts are rare. At a very early period Protestantism took root in Dauphiny, and the tendency has persisted to the present day. It is a mountainous district, once inhabited by Cæsar's Allobrogi, but, unlike most mountainous districts, it has been a great meeting-ground for the mingling of races, and many armies have passed through it. Romans, Burgundians, Lombards, and Saracens have all left their marks here. On glancing at the map, one is struck by the number of great soldiers produced by Dauphiny: Lesdiguières, Barnave, Mounet, come from here, and at the head of them stands Bayard, the type of all knightly perfection. The philosophers, however, are hardly less numerous: Condillac and Mably are found here; Condorcet was at least half Dauphinois, as was D'Alembert by his mother. Observation and keen analytical power mark the Dauphiny spirit, as well as tenacity and practical common sense. It is scarcely an accident that Champollion, the man who found the key to the mysteries of Egypt, came from here. Vaucanson, the mechanician, and Dolomieu, the geologist, are also seen. Farel, the practical-minded reformer, belongs to this region. Berlioz, the greatest of French composers, was a thorough Dauphinois; the family can be traced back for at least six hundred years. Stendhal is the chief literary representative of a race not greatly enamored of literature for its own sake. An acute observer, with a close analytic grip of life, Stendhal was also a soldier, and his racial instincts made him prefer action to art, so that at last his contempt of his own literary activity became a mere pose. The Perier family of merchants and statesmen illustrates the Dauphiny character on its practical, sagacious side; to-day this family has shown the continued vigor of its stock by furnishing France with a "strong" president. The inhabitants of Dauphiny are a vigorous blend of men, remarkably uniform in their psychic characters, though less so in their physical characters. That they win us by their charm can hardly be said, but they hold us by their strength.

Geographically, we have only to cross the Dauphiny border to reach Provence, but from the present point of view it is a far journey. Here we enter the old Ligurian country, and for the first time we meet a thoroughly southern dark-haired and dark-eyed race, a slender, supple, long-headed race, with a suggestion of the Arab about them. We realize that we are approaching North Africa, and that for a long time the Saracens had their strongholds here. The race is as distinct on the psychic side, mobile and emotional, energetic talkers, but inclined to languor, possessing facile æsthetic perceptions, and reminding us somewhat of the Andalusians, who also have the Moorish strain. When we compare them with

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the robust peoples of eastern and northern France they strike us as feminine, though sufficiently charming in their femininity. Marseilles is more picturesque and alive than any other large French city; there is a touch of Naples about it. In London, Paris, and other great European cities one is always conscious of a vast rumble of wheels, as it were the roar of a huge engine-house. In Marseilles the human tongue seems to dominate every other sound; one hears the everlasting roar of voices. It is what in France they call "meridional vivacity." Such is the impression which Provence makes on the visitor. A glance at my map confirms, on the whole, this impression. No great revolutions have appeared in southern France, except Protestant movements which belong particularly to Languedoc, but nowhere else is the *vox populi* so loudly heard. Provence is especially a land of orators, although some of the greatest names are not entirely native. It seems scarcely an accident that Gambetta was born and bred in Provence; Mirabeau came from here, though his mother was born farther north, and far back he belonged to a Florentine family; Massillon was a Provençal. Great names are not very numerous in Provence. Many men of ability in art or literature have come of late from Provence and the south generally, to a greater extent, seemingly, than from any other part of France, — literary men from Nismes, sculptors from Aix, painters from Toulouse, — but they seldom reach the highest rank, though their work is often charming and interesting, their personalities remarkable. Puget and Daumier, two notable names, may be seen at Marseilles. A much more eminent band of painters, with Puvis de Chavannes at their head, have come from Lyons and its neighborhood, farther north. There seems to be in Provence a high general level of intelligence and capacity, belonging to an old and heterogeneous race living beneath a genial sky, but little aptitude for great initiative or achievement. It is noteworthy that in Provencè, during recent years, there has been a genuine re-birth of the popular dialect. Roumanille, Mistral, and Aubanel, the leaders of this movement on the literary side, have attained a reputation which is far from undeserved. Gautier, who belonged to Avignon, though born near the Pyrenees, is the most perfect literary craftsman of Provence; Armand Silvestre, his comrade in race and craft, may also be mentioned, and Sardou is half a Provençal. Daudet, however, who belongs to Nismes, is the truest representative of the literary spirit of the south, with all its fine qualities and its limitations. A man of charming and accomplished talent, very facile and receptive, without any true originality, his touch on every subject is inevitably artistic and adroit; and in his study of Numa Roumestan and in the delineation of the humors of Tartarin he has felicitously embodied the Provençal spirit. There are, however, some names on the map which may surprise the casual visitor to Provence. The Greeks obtained a footing here, and Marseilles was a Greek colony. It seems reasonable to lay to Greek influence a marked tendency in the Provençal to philosophize. Gassendi, a thinker whose broad and sane outlook on human life won Molière's adherence, came from here. So, too, at the present day, does Renouvier. Vauvenargues, the ethical epigrammatist, who possessed the Greek spirit in a high degree, belonged to Provence. De Vogüé, whom we have so often heard of lately as the accomplished literary leader of a Neo-Catholic movement, is a Provençal who is at the same time the son of an English mother. In this region, also, particularly in Languedoc, we have a very serious, even sombre Protestant spirit, of which, in the present century, Guizot has been perhaps the most conspicuous representative. We have to recognize here an old Ostrogothic

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element, and in Hérault, Aveyron, Lozère, and among the Cévennes in the midst of Languedoc the people become fairer, more especially as regards the lighter color of the eyes. Catholic and Protestant fought here with a ferocity which seems less explicable than the rather similar fanaticism aroused by Orange movements in Ulster.

As we move westward and northward in Languedoc the Protestant influence becomes more conspicuous on the map, while taking on a more free-thinking character. At the same time the dark Ligurian race mingles with another rather less dark race coming from the Pyrenees; distinctly darker, however, than the Protestants of central Languedoc. We now enter the large Aquitanian region. On Topinard's ethnical map, according to color of hair and eyes, this region is very clearly bounded: it occupies the whole southwestern corner of France, including all Gascony and parts of Guienne and Languedoc. The Garonne separates it from the home of the fairer race to the northward. It is evident that, as Topinard points out, this dark race came from Spain, partly by the pass of Cap Cerbère, chiefly by San Sebastian, and that they were stopped by the Garonne, perhaps also by Protestant and English influence at Rochelle and in Saintonge. Strabo noted that the Aquitanians were more like the Iberians than the Gauls, both in body and speech; and there can be little doubt that the intercourse between Spain and Aquitaine continued to a late date. We learn from the Gascon Rolls of the fourteenth century that the mountaineers of Navarre sent their flocks to the *landes* of Bordeaux. On my map there is a well-distributed mass of genius corresponding very closely with this dark race, except that a band, fifty miles broad, north of the Pyrenees, where the population is scanty, is bare of genius, and that the men of genius have to some extent crossed the Garonne at one point in Guienne and reached Périgord. As one reads the names on the map, one quickly gains the conviction that the psychic characters of the Aquitanian race are fully as characteristic as its anthropological characters. There is a certain tendency to braggadocio among these people, we are always told; but these braggarts are simply a free-spoken people whose deeds come up to their words. The Gascons have always been a brave and martial race. To a larger extent than any other part of France they have produced great soldiers, — Lannes, Soult, Murat, Bernadotte, etc. There is a touch of the trooper's license and audacity in the Aquitanian spirit generally, a swashbucklering which is rendered very charming, however, by the penetrating intellectuality of the race, their singular sincerity and humanity, and their instinct in literature for racy style. Montaigne, Montesquieu, and Broca perhaps stand out as the typical representatives of the race; all inquisitive, audacious, wide-ranging spirits, and as charitable and charming as they were inquisitive. Nor do they stand alone. Palissy, the potter, who was so much beside a potter, is another characteristic representative of the country; Bayle, the encyclopædic free-thinker, came from here, with Fermat, the mathematician, and Agrippa d'Aubigné, as well as Gratiolet and Dupuytren, for it is a country of great surgeons as well as of great soldiers. On the purely literary side, the qualities of the race have found expression, sometimes rather riskily, not only in Montaigne, but in Brantôme, La Calprenède, and, more recently, Cladel. There are also two names of the first rank which probably ought to be mentioned here, although both on the map and in temperament they stand outside the group: Balzac (with a Parisian mother) is found a little to westward in Languedoc, and the turbulent temper of his work doubtless belongs to Languedoc; Voltaire came from an otherwise barren region northward in Poitou, where the Aquitanian spirit is chastened by

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northern influences. The Reclus family, of whom Élisée, and to a less extent Élie, are best known, are characteristic representatives of this district; they belong to Périgord and the Gironde. Their father (as has happened with many of the eminent free-thinkers of this region) was a devout Protestant minister, and he gave Biblical names to a large family of sons who have shown eminent intellectual ability, especially in scientific research, an instinctive faculty for literary style, very bold and uncompromising social opinions, together with perfect equanimity in accepting the penalties attached to such opinions. The saintliness of these Aquitanians equals their martial and literary audacity. Without disparagement to the fiery idealists of Brittany or the stern fanatics of Picardy, it must be said that the most perfect saints France has produced—Fénelon and Vincent de Paul — came from this region, while Francis Xavier was born just over the Spanish border, and was educated in France. I cannot help thinking that the Aquitanian temper generally, as well as the dialect and physical characters, is related to Spain, where we often find the same charmingly mingled audacity, saintliness, and humanity. The Aquitanian, however, has been more fortunate than the Spaniard, on whom the heavy hand of Castile and the Inquisition has been laid with such fatal effect. Stendhal, without reference to this point, somewhere remarks that the Gascon can read Don Quixote sympathetically, while a Norman would see in it only a few judicious remarks by Sancho Panza. The Gascon, too, like the Spaniard, has always been rich in those fine spiritual possessions which are called "castles in the air."

We have now briefly examined all the chief clusters of names to be seen on the map. There are various interesting points which the map suggests for discussion, but these must be left. It would, for instance, be instructive to inquire to what causes the barrenness of the central part of France is due; how far it is owing simply to scantier population; and whether, so far as genius is concerned, the racial soil has been exhausted; for it is remarkable that the few great names that are found in the centre of France all belong to an early period.

The genius of France, when we analyze it, breaks up into the widely different genius of the various regions — often corresponding to the old provinces — of which France is made up. As we watch the process, we realize that nationality, in its merely political and military sense, is a very unstable and fleeting thing. A country like France is a collection of smaller countries, and includes the most widely diverse races. Just as unification has gone on in the past by conquest, so we may expect it will continue in the future by federation, producing at last a huge, loosely connected political unity. But a large superficial unity does not tend to obliterate easily the real racial distinctions. Brittany and Normandy have long formed part of France, but their psychic individualities remain. Political boundaries are shifting and unimportant; the influence of race is fundamental. This influence has remained much the same, although England and Germany have ruled for centuries over various provinces of France. And just as race is little affected by merely political influences, so it remains uninfluenced by the various waves of opinion — Catholic, Protestant, and free-thinking — which pass over it. A man's character is part of his racial heredity, and is his most aboriginal possession.

Havelock Ellis.

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GALLIA REDIVIVA.

A CRAVING for justice is one of the strongest instincts of the human soul. Great catastrophes remain unintelligible to us until we succeed in considering them as deserved retributions. Especially is this true when the main sufferers are, not individuals, but large aggregations of men, armies, political parties, nations. When, in 1870, the military power of France was shattered to splinters by the armies of Germany; when one province after another was invaded by the victorious hosts; when the brilliant and proud capital that considered itself the light of the world, *la ville-lumière*, was, before being compelled by hunger to surrender to the enemy, separated for months from the rest of the world, and the world continued to move, both the suddenness and the size of the catastrophe led many to believe that the tree which seemed all but rooted out by the storm was wholly rotten, and had no longer any power of recuperation. Only a thoroughly corrupt country, so it appeared, would thus pass from dazzling splendor to the blackness of such disaster, and history teaches what becomes of such countries. Was France to go the way of Babylon, of Greece, of the Byzantine Empire? Many had no hesitation in answering that it was. Not in Germany alone, the victorious country, was the doom of France held to be simply the deserved and final retribution of a career of wickedness. In England, Dr. Macleod, in the presence of the court, preached a sermon in which he described the awful fate that is sure to overwhelm nations when they wander from the ways of righteousness; and Queen Victoria wrote in her journal that although no nation was named, everybody understood the celebrated preacher to be speaking of "poor, unhappy France." Had any one at that time drawn a picture of what France now is, described the country as prosperous and strong, enjoying a degree of political liberty that it had never known, in possession of a commanding position in the world of art, science, and letters, peaceful and yet formidably equipped for war, as earnest and as successful as ever in the pursuit of everything that tends to national greatness, and had he said that such a picture would be a true representation of France before a quarter of a century had elapsed, he would have created serious doubts as to his mental sanity. The general belief was that France would frantically seize the first opportunity that presented itself of rushing again into war, and would then be overtaken by new defeats which would result in an end of her national existence. Moreover, the Parisian insurrection which followed hard upon the conclusion of the war, even before the German troops had left the vicinity of the city, led many to believe that no new foreign war would be necessary; that internal feuds would be sufficient to rend the country asunder, and forever blot its name out of the list of the controlling forces of modern civilization.

Even to-day it would not be quite unnatural, perhaps, for some superficial observer to entertain doubts as to the permanent character of France's magnificent recovery. On the whole, what is most striking, at first sight, in the country's improved condition is wealth and artistic supremacy. Wealth is not strength. Carthage regained her wealth so rapidly after the second Punic war that Rome was fairly frightened. But the third Punic war quickly showed how little real strength lay behind the recovered splendor of Rome's African rival. Neither is artistic and literary supremacy a necessary sign of strength. Did not Greek art and literature conquer Rome after Rome had totally overcome Greece?

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"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."

The present paper is an inquiry into the nature of the changes that have taken place in France since *l'année terrible* (1870–71). It is thought that the result of such an inquiry will be to demonstrate that the disasters of that year were the result of temporary circumstances much more than of permanent faults of the French character, and that the present condition of France is due to a healthier tone pervading nearly every branch of national life and activity.

He who would cure a disease must first know its nature, and, if possible, its cause. That France at the time of her disasters was in a diseased condition no one could deny. There were some who believed that the disease was purely political. Some Republicans thought that the proclamation of a republic was a sufficient guarantee of returning national health, and most of the Royalists insisted that the first step towards recovery must be the reëstablishment of a monarchy. The wisest statesman that France then possessed, Adolphe Thiers, scouted both ideas, and said, as soon as put at the head of affairs, to Royalists and Republicans, "We have something more important to do than to make a constitution: we must reorganize France." Here was the disease with which France was afflicted: she was disorganized, and therefore threatened with dissolution. The search after purely personal gratification had been for well-nigh a quarter of a century almost the sole occupation of nearly every class of society, and impending disruption was the result.

Fortunately, the heart of the nation was sound. We are never so conscious of our love for those we love, never so ready to show them our devotion, as when threatened with loss of them. The French still loved their country, and a startling proof of that love was given when the French government issued the first of the two great loans destined to provide the funds needed for the payment of the enormous war indemnity required of France by Germany. That the government would find capitalists ready to lend it money at six per cent nobody doubted, but what caused universal surprise was that the whole amount required, a billion dollars, and even more, came out of the hoarding-places of the French peasantry. The whole world stood aghast at such a demonstration of national wealth, and a feeling of admiration began to take the place of the pity which had filled the souls of the best friends France had. The moral phenomenon, however, was still more remarkable than the financial one. The peasants who had taken their money to the tax receivers had had no idea that they were loaning it, that they would receive their half-yearly interest as punctually as the soldier receives his pay. They had no ideas of investment. All they had trusted thus far was coin and land. They knew no other forms of property. They were told that money was needed in order to get the German armies out of the country, and they brought all they had saved. Great was their surprise when they discovered that even from a business point of view they could have made no better use of their money.

But more than money was required from the citizens of France. The collapse of the military establishment of the Bonapartist Empire made a reorganization of the army one of the most urgent questions. Compulsory military service was established; no explanation was needed to make the nation accept it. On this point it may be said that the people went ahead of their representatives. Grievous indeed would public disappointment have been if the National Assembly had failed to proclaim the duty of every able-bodied Frenchman to prepare himself in time of peace for any labors, any sacrifice, that might be required of him at other times.

Since that time, the money tax, the blood tax, have both been ungrudgingly

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paid by France. The French budget of expenditure has now reached the appalling total of thirty-seven hundred million francs, and yet no country pays its taxes more regularly, more cheerfully, than France. Several times the military burdens of the nation have had to be increased, and yet there is no movement whatever of emigration from the country due to a desire to escape military service.

In none of these acts, or series of acts, however, was there implied any acknowledgment of past errors, and without such acknowledgment no serious recuperation is ever possible. When we turn to the policy of France towards popular education, the confession is not simply implied; it is openly made. "We were defeated by the German schoolmaster," was a saying commonly heard between 1870 and 1875; and many also recalled Jules Simon's famous words, uttered several years before the war: "The nation that has the best schools is the first nation in the world. If it is not so to-day, it will be so to-morrow." And thus the reform of popular education was undertaken. It was a work of no small difficulty. The nation was not unanimous. The Catholic Church resisted the enactment of any law making education compulsory. It felt that the public schools were gradually becoming emancipated from its influence, and well understood that compulsory education would, in most cases, mean education in the public schools. Then, also, there were financial obstacles. The burdens of the people had been immensely increased by the necessity of meeting the interest on the enormous debt created by the payment of the war indemnity to Germany, and of supporting the great military establishment considered as the sole safeguard of national independence. Every obstacle was overcome. A whole system of laws was enacted, which surrounded the educational service with every kind of protection. Compulsory education was decreed for both sexes. Every village had to have its own schools; if too poor to build them, money would be loaned and subsidies granted by the state. Better pay was given to the teachers; normal schools were erected in every department; the schoolmasters were granted representation in the various educational councils, including the Conseil Supérieur de l'Instruction Publique, which is presided over by no less a person than the Minister of Public Education; finally, education in the public schools was made wholly secular. From this brief record of the perseverance shown by the Republican party in the accomplishment of its most serious task it would be unjust to omit the names of the men who led in the fight and solved most of the problems, Léon Gambetta, Paul Bert, and Jules Ferry.

So much for popular education. Great and arduous as it was, however, the work was undoubtedly helped by several circumstances. First, free compulsory secular education had been for a long time, even before the fall of Napoleon III., one of the war cries of the Republican party. The campaign carried on for its establishment derived no small encouragement from the fact that behind it lay the whole set of traditions of the party to which France, in 1876, decided to entrust the care of her political destinies. Then the opposition of the Church, though in many instances throwing local obstacles in the path of the new system, on the whole provided its advocates with a powerful weapon. The Church had been unwise enough to link its fortunes with those of the anti-Republican factions. In doing so, it had entirely misunderstood the temper of the country and overestimated its own influence. The country was determined to have a republic, and ecclesiastical opposition only weakened the Church itself. It not only weakened the Church; it strengthened all that the Church opposed. The peasants of France were far from clear as to the desirability of free compulsory secular education; but when told that the Church opposed not only the Republic, but also the educational

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policy of the Republican party, they concluded that it opposed that policy only because its success would strengthen the Republic, and their support was won for a policy the full scope of which they were far from realizing.

But other educational reforms were needed, very little if at all inferior in importance to the establishment of a good system of primary education. The condition of higher education in France during the reign of Napoleon III. was far from creditable to the country. Hardly any foreign students considered it worth their while to go to a French university for the purpose of studying philology, literature, philosophy, history. In most cases, all they would find there was a chance, at best, to hear some brilliant lecture full of witticisms, of well-turned sentences, some gem of crisp academic oratory; but for thorough drill in any sort of literary, philological, or historical investigation, it was well understood that they would, in some small German town like Giessen for instance, find their wants much better attended to than at Lyons, Bordeaux, or Toulouse; better, perhaps, than in Paris itself. In the scientific and professional faculties things were undoubtedly better; there were fine laboratories under the management of great chemists and physicists, there were great law and medical schools, but the spirit of original investigation, which may be called the soul of university education, received on the whole very little encouragement. One man, Victor Duruy,[1] the celebrated historian, had indeed, during his tenure as Minister of Public Education, tried to arouse the French universities; but he had been understood by only a few, and although allowed to found sundry institutions intended to bring about an improvement in methods, such as the École Pratique des Hautes Études, he had been unable to provide them with adequate means

Here the reform was difficult of accomplishment. It is never very easy to give to a democracy an appreciation of the importance of branches of education of which only the few can directly avail themselves. Moreover, enormous sums were already absorbed by the payment of the debt, the reorganization of the army and navy, and the development of primary education. Finally, there was something galling to the pride of the nation in having its intellectual leaders represent as totally inadequate a system of instruction which undoubtedly fitted in with some of the most permanent traits of the national character. To have been beaten by the Germans was bad enough; it was worse still to have to admit that *ces lourds Allemands* led France in intellectual pursuits as well as in military organization. The acknowledgment was made, however. Year after year grants of money were asked from the Chambers, with the plainly expressed purpose of raising the French universities to the level of those in Germany. Young French scholars and professors were sent across the Rhine to study the university system of the conquering country, and the methods of her teachers. Many more went in the same direction on their own account, and returned home to do missionary work in the good cause. Once in a while, some timid voice would try to bring forward the characteristic argument that German universities were well enough for the Germans, but that the brilliant Frenchman would only be a loser if he tried to assimilate the methods of his duller and plodding rival. The answer at once came from those best entitled to be heard that true patriotism required an acknowledgment of national weaknesses, as well as the courage to go to work to remedy them. So great courage had its reward. The grants for higher education were increased fourfold, new buildings were erected, new libraries established, new laboratories opened; the older institutions woke up

[1] He died November 25, 1894.

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from their prolonged slumber, and entered upon a new era of development. Hosts of young teachers demonstrated that German thoroughness of research could be united with the merits of clear exposition and literary form which had always distinguished the French scholar. And what is to-day the result? Wherever there are scholars, French scholarship is held to be second to none, — in some branches to hold unquestionably the first rank. Twenty-five years ago a French philologist was almost a rarity. It is but yesterday that France was called upon to mourn the untimely death of a scholar who, though taken away before completing his forty-fifth year, had outstripped all his rivals in one of the most difficult branches of Oriental philology, while his vigor of thought and perfection of literary style made him, as was said by one of his former teachers, "one of the voices by means of which France spoke to the world." No Oriental scholar will need to have suggested here the name of the lamented James Darmesteter. This simple tribute will be forgiven, coming as it does from the sad heart of one of the friends of his childhood. There cannot be many James Darmesteters, but how many French scholars of high rank have in the last twenty years served their country well by serving science well! Gaston Paris, Paul Meyer, Alfred Morel-Fatio, Léon Clédat, Arsène Darmesteter, who have reclaimed for France the ground formerly tilled almost exclusively by Germans, although it ought never to have ceased to be French, — that is, Romance philology; in classical languages, Paul Girard, Alfred and Maurice Croiset, Salomon and Théodore Reinach, Victor Henri, Gustave Bloch, etc.; in Sanskrit and comparative grammar, Michel Bréal, Abel Bergaigne, Barthe, Paul Regnault; in historical criticism, Fustel de Coulanges, Gabriel Monod, Giry, Émile Bémont, Alfred Chuquet. The same movement for better things is visible in pure literature. The French literary critics of the present day are not only literary artists, they are scholars whose theories are based upon the most accurate knowledge of facts; an article by Brunetière is not simply a masterpiece of logical reasoning, it is a magazine of well-sifted statements, a display of well-presented evidence that would rejoice the heart of an Anglo-Saxon jurist. Formerly German criticism was all that was feared by the slovenly literary worker; now he has to pass the scrutiny of the Revue Historique, the Revue Philosophique, the Revue Critique, the Romania, the Revue d'Histoire Littéraire de la France, the Revue Sémitique, etc. And all this work has been accomplished without for a moment causing France to lose the prestige of literary taste and excellence. As purely literary periodicals, the Revue des Deux Mondes of to-day, the Revue de Paris, the Revue Bleue, do not yield to anything that ever came from the pen of the French *littérateurs*.

What need be said of science proper when two of the most terrible diseases known to the human race, rabies and diphtheria, have been conquered by the application of French methods; when the laboratory of Louis Pasteur may be said to be the shrine towards which every fighter against human suffering is constantly looking for inspiration? In every branch of human learning France stands to-day far higher than she did twenty-five years ago; far higher than she would stand had she not been willing to learn from Germany the lesson taught originally by her own fabulist, that patience and industry are stronger than any obstacle: —

> "Patience et longueur de temps
> Font plus que force ni que rage."

From England, too, France was willing to learn, though in spite of the pangs of defeat it was easier, perhaps, for France to learn from Germany than from a country from which she so much differs, not in habits of life simply, but in her moral estimate of human actions, of vices and

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virtues. Beyond the Channel were no methods of scholarship to be studied, but the art of making men physically strong and morally self-reliant. Though far from placing football on the same plane as historical criticism, we cannot shut our eyes to the admirable results obtained by the League for Physical Education. The reports of the military authorities show that the average height of French recruits during the last two years has been decidedly greater than for years before.

For few faults have the French in the past been more severely rebuked than for their willful ignorance of what was done by foreign nations. It is hard to see how such an accusation could be leveled at them now. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu's master work upon Russia stands without an equal, and the English-speaking peoples read the history of that country in a translation from the French of Alfred Rambaud. Jusserand's books upon English life and letters are almost as widely read north as south of the British Channel; Angellier's and Chevrillon's exhaustive works upon Robert Burns and Sydney Smith are held to be masterpieces of literary presentation. The works of Philippe Daryl (Paschal Grousset) and Francis de Pressensé upon Ireland have called forth words of high praise from Mr. Gladstone. Of books — we mean good books — about Germany there is no end; Spain has been studied by Alfred Morel-Fatio; the United States by Émile Levasseur, who visited them twice, and by Alfred Moireau. A stanch Republican may be permitted to inscribe here the name of a Royalist pretender, the late Comte de Paris, whose History of the Civil War has been pronounced one of the best books on the subject. France now knows her neighbors and all the civilized nations of the world at least as well as she is known by them. She follows their work even in the fields which the world was willing to admit to be peculiarly her own. The superiority of her dramatic writers does not blind her to what is done elsewhere. Ibsen has as many admirers in France, and is as well known there, as anywhere outside of his own country. The adaptations of Shakespeare's plays, which follow each other from year to year, and the success of Wagner's works, both in the concert-room and on the stage, may be quoted also in demonstration of the broadening of the national taste.

Years ago, a Frenchman was described as a man who wore mustaches and knew no geography. He still wears a mustache, but his ignorance of geography is a thing of the past. Élisée Reclus's monumental Géographie Universelle has been planned, written, and published entirely since the establishment of the Republic.

In short, there has been a clear determination in France to demonstrate that the faults for which the country was blamed (and if punished, how severely!) in 1870 were due to temporary circumstances, not to any ineradicable national vice of constitution.

We have dealt thus far with sets of facts to which the attention of the country was drawn either by the disasters of *l'année terrible* or by the comments called out by these disasters. Let us see now how the country has dealt with new and unforeseen contingencies.

For centuries the vineyards of France have been one of the most important sources of her wealth. Their extraordinary productiveness in the years immediately following the Franco-German war was one of the main causes of her wonderfully rapid financial recuperation. Her wine production then averaged over fifteen hundred million gallons. In 1875 it reached the almost incredible figure of twenty-five hundred million gallons! Suddenly the country heard that it was threatened with a total loss of this magnificent source of revenue. A small insect, the *phylloxera vastatrix*, was destroying the vine, and even (so it was

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thought for a long time) unfitting the soil for the growth of new plants. The production fell to eight hundred and fifty million gallons, and once even to seven hundred and fifty million. The vine-growers then showed whether those critics were good judges of the French character who said that it was incapable of perseverance. They tried every possible way of conquering their invisible enemy. They poisoned it; they drowned it; they pulled up their plants, and substituted for them the sturdier product of American soil; some of them left their native places, and searched in Algeria for districts where the vine would grow. For a long time success seemed impossible; production remained stationary. Only after long and persevering efforts was victory achieved; not until 1893 were former figures again reached, — fourteen hundred million gallons for France, one hundred million for Algeria.

The same energy, the same determination to conquer obstacles, lies at the bottom of the new colonial policy of France. The French heard and everywhere read that they were no colonizers. They resolved to demonstrate that only governmental blunders had in former centuries robbed the country of the fruits of its colonizing efforts. Canada and India had been lost, not by any lack of perseverance in the nation, but by the criminal carelessness of Louis XV. The policy that added to their possessions Tunis, Tonkin, part of the Congo country, most of western Sudan, and to a certain extent Madagascar was no mere governmental whim. It has gone hand in hand with a development of exploring enterprise that almost reminds one of the great discoveries of the sixteenth century. Stanley's French rivals can hardly be numbered; they have certainly contributed more than any other set of men to our better knowledge of the centre of Africa; and fully as much successful energy was displayed in the peninsula of Indo-China.

Thus in every field we find the French of to-day careful to avoid the mistakes which, twenty-five years ago, came so near ruining their country forever. Their changed attitude in governmental matters, their increased political wisdom, are merely the natural result of the improved tone noticeable in all the separate manifestations of their activity. What is done in separate branches is the work of individuals; government is the work of all; or else why should historians always devote most of their labors to an examination of the doings of governments? France is no longer the land of revolutions. More than once since the establishment of the present Republic circumstances have arisen which in former times would have resulted in a complete overthrow of government. Still the Republic lives. It conquered the Paris Commune; it thwarted the plots of the fusionists in 1873, and those of MacMahon's supporters in 1877; it shook off Boulanger and Boulangerism, and weathered the storm aroused by the revelation of the Panama scandals. Last of all, it withstood without a tremor the terrible strain that is caused in any country by such an event as the murder of the executive. When President Carnot fell by the dagger of Caserio, there was no thought of seeking help outside of the lines marked by the Constitution. The excitable Frenchmen remained as steady as the calmest people on earth could have done. Congress convened, and elected the man who would have been elected five months later, if Carnot had been allowed to serve out his full term.

Another instance of increased political wisdom may be seen in the attitude of the people towards the abolished institution of life senatorships. Life senators are no longer elected. Yet no one asks for a wholesale dismissal of the present incumbents. They are allowed to keep their seats until gathered to their ancestors, and gradually give way to their elected and temporary successors.

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Not simply is the attitude of the people to the government changed. The same is true of the attitude of the government to the people. The duty of the state to adjust its burdens so that they may weigh least upon the least fortunate part of the population is clearly recognized. When it became possible, a short time ago, to abolish the tax of ten per cent on railroad tickets, which had been established after the Franco-German war, the Minister of Public Works insisted that the railroad companies should at the same time reduce their fares in the following proportion: on first-class tickets, ten per cent; on second-class, twenty per cent; on third-class, thirty per cent; thus making the masses the greatest beneficiaries of the reform, thanks to which the cost of railroad traveling has now been brought down, for the greater part of the population, to one and a half cents a mile, and even to one and an eighth cents on round-trip tickets.

A more serious tone is thus felt to be pervading all the manifestations of the national life of France. It is visible in the efforts made on all sides, among the adherents of all shades of philosophical opinions, Protestants, Catholics, freethinkers, to emphasize the need of devotion to some ideal; it is visible in the success that rewards every attempt of the kind, the Protestant writings of Charles Wagner, the Neo-Catholic exhortations of Paul Desjardins and Vicomte de Vogüé, the magnificently bold and sincere philosophical treatises of the lamented Guyau. Whether France will ever again, as a national body, adhere to the dogmatic tenets of Christianity seems, to the writer at least, more doubtful than ever; but she is undoubtedly in search of some ideal form of inspiration, in the comforting sunshine of which all sincere minds may meet and rejoice; and is not such a search to be answered by the beautiful words of France's deepest religious thinker, Pascal, "If thou seekest Me, thou hast found Me already"?

Adolphe Cohn.

SOUL, WHEREFORE FRET THEE?

Soul, wherefore fret thee? Striving still to throw
Some light upon the primal mystery
Through rolling ages pondered ceaselessly,
Whence thou hast come, and whither thou shalt go!
Some deepest, secret voice gives thee to know
How, older than created earth and sea,
Thou hast been ever, shalt forever be, —
Unborn — undying! Thy own life doth show,
Yester, to-day, to-morrow, but a chain
Of dusky pearls, whereof we seek in vain
End or beginning, though perchance the one
We call To-day gleams whitest in the sun.
Ay, Soul, thy very Self is unto thee
Immortal pledge of Immortality!

Stuart Sterne.

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A WISH FULFILLED.

I.

THE streets were full of white uniforms, and the calling of bugles, and the rumbling of artillery. The armies of Japan, for the third time in history, had subdued Korea; and the imperial declaration of war against China had been published by the city journals, printed on crimson paper. All the military powers of the Empire were in motion. The first line of reserves had been summoned, and troops were pouring into Kumamoto. Thousands were billeted upon the citizens; for barracks and inns and temples could not shelter the passing host. And still there was no room; though special trains were carrying regiments north, as fast as possible, to the transports waiting at Shimonoseki.

Nevertheless, considering the immensity of the movement, the city was astonishingly quiet. The troops were silent and gentle as Japanese boys in school hours; there was no swaggering, no reckless gayety. Buddhist priests were addressing squadrons in the courts of the temples; and a great ceremony had already been performed in the parade-ground by the Abbot of the Shinshū sect, who had come from Kyōtō for the occasion. Thousands had been placed by him under the protection of Amida; the laying of a naked razor blade on each young head, symbolizing voluntary renunciation of life's vanities, was the soldier's consecration. Everywhere, at the shrines of the older faith, prayers were being offered up by priests and people to the shades of heroes who fought and died for their Emperor in ancient days, and to the gods of armies. At the Shintō temple of Fujisaki sacred charms were being distributed to the men. But the most imposing rites were those at Honmyōji, the far-famed monastery of the Nichiren sect, where for three hundred years have reposed the ashes of Kato Kiyomasa, conqueror of Korea, enemy of the Jesuits, protector of the Buddhists; Honmyōji, where the pilgrim chant of the sacred invocation, *Namu-myō-hō-renge-kyō*, sounds like the roar of surf; Honmyōji, where you may buy wonderful little *mamori* in the shape of tiny Buddhist shrines, each holding a minuscule image of the deified warrior. In the great central temple, and in all the lesser temples that line the long approach, special services were sung, and special prayers were addressed to the spirit of the hero for ghostly aid. The armor and helmet and sword of Kiyomasa, preserved in the main shrine for three centuries, were no longer to be seen. Some declared that they had been sent to Korea, to stimulate the heroism of the army; but others told a story of echoing hoofs in the temple court by night, and the passing of a mighty Shadow, risen from the dust of his sleep to lead the armies of the Son of Heaven once more to conquest. Doubtless even among the soldiers, brave, simple lads from the country, many believed, just as the men of Athens believed in the presence of Theseus at Marathon. All the more, perhaps, because to no small number of the new recruits Kumamoto itself appeared a place of marvels hallowed by traditions of the great captain, and its castle a world's wonder, built by Kiyomasa after the plan of a stronghold stormed in Chōsen.

Amid all these preparations the people remained singularly quiet. From mere outward signs no stranger could have divined the general feeling. The public calm was characteristically Japanese; the race, like the individual, becoming to all appearance the more self-contained the more profoundly its emotions are called into play. The Emperor had sent

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presents to his troops in Korea, and words of paternal affection; and citizens, following the august example, were shipping away by every steamer supplies of rice wine, provisions, fruits, dainties, tobacco, and gifts of all kinds. Those who could afford nothing costlier were sending straw sandals. The entire nation was subscribing to the war fund; and Kumamoto, though by no means wealthy, was doing all that both poor and rich could help her do to prove her loyalty. The check of the merchant mingled obscurely with the paper dollar of the artisan, the laborer's dime, the coppers of the *kurumaya*, in the great fraternity of unbidden self-denial. Even children gave; and their pathetic little contributions were not refused, lest the universal impulse of patriotism should be in any manner discouraged. But there were special subscriptions also being collected in every street for the support of the families of the troops of the reserves, — married men, engaged mostly in humble callings, who had been obliged of a sudden to leave their wives and little ones without the means to live. That means the citizens voluntarily and solemnly pledged themselves to supply. One could not doubt that the soldiers, with all this unselfish love behind them, would perform even more than simple duty demanded. And they did.

II.

Manyemon said there was a soldier at the entrance who wanted to see me.

"Oh, Manyemon, I hope they are not going to billet soldiers upon us: the house is too small. Please ask him what he wishes."

"I did," answered Manyemon; "he says he knows you."

I went to the door and looked at a fine young fellow in uniform, who smiled and took off his cap as I came forward. I could not recognize him. The smile was familiar notwithstanding. Where could I have seen it before?

"Teacher, have you really forgotten me?"

For another moment I stared at him, wondering; then he laughed gently, and uttered his name, "Kosuga Asakichi."

How my heart leaped to him as I held out both hands! "Come in, come in!" I cried. "But how big and handsome you have grown! No wonder I did not know you."

He blushed like a girl, as he slipped off his shoes and unbuckled his sword. I remembered that he used to blush the same way in class, both when he made a mistake and when he was praised. Evidently his heart was still as fresh as then, when he was a shy boy of sixteen in the school at Matsue. He had got permission to come to bid me good-by: the regiment was to leave in the morning for Korea.

We dined together, and talked of old times, — of Izumo, of Kitzuki, of many pleasant things. I tried in vain, at first, to make him drink a little wine; not knowing that he had promised his mother never to drink wine while he was in the army. Then I substituted coffee for the wine, and coaxed him to tell me all about himself. He had returned to his native place, after graduating, to help his people, wealthy farmers; and he had found that his agricultural studies at school were of great service to him. A year later, all the youths of the village who had reached the age of nineteen, himself among the number, were summoned to the Buddhist temple for examination as to bodily and educational fitness for military service. He had passed as *ichiban* (first class) by the verdicts of the examining surgeon and the recruiting-major (*shōsa*), and had been drawn at the ensuing conscription. After thirteen months' service he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. He liked the army. At first he had been stationed at Nagoya, then at Tōkyō; but finding that his regiment was not to be sent to Korea, he had petitioned with

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success for transfer to the Kumamoto division. "And now I am so glad," he exclaimed, his face radiant with a soldier's joy: "we go to-morrow!" Then he blushed again, as if ashamed of having uttered his frank delight. I thought of Carlyle's deep saying, that never pleasures, but only suffering and death are the lures that draw true hearts. I thought also — what I could not say to any Japanese — that the joy in the lad's eyes was like nothing I had ever seen before, except the caress in the eyes of a lover on the morning of his bridal.

"Do you remember," I asked, "when you declared in the schoolroom that you wished to die for his Majesty the Emperor?"

"Yes," he answered, laughing. "And the chance has come, — not for me only, but for several of my class."

"Where are they?" I asked. "With you?"

"No: they were all in the Hiroshima division, and they are already in Korea. Imaoka (you remember him, teacher: he was very tall), and Nagasaki, and Ishihara, — they were all in the fight at Söng-Hwan. And our drill-master, the lieutenant, — you remember him?"

"Lieutenant Fujii, — yes. He had retired from the army."

"But he belonged to the reserves. He has also gone to Korea. He has had another son born since you left Izumo."

"He had two little girls and one boy," I said, "when I was in Matsue."

"Yes: now he has two boys."

"Then his family must feel very anxious about him?"

"*He* is not anxious," replied the lad. "To die in battle is very honorable; and the government will care for the families of those who are killed. So our officers have no fear. Only — it is very sad to die if one has no son."

"I cannot see why."

"Is it not so in the West?"

"On the contrary, we think it is very sad for the man to die who has children."

"But why?"

"Every good father must be anxious about the future of his children. If he be taken suddenly away from them, they may have to suffer many sorrows."

"It is not so in the families of our officers. The relations care well for the child, and the government gives a pension. So the father need not be afraid. But to die is sorrowful for one who has no child."

"Do you mean sorrowful for the wife and the rest of the family?"

"No: I mean for the man himself, the husband."

"And how? Of what use can a son be to a dead man?"

"The son inherits. The son maintains the family name. The son makes the offerings."

"The offerings to the dead?"

"Yes. Do you now understand?"

"I understand the fact, not the feeling. Do military men still hold these beliefs?"

"Certainly. Are there no such beliefs in the West?"

"Not now. The ancient Greeks and Romans had such beliefs. They thought that the ancestral spirits dwelt in the home, received the offerings, watched over the family. Why they thought so we partly know; but we cannot know exactly how they felt, because we cannot understand feelings which we have never experienced, or which we have not inherited. For the same reason, I cannot know the real feeling of a Japanese in relation to the dead."

"Then you think that death is the end of everything?"

"That is not the explanation of my difficulty. Some feelings are inherited, — perhaps also some ideas. Your feelings and your thoughts about the dead, and the duty of the living to the dead, are totally different from those of an Occidental. To us the idea of death is that of a total separation not only from the living, but from the world. Does not

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Buddhism also teli of a long, dark journey that the dead must make?"

"The journey to the Meido, — yes. All must make that journey. But we do not think of death as a total separation. We think of the dead as still with us. We speak to them each day."

"I know that. What I do not know is of the ideas behind the facts. If the dead go to the Meido, why should offerings be made to ancestors in the household shrines, and prayers be said to them as if they were really present? Do not the common people thus confuse Buddhist teachings and Shintō beliefs?"

"Perhaps many do. But even by those who are Buddhists only, the offerings and the prayers to the dead are made in different places at the same time, — in the parish temples, and also before the family *butsudan*."

"But how can souls be thought of as being in the Meido, and also in various other places at the same time? Even if the people believe the soul to be multiple, that would not explain away the contradiction. For the dead, according to Buddhist teaching, are judged."

"We think of the soul both as one and as many. We think of it as of one person, but not as of a substance. We think of it as something that may be in many places at once, like a moving of air."

"Or of electricity?" I suggested.

"Yes."

Evidently, to my young friend's mind the ideas of the Meido and of the home-worship of the dead had never seemed irreconcilable; and perhaps to any student of Buddhist philosophy the two faiths would not appear to involve any serious contradictions. The Sutra of the Lotus of the Good Law teaches that the Buddha state "*is endless and without limit, — immense as the element of ether.*" Of a Buddha who had long entered into Nirvana it declares, "*Even after his complete extinction, he wanders through this whole world in all ten points of space.*" And the same Sutra, after recounting the simultaneous apparition of all the Buddhas who had ever been, makes the teacher proclaim, "*All these you see are my proper bodies, by kotis of thousands, like the sands of the Ganges: they have appeared that the law may be fulfilled.*" But it seemed to me obvious that, in the artless imagination of the common people, no real accord could ever have been established between the primitive conceptions of Shintō and the much more definite Buddhist doctrine of a judgment of souls.

"Can you really think of death," I asked, "as life, as light?"

"Oh yes," was the smiling answer. "We think that after death we shall still be with our families. We shall see our parents, our friends. We shall remain in this world viewing the light as now."

(There suddenly recurred to me, with new meaning, some words of a student's composition regarding the future of a just man: *His soul shall hover eternally in the universe.*)

"And therefore," continued Asakichi, "one who has a son can die with a cheerful mind."

"Because the son will make those offerings of food and drink without which the spirit would suffer?" I queried.

"It is not only that. There are duties much more important than the making of offerings. It is because every man needs some one to love him after he is dead. Now you will understand."

"Only your words," I replied, "only the facts of the belief. The feeling I do not understand. I cannot think that the love of the living could make me happy after death. I cannot even imagine myself conscious of any love after death. And you, you are going far away to battle: do you think it unfortunate that you have no son?"

"I? Oh no! I myself *am* a son, — a younger son. My parents are still alive and strong, and my brother is caring for them. If I am killed, there will be many

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at home to love me, — brothers, sisters, and little ones. It is different with us soldiers: we are nearly all very young."

"For how many years," I asked, "are the offerings made to the dead?"

"For one hundred years."

"Only for a hundred years?"

"Yes. Even in the Buddhist temples the prayers and the offerings are made only for a hundred years."

"Then do the dead cease to care for remembrance in a hundred years? Or do they fade out at last? Is there a dying of souls?"

"No, but after one hundred years they are no longer with us. Some say they are born again; others say they become *kami*, and do reverence to them as *kami*, and on certain days make offerings to them in the *toko*."

(Such were, I knew, the commonly accepted explanations, but I had heard of beliefs strangely at variance with these. There are traditions that, in families of exceeding virtue, the souls of ancestors took material form, and remained sometimes visible through hundreds of years. A *sengaji* pilgrim[1] of old days has left an account of two whom he said he had seen in some remote part of the interior. They were small, dim shapes, "dark like old bronze." They could not speak, but made little moaning sounds, and they did not eat, but only inhaled the warm vapor of the food daily set before them. Every year, their descendants said, they became smaller and vaguer.)

"Do you think it is very strange that we should love the dead?" Asakichi asked.

"No," I replied, "I think it is beautiful. But to me, as a Western stranger, the custom seems not of to-day, but of a more ancient world. The thoughts of the old Greeks about the dead must have been much like those of the modern Japanese. The feelings of an Athenian soldier in the age of Pericles were perhaps the same as yours in this era of Meiji. And you have read at school how the Greeks sacrificed to the dead, and how they paid honor to the spirits of brave men and patriots?"

"Yes. Some of their customs were very like our own. Those of us who fall in battle against China will also be honored. They will be revered as kami. Even our Emperor will honor them."

"But," I said, "to die so far away from the graves of one's fathers, in a foreign land, would seem, even to Western people, a very sad thing."

"Oh no. There will be monuments set up to honor our dead in their own native villages and towns, and the bodies of our soldiers will be burned, and the ashes sent home to Japan. At least, that will be done whenever possible. It might be difficult after a great battle."

(A sudden memory of Homer surged back to me, with a vision of the antique pain, when "the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude.")

"And the spirits of the soldiers slain in this war," I asked, "will they not always be prayed to help the country in time of national danger?"

"Oh yes, always. We shall be loved and worshiped by all the people."

He said "we" quite naturally, like one already destined. After a little pause he resumed: —

"The last year that I was at school we had a military excursion. We marched to a shrine in the district of Iu, where the spirits of heroes are worshiped. It is a beautiful and lonesome place, among hills; and the temple is shadowed by very high trees. It is always dim and cool and silent there. We drew up before the shrine in military order; nobody spoke. Then the bugle sounded through the holy grove, like a call to battle, and we all presented arms; and the tears came to my eyes, I do not know why. I looked at my comrades, and I saw they felt as

[1] A *sengaji* pilgrim is one who makes the pilgrimage to the thousand famous temples of the Nichiren sect, — a journey requiring many years to perform.

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I did. Perhaps, because you are a foreigner, you will not understand. But there is a little poem, that every Japanese knows, which expresses the feeling very well. It was written long ago by the great priest Saigyo Hōshi, who had been a warrior before becoming a priest, and whose real name was Sato Norikyo:

> "*Nani go to no*
> *Owashimasu ka wa*
> *Shirane domo*
> *Arigata sa ni zo*
> *Namida kobururu.*" [1]

It was not the first time that I had heard such a confession. Many of my students had not hesitated to speak of sentiments evoked by the sacred traditions and the dim solemnity of the ancient shrines. Really, the experience of Asakichi was no more individual than might be a single ripple in a fathomless sea. He had only uttered the ancestral feeling of a race, the vague but immeasurable emotion of Shintō.

We talked on till the soft summer darkness fell. Stars and the electric lights of the citadel twinkled out together; bugles sang; and from Kiyomasa's fortress rolled into the night a sound deep as a thunder peal, the chant of ten thousand men: —

> *Nishi mo higashi mo*
> *Mina teki zo,*
> *Minami mo kita mo*
> *Mina teki zo:*
> *Yose-kuru teki wa*
> *Shiranuki no*
> *Tsukushi no hate no*
> *Satsuma gata.*[2]

"You have learned that song, have you not?" I asked.

"Oh yes," said Asakichi. "Every soldier knows it."

It was the Kumamoto Rōjō, the Song of the Siege. We listened, and could even catch some words in that mighty volume of sound: —

> *Tenchi mo kuzuru*
> *Bakari nari,*
> *Tenchi wa kuzure*
> *Yama kawa wa*
> *Sakuru tameshi no*
> *Araba tote*
> *Ugokanu mono wa*
> *Kimi ga mi yo.*[3]

For a little while Asakichi sat listening, swaying his shoulders in time to the strong rhythm of the chant; then, as one suddenly waking, he laughed and said: —

"Teacher, I must go! I do not know how to thank you enough, nor to tell you how happy this day has been for me. But first," taking from his breast a little envelope, "please accept this. You asked me for a photograph long ago: I brought it for a souvenir."

He rose, and buckled on his sword. I pressed his hand at the entrance.

"And what may I send you from Korea, teacher?" he asked.

"Only a letter," I said, "after the next great victory."

"Surely, if I can hold a pen," he responded. Then straightening up till he looked like a statue of bronze, he gave me the formal military salute, and strode away in the dark.

I returned to the desolate guest-room and dreamed. I heard the thunder of the soldiers' song. I listened to the roar of the trains, bearing away so many young hearts, so much priceless loyalty,

[1] "What thing [cause] there may be I cannot tell. But [whenever I come in presence of the shrine] grateful tears overflow."

[2] This would be a free translation, in nearly the same measure: —

> "Oh! the land to south and north
> All is full of foes!
> Westward, eastward, looking forth,
> All is full of foes!
> None can well the number tell
> Of the hosts that pour
> From the strand of Satsuma,
> From Tsukushi's shore."

[3] "What if earth should sundered be?
What if heaven fall?
What if mountain mix with sea?
Brave hearts, each and all,
Know one thing shall still endure,
Ruin cannot whelm,
Everlasting, holy, pure,
This imperial realm."

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so much splendid faith and love and valor, to the fever of Chinese ricefields, to gathering cyclones of death.

III.

The evening of the same day that we saw the name "Kosuga Asakichi" in the long list published by the local newspaper, Manyemon decorated and illuminated the alcove of the guest-room as for a sacred festival; filling the vases with flowers, lighting several small lamps, and kindling incense-rods in a little cup of bronze. When all was finished, he called me. Approaching the recess, I saw the lad's photograph within, set upright on a tiny *dai;* and before it was spread a miniature feast of rice and fruits and cakes, the old man's offering.

"Perhaps," ventured Manyemon, "it would please his spirit if the master should be honorably willing to talk to him. He would understand the master's English."

I did talk to him; and the portrait seemed to smile through the wreaths of the incense. But that which I said was for him only, and the gods.

Lafcadio Hearn.

COÖPERATIVE PRODUCTION IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

It may be as well to observe that the term "coöperative" is applied, in Great Britain and her colonies, to two distinct methods of production: the one in which profits (after payment of interest, etc.) are divided wholly or in part amongst the workers; the other in which they are divided amongst purchasers, in proportion to their purchases, generally on the basis of full profits to those who have contributed towards share capital, and half profits to those who have not. The two classes of bodies, together with those established for the purpose of coöperative consumption only, are registered under the same acts, and represented in a federation, itself a registered body, known as the "Coöperative Union." There was a time when the principle of the right of the worker to at least a share in the profits of his work was pretty generally recognized, if only as a pious opinion. But the enormous success of bodies formed originally for coöperative consumption only, and the ease with which these can slide into production without altering their methods of apportioning profits, have gradually created a very strong vested interest in the coöperative consumer as against the claims of the worker to anything beyond his wages, and able writers have not been wanting to justify the former, and to represent the method as that of a true democracy. Abundant details on societies of both classes are to be found in a work recently published by the London manager of the Coöperative Wholesale Society,[1] — a work which, I am persuaded, was intended by its author to be impartial, but which cannot be safely used without bearing in mind the necessary bias of his mind towards that form of coöperation on which he is employed. A well-got-up monthly journal, Labour Copartnership, published on behalf of the Labour Association, established for "the promotion of coöperative production based on the copartnership of the worker," may serve as a corrective to Mr. Jones's presentment of the case. Both forms of coöperative production, as

[1] Coöperative Production. By Benjamin Jones. With Prefatory Note by the Rt. Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland, M. P., Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1894. Two volumes.

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well as the practice of profit-sharing between employers and employed, had their advocates before the late Royal Commission on Labour, whose conclusions are, morally at least, very favorable to coöperative production by and for the worker. Whilst, with strict impartiality, they say that "such enterprises have shown in their early stages an even larger percentage of failures than other forms of coöperation in the same stages, and perhaps might appear to have little chance of succeeding in existing conditions except in industries of a very simple character, or when they possess some especial *clientèle*," yet they admit that "the recent history of the movement is not altogether discouraging. Besides many smaller societies, there are about a dozen, each of which produces from £20,000 to £80,000 worth of goods annually, has much expensive machinery, and employs a great deal of skilled labor." To the moral value of such coöperation they bear emphatic testimony in one of the last paragraphs of their "concluding observations:" —

"We have seen that industrial peace is promoted by the knowledge acquired by workmen and capitalists meeting in conference together, and we look for strong influences tending towards harmony from the investment by workmen of their savings in different enterprises, and the experience which they thus gain as capitalists on a small scale. *Such teaching is, however, most efficiently and powerfully secured in the working of strictly coöperative associations, where the relative remuneration of labor and capital, and the conditions of employment, have to be settled by workmen themselves, who are both employers and employed. The influence of such societies spreads far beyond those who are members of them, by producing among the industrial classes a common knowledge of the principles governing the remuneration of work.* Similar effects to those to which we have last referred are caused by the extension of the principle of profit-sharing among many establishments, of which we had gratifying and encouraging testimony."

Space would fail me here even to sketch the history of coöperative production in Great Britain. In a crude shape it dates back to the end of the last century, when the Hull Anti-Corn-Mill Society was established for corn-milling (1795), to last about a century, reaching its maximum of commercial prosperity in 1878, when its membership was 4797, and its sales were £71,744. These early societies were, so to speak, coöperative only in intention, and it was only in 1856 that the Hull Anti-Corn-Mill Society began to divide profits on consumption; it seems never to have allowed any share of the profits to workers. Indeed, the capital required for corn-milling, according to modern practice, is so large, compared with the number of men employed, that the claim of the latter to a share of profits is easily overlooked. The only milling society which recognizes the claim is an English one of comparatively early date (1816), the Sheerness Economical, which, by the last accounts, did during the year a business of £29,041, making a profit of £3483, out of which £43, or a trifle over one per cent, was apportioned to labor.

Let us now examine coöperative production as carried on for the benefit of the consumer under its most highly developed form, that of the Coöperative Wholesale Society. There are a large number of bodies, established originally as mere coöperative stores, to retail articles of consumption for the benefit of purchasers, which have, as we may say, drifted into production; beginning, it may be, with the employment of a tailor or a shoemaker for supplying the wants of the members, or the setting up of an oven to bake bread for them, and which have ended by carrying on large manufacturing or baking businesses. But the two great coöperative wholesale socie-

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ties (for England and for Scotland) tower so completely above all individual societies that it is not worth while, for the purposes of this short paper, to consider any other. The two, however, differ between themselves in one important feature, — the English society withholding from the worker, the Scottish allowing to him, a share in the profits which he has helped to create. Both societies are strictly federal; that is, composed only of other societies or companies recognized as being of a coöperative character.

The present Coöperative Wholesale Society Limited was founded in 1863, as the North of England Coöperative Wholesale Society Limited. For nearly ten years it confined itself to the business of purchasing articles wholesale, and selling them retail to coöperative societies and companies, whether members or not, at a small profit, which is divided half-yearly amongst all customer-societies in proportion to their purchases, mere customers receiving only half dividends, customer-members whole. Its sales in 1865 (the first complete year of its working) were £120,754. In 1872 these had reached £1,153,132. The society now began to turn its attention to production, purchasing some biscuit works, and starting in Leicester a boot factory in 1873, then soap works in 1874, other boot works at Heckmondwike in 1880. Leather-currying was entered on in 1886, a woolen mill taken over in 1887. Cocoa works were opened in 1887, a ready-made clothing department in 1888 (clothing having been already made up in two branches as an adjunct to the woolen cloth and drapery departments); a corn-mill was opened in 1891, jam-making entered on in 1892, and a printing department undertaken, besides building departments in the society's three English branches, Manchester, London, and Newcastle (there is also a branch at New York). In addition to these there is a shipping department, the society having quite a little fleet of its own. During the quarter ending June 30, 1894, the society purchased a factory at Leeds for the manufacture of ready-made clothing.

The success of the society as a whole has been prodigious. Its business in the distributive departments during the last quarter (ending June 30) was £2,272,946, or at the rate of upwards of £9,000,000 a year, making it one of the largest commercial establishments in the world; although the quarter's business was one per cent less than in the corresponding one of last year, and the profits were nearly eighteen per cent less. In its manufacturing departments the sales amounted for the quarter to £196,407, or at the rate of nearly £800,000 a year, an increase of not far from twelve per cent on last year. But the society has not been uniformly successful in its ventures upon the field of production, and a considerable loss incurred in the working of its flour-mill has reduced the net profits of the quarter by over seventy-nine per cent on last year.

When production was first entered upon by the Coöperative Wholesale Society, care was taken not to interfere with the business of existing productive societies, and bonus on wages was to be given. In 1876 bonus was abolished, and gradually, with success, all consideration for existing coöperative bodies for productive purposes was swept away, as the instance of its printing department, set up in practical opposition to a well-established society carrying on business in the very same city in which the Coöperative Wholesale has its headquarters, sufficiently shows, — a proceeding which, Mr. B. Jones candidly admits, "will ultimately take a large amount of trade from the Coöperative Printing Society." On the other hand, membership of the Wholesale has been refused to a society allowing a share of profits to labor, numbering many societies amongst its shareholders, and actually doing two thirds of its sales through the Whole-

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sale, on the ground, amongst others, that some of its goods came into competition with those of the Wholesale, although it is alleged that in most cases the latter had actually followed the Sundries Society in undertaking the production of such goods. The Wholesale thus practically claims the right not only of crushing out by competition any society already existing for coöperative production, but of refusing membership to any society which does not give up whatever branch of production it pleases his Wholesale majesty to take up. *Quia nominor leo.* Nor is this all. Whilst the cry of "loyalty to the Wholesale" is raised at every meeting of the body against any society whose purchases show a falling off, or simply do not come up to a figure which satisfies its gigantic caterer, the Wholesale itself has set a signal example of disloyalty to the Coöperative Union to which it belongs, and which is considered to have the moral direction of the movement, in ignoring a resolution passed at the Bristol Coöperative Congress in 1893, reaffirming "the principle of copartnership of labor as an essential of industrial coöperation," and earnestly urging "upon the English wholesale and other federal bodies to adopt a measure equally generous towards their employees" with that of the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale, to be presently noticed. It is true that a somewhat similar resolution proposed at the Congress of 1894 was not carried, the show of hands being indecisive. One is indeed happy to say that although the Cooperative Wholesale has not been free from strikes, by all accounts its work is well done, in commodious and well-ventilated workshops, and at the best wages in the trade.

The Scottish Coöperative Wholesale Society was established in 1868. It entered upon production in 1880 with a shirt factory, followed in the same year by a tailoring department (the two were united in 1888), by a cabinet factory in 1884, boat works in 1885, currying works in 1888, a slop factory in 1890, and a mantle factory in 1891. A printing office had been opened in 1887, to which business ruling and bookbinding were afterwards added. Preserve-making and tobacco-cutting have also been entered on. Many of the productive departments have been grouped together on twelve acres of land at Shieldhall on the Clyde, about three miles from Glasgow. The requisite buildings have been put up by the building department of the society, as well as several of its warehouses; and latterly a large flour-mill at Chancelot, near Leith, I believe the latest productive venture of the society, has been built by it.

The Scottish Wholesale has paid bonus to labor since November, 1870. The principle on which such bonus has been granted has varied, but by an alteration of rules made in 1892 bonus is credited to all employed at the same rate on wages as on purchases, half the bonus remaining on loan at four per cent. What is more, a Coöperative Investment Society has been formed for enabling those who are employed, if over twenty-one, to become members of the Wholesale, taking from eight to twenty shares. The shares held by those employed, on their leaving the society's service, have to be transferred to other persons in its employ. The worker shareholders have the right to send a delegate to the meetings of the society, and an additional one for every one hundred and fifty of their number who are shareholders. The claims of the worker to a share both in the profits and in the government of the society are thus distinctly recognized.

The business of the Scottish Wholesale is no doubt much less extensive than that of the English one. The sales for the quarter ending June 30, 1894, were, in the distributive department, £790,186, or at the rate of over £3,000,000 a year, a falling off of about one per cent on the corresponding quarter of

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last year, with a very trifling decrease of profit. The sales in the manufacturing departments were £82,120, or at the rate of over £328,000 a year, an increase of three and a half per cent, with an even larger increase of profit. Moreover, all the investments of the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale are themselves coöperative.

It is not to be concealed that the Scottish Wholesale has been subject to several strikes, and has had many difficulties with its workers; nor yet that, like the English one, it has had no scruple in taking up a branch of productive business already carried on by a coöperative body, that of printing, — there being an important Edinburgh Printing Society, in existence since 1873, doing (by the last account) a trade of nearly £9000 a year, and paying bonus to labor at the rate of one shilling to the pound. But the views expressed by the president of the Scottish Wholesale, Mr. Maxwell (which stand in strong contrast to those of Mr. Mitchell, president of the English Wholesale), are entirely in favor of the producer; his "highest ideal" of productive industry, as stated in evidence before the Labour Commission, is that of the producers being themselves the shareholders, and finding "the capital," and taking "as the reward of their industry the resulting profit."

Such a form of coöperative production is no doubt far more difficult to carry on than that which simply grows out of consumption, hiring its labor like any other employer. That failure after failure should occur in such-attempts need cause no surprise. But the number of such failures has been grossly exaggerated. According to a list drawn up in 1880, 163 productive societies, registered since 1862, had then ceased to exist, — a frightful mortality at first sight. But a careful analysis of the facts by Mr. E. O. Greening showed that only twenty-four of the number, by their rules, proposed to give any definite proportion of profits to the workers; two or three proposed to do something for them by education or other philanthropic means; forty-four were based upon the division of profits with customers; and all the others, so far as appeared, merely divided profits on capital. On the other hand, a table printed in the first number (August, 1894) of Labour Copartnership shows that eleven societies in England and four in Scotland (not reckoning the Scottish Wholesale), established between 1862 and 1880, still exist, and are every one of them making profits.

According to the last-mentioned authority, the societies allowing profit to labor rose from 15 in 1883 to 109 in 1893, their sales for the year from £160,751 to £1,292,550, their capital from £103,436 to £639,884, their net profits from £8917 to £64,679. These figures, however, appear to be a little misleading, as the Scottish Coöperative Wholesale is included only in the later ones, although, as has been seen, some sort of bonus to labor has been allowed by it almost from the beginning. The detailed table on the same page, for a somewhat earlier period, includes, besides, bodies reckoned by other authorities as merely profit-sharing establishments, and some (like the Sheerness Economical, already mentioned) in which the share of labor in profits is almost infinitesimally small. But in addition to the societies contained in the list there appear to be some eighty firms or companies which recognize the principle of giving a fixed share of profits to labor, to say nothing of those which merely allow a bonus not fixed beforehand.

Many interesting histories might be given of productive societies allowing profits to labor, but, for want of space, I will confine myself to one which has actually grown out of the English Coöperative Wholesale Society, and in opposition to its practice, and to a group of smaller bodies in the same trade which may be said to cluster round it.

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The Leicester boot factory of the Coöperative Wholesale has been, commercially, a splendid success. It had in 1892 worked for fifty-nine quarters at a profit, for sixteen at a loss; the total net profit, after deducting losses and providing for interest and depreciation, amounting to £55,654. It sold in the quarter ending September 30, 1892, 307,969 pairs of boots and shoes, of £68,769 value. The works have been repeatedly extended; new workshops were built in 1891 on six acres of land, besides a branch factory constructed in 1888 at Enderby. Starting with about 100 workmen, it employed 2249 in September, 1892. Two strikes have occurred at the works: one only partial, in 1886, when about 200 men went out; the other in 1892, when all the workers left. Yet it was the partial strike which had the gravest consequences.

On this occasion, some of the men in the employ of the Wholesale Society, in order "to share in the profits and the management of the business," started a productive society on their own account, the Leicester Coöperative Boot and Shoe Manufacturing Society Limited (registered January 11, 1887). After payment of five per cent per annum on share capital, forty per cent of the profits was to be paid to the workers in proportion to their earnings, twenty per cent on purchases, twelve per cent to the committee, ten per cent to a provident fund, the same to share capital, five per cent to a social and educational fund, and three per cent for special services by members. Three hundred and eighty pounds share capital was subscribed by working men and women, and £100 by the local branch of the trade union. The business commenced with the manufacture of women's goods, and was extended after some months to those for men and boys. Except during the few initial weeks and one quarter of 1890, the society seems always to have worked at a profit. In February, 1891, it employed 170 persons, all shareholders, of whom 130 worked on the premises, and the rest at home. Two thirds of the committee were in the employ of the society. According to the table in Labour Copartnership, it had, by the end of 1892, £9451 capital, had done a trade for the year of £32,994, making a profit of £1379, out of which ninepence farthing on the pound had been allowed on wages. It has indeed been asserted by a writer of no mean authority (Mr. D. F. Schloss) that the men employed by the Leicester society have not earned, in wages and bonus together, more than they did in wages alone, working for the Coöperative Wholesale; but this is denied on behalf of the men, except with respect to the "early history of the society."

Stimulated mostly by the example of the Leicester society, though two are of earlier date, a group of societies in the boot and shoe trade have sprung up, ten in all (besides one now winding up), which allow profits to labor. These, according to Labour Copartnership, did (apparently), at the end of 1892, a collective trade of £42,954, and made, collectively, after deducting losses, a profit of £1682, out of which £659 was assigned to labor. If to these figures we add those of the Leicester society, we find that, in the boot and shoe trade, productive societies did a business of £75,948, and made a net profit of £3061. Poor as these figures are beside those of the Leicester boot and shoe factory of the Coöperative Wholesale, they show something of what can be done by labor in its struggle against capital within the coöperative movement. The whole group in turn supplies much of the business of another productive society, the London Leather Manufacturers' Society, established in 1892, which indeed is also largely dealt with by the two wholesale societies.

The movement towards production in the coöperative world is, moreover, a growing one. According to the last published report (for 1893) of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, "of the

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societies registered in 1893 under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, thirty-five were of the productive class" as against forty "ordinary distributive stores" (besides seventeen miscellaneous bodies), showing a near balance between production and distribution. It does not indeed follow that all productive associations registered are established for the benefit of the worker.

Great help has been afforded to the movement by the Labour Association, already referred to, established in 1884, which, after issuing, since January, 1893, a printed monthly letter to its members, has, within the last two months, begun publishing Labour Copartnership, besides providing lectures on subjects connected with coöperation. In conjunction with the Agricultural and Horticultural Association the Labour Association undertakes every year, at the Crystal Palace, a flower show, exhibition of coöperative productions, and coöperative festival, which have proved very popular. Again, a body called the Coöperative Institute Society Limited has established, in London, a depot for the sale of goods produced in coöperative workshops, where workers share in profits and management. With this has been connected a tailoring department, and the success of the establishment is such that the sales for the third quarter of 1894 almost exactly double those of the corresponding quarter of 1893, and that removal to larger premises must soon take place. Lastly, there is a Coöperative Productive Federation, to assist productive societies, through united action, to open up a market for the sale of their productions, and at its last meeting at the Crystal Palace, on August 20, 1894, seventeen societies were represented.

In short, everything tends to show that the British workman is bent on carrying out some form of coöperation in which he shall be no mere hired servant of capitalist or consumer, and that, in his dogged way, he is stumbling on, through failure after failure, to success.[1]

J. M. Ludlow.

THE WANT OF ECONOMY IN THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

It is the object of this paper to point out that the lecture system, unaccompanied by what may be called laboratory work, is an uneconomical method of imparting information, when the intellectual outlay and the results attained are compared.

There are those who firmly believe in the lecture system unsupported by any practical work on the part of the listeners. They have apparently unbounded faith in the ability of a great man to put one on the road to knowledge by lectures; and they are ready to exclaim with a distinguished modern French writer on St. François d'Assisi, "Rien pour communiquer la pensée ne vaut la viva vox." Undoubtedly a great man may succeed in communicating an enthusiasm for knowledge, but it can be said of enthusiasm, as it has been said of faith, without works it is dead. Of what use, it may be asked, are lectures on modern whist without practice with the cards? What young lady cares to listen to lectures on embroidery? Of what avail are lectures

[1] In dealing with the subject of coöperative production, I have not thought it necessary to distinguish between the producer and the distributer proper (shopman, clerk, etc.), who, speaking broadly, may fairly be classed with the producers, and holds the same interest with them as towards the consumers. It would be otherwise in dealing with coöperative consumption, on the field of which the distributer stands mostly alone over against the consumer.

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on cookery unaccompanied by practical work? Yet we still see in certain medical schools the endeavor to teach surgery by lectures, and in some law schools the attempt to teach law by lectures, without practice in the investigation of cases.

When we carefully examine the educational methods of the present time, and compare them with those of twenty years ago, we can perceive, however, that a slow but steady progress has been made in substituting economical methods of instruction for uneconomical ones. Thus, the recitation from textbooks in chemistry and physics is largely giving place to laboratory methods. Law lectures in the best law schools are subordinate to the investigation and study of cases, and hospital work and laboratory work in medical schools are steadily demanding more attention than recitation and lecture work. It is said that the superior excellence of medical instruction in Germany largely resides in the fact that bedside instruction has taken the place of general lectures on pathology. If we consult the catalogues and announcements of studies of our principal American colleges and universities, we find few purely lecture courses offered to students. In almost every case it is stated that the lecture course will be supplemented by certain practical exercises, such as the preparation of theses, the comparison of authors, and the looking up of cases and authorities.

There is, however, an innate fondness in the human breast for lecturing our fellow-men. When a man by long study has conquered the difficulties of a subject, and has made, it may be, a discovery, he desires, chanticleer-like, to give the world the benefit of the light that has come to him. This desire, of course, is highly commendable; but does not the lecturer often forget that he arrived at his intellectual elevation by a slow educating process of practical experiences, and is he not mistaken in supposing that his audience can appreciate the importance of his work without some practical work on the road which he has traveled?

The lecture system may be said to be a relic of the Middle Ages, and undoubtedly arose from the difficulty of obtaining manuscripts, or what might answer to printed directions for the acquisition of knowledge. Knowledge then was in the hands of a few. The lecture system has been perpetuated like many processes of law, having been made respectable by age, and having been practiced by scholars whose training is the opposite of that of business men, and who have not made a careful study of economical methods.

At this time, when schemes of university extension are very much discussed, the question of the utility of the lecture method becomes an important one. The university extension plan resembles in some respects the system of lyceum lectures which once marked an era in the intellectual life of New England; though it should be said that the most capable advocates of the university extension method insist upon accompanying work and examination. It may be interesting, however, to examine the rise and fall of the New England lyceum.

As early as 1823, there was a movement in Massachusetts to establish lyceum courses of lectures, and in 1830 there were at least seventy-eight in the State. Sir Thomas Wyse, in a paper published in London in 1838, On the Lyceum System in America, with a Consideration of its Applicability to Mechanics Institutes in England, estimates that in 1831 there existed one thousand town lyceums, and fifty or sixty county lyceums, in America. The chief function of the lyceums was to provide courses of lectures, although in some cases, like the Essex Institute at Salem, collections in natural history were formed. In most cases, the lyceums as a centre for the diffusion of knowledge by means of collections in science died out, and were replaced by courses of lectures, independent of any widespread organization like

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that contemplated by the founders of the lyceums. The lyceum maintained its hold, however, for more than fifty years in certain towns, and an earnest attempt was made to preserve its simplicity and austerity. It was gravely debated whether music and the stereopticon or dramatic readings should be allowed to encroach upon its intellectual character. The student of the lyceum can probably find the best example of its work in the records of the town of Concord. At the fiftieth anniversary of the Concord Lyceum, January 7, 1879, Judge Hoar said: "I ask you to pause with me a moment and think what this simple institution has done for this town; what an impression it has made upon this community; what an instrument of education, of culture, of social acquaintance, it has been. For fifty years, through successive winters, the old and the young have come here together to see each other's faces, — the young men and maidens sometimes, perhaps, with other views than strictly intellectual culture; but all of us friendly, neighborly, and engaged in a pursuit innocent and wholesome. And there has been poured out before us, received into our minds and hearts, instruction the value of which no statement of mine can possibly overestimate. The institution has been conducted in the most catholic spirit. Every shade of opinion has been presented and respectfully entertained. After Dr. Brownson, the accomplished Catholic scholar, we had Dr. Manning of the Old South and Dr. Stone of Park Street, the Baptist Dr. Neale, Dr. Hedge, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin, Starr King, Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Mr. Weiss, Theodore Parker, sounding the gamut from one end of the scale to the other. Our lyceum has heard lectures from two presidents of Harvard College, Mr. Felton and Dr. Hill, from Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, from Dr. Huntington, from Dr. Gannett, from Dr. Sears, from Professor Horsford, from Waterston and Quincy, from Horace Greeley and John P. Hale, from George Thompson of England, from Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Francis, Dr. Ellis, from Agassiz and Holmes, Lowell and Dana, Whipple and Fields, from Jones Very, George T. Davis, Joseph T. Buckingham, and Dr. Charles T. Jackson." The judge gives the names of eminent jurists, also. The list shows the aims and the activity of the lyceum; and although the lyceum organization was early abandoned, courses of lectures continued to be established in most New England towns. Such courses were perhaps most flourishing between 1850 and 1860; for the great question of the abolition of slavery and the issues of the civil war brought forward earnest orators, and people thronged to public halls to hear them lecture.

The necessity of attending at least one course of lectures may be said to have haunted the Puritan conscience as late as 1866. Up to this period lectures on serious topics were well attended. Professor Lovering, my predecessor at Harvard University, told me that he often had to repeat his lectures on physics before the Lowell Institute in Boston, in order that the overflow might hear them. To-day even a Helmholtz would be painfully conscious of the array of empty benches after the public had satisfied their curiosity in seeing a distinguished man. There are few towns in America in which, at the present time, there are courses of lectures which may be called intellectual. Where Emerson and Phillips and George William Curtis once lectured, there are now occasional lectures on the wonders of electricity, stereopticon views of the World's Fair, or journeys through Spain with a kodak. The reason for the decay of the systematic courses of lectures in the lyceums I leave to the student of sociology; merely expressing my own conviction that the public found the results attained were not commensurate with the effort they made in attending the lectures. Then, too, the great increase in the number of public entertainments, the circula-

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tion of illustrated magazines, and the Sunday newspapers have had their influence.

While the effort to provide systematic instruction by lectures has died out in the lyceums, the lecture system is still strongly rooted in many of our normal schools and colleges. Certain young men and young women still feel a source of satisfaction in enrolling themselves in lecture courses, and count their advance in intellectual training by the number of these lectures and by the size of their notebooks. In the subject of physics, the qualification of being a good lecturer is considered a fundamental one in the appointment of a professor. I occasionally receive letters from trustees of educational institutions, asking if I can recommend a candidate for a professorship in natural philosophy who would also be capable of conducting morning prayers and of giving instruction in chemistry. I feel that I may be guarded in my commendations on all these points save on that of the qualification of being a good lecturer. This must be testified to without reserve. It is apparent that, notwithstanding the advance that has been made in laboratory methods of instruction, the attempt is still made, even in our leading universities, to convey a body of systematic instruction by means of lectures. Is it not well to ask ourselves if this attempt leads to economical results?

If lectures are unaccompanied by some kind of laboratory work, some practice in looking up cases, or some method of investigation, I believe that they are uneconomical. A lecture in science, with illustrations and experiments, requires at least two hours of preparation on the part of the professor. In the course of this arduous work, the latter is doing exactly what the student who is to hear the lecture should do in order to appreciate it. The professor does all the work, and the minds of his listeners, not being prepared as his has been, are not in a receptive state, and the amount of instruction that is assimilated is vanishingly small. We see often, in our colleges and technical schools, the spectacle of a worn and wan professor, exhausted by the labor of delivering courses of lectures, returning to his home more tired than a ploughman and sower of seed; for he has not the certainty the latter feels that the ground has been well fitted for the reception of the germs.

I have said that the professor, in the preparation of his lectures, gets the chief intellectual advantage of the course of lectures; the contact with things and the diligent examination of the conditions of the experiments give him an intense interest in the subject matter of the lecture. The audience, on the other hand, judge of the success of the lecturer by the smoothness and ease of his experimentation. The experiment is soon over. Everything is made simple, and the mind is not rudely arrested and confronted with difficulties; indeed, the difficulties are often concealed by the facile lecturer. Even an intelligent student may listen with the best intentions to obtain the utmost from a course of lectures, for instance on light; but when he engages in amateur photography he finds that he learns more in a day in regard to the properties of lenses and the intensity of light than he had learned in an entire course of lectures on optics. After a season of practice in photography he could attend a lecture on optics with interest and profit. I am inclined to think that if a student should try to imitate the style of the best prose writers before he attends a lecture on style, he would be in the condition of assimilation of the amateur photographer. The professor who attempts to give systematic instruction by courses of lectures, unaccompanied by some kind of laboratory work on the part of the students, I repeat, is largely doing the work which the student should do. Is it economical, for instance, to spend much time and a considerable sum of money in freezing water on the top of a red-hot crucible, when the

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audience have never tried the simplest experiment on latent heat, specific heat, or the tension of vapors? How much intellectual progress is stimulated by showing electrical sparks three feet in length, if the audience have never obtained by systematic experiments a realizing sense of what electro-motive force, resistance, and current signify? The minds of the audience are in the condition of those of children at a Christmas pantomime. The professor is worn out by the burden of lecturing with small results; and the school committee or the trustees gauge his success in teaching by the fluency of his exposition and the aptness of his experiments. No greater praise, apparently, can be given than the remark, "Professor So-and-So never fails in his experiments." I am inclined to think that his labor is uneconomical, because he is doing the work that his audience ought to do in order to appreciate the difficulties of the subject.

But we have not represented fully the severe burden undertaken by the lecturer. In many cases, forgetting the invention of printing, he covers the blackboards with notes, and himself with chalk, and then proceeds to lecture to an audience busily occupied in copying a paragraph just preceding that which he is elucidating. The young instructor, fresh from Germany, proceeds a step farther. Throwing aside the scaffolding by which he rose to his mental height, he invites his audience to ascend, by making those untrained in the art of taking notes fill their notebooks with a mass of directions in which their minds are apt to be irretrievably lost. I often pick up in the laboratory notes of lectures on various subjects, and I remember a book which contained on one page a careful statement of what the topics were to be in a course on philosophy; on the next page were the notes of the first lecture, which were fairly good, except that the lecturer was quoted in an affirmative proposition where he undoubtedly stated a negative one; on the following page was an account of the second lecture, half as long as that of the first; on the fourth page there was simply the title of the third lecture; and on the fifth a diagram of the relative positions of the quarter backs and full backs on the football field. If one is successful in filling a notebook with fairly good accounts of a course of lectures, how desirable are they in comparison with even a poor textbook? The latter has the merit of being in print, and of being therefore legible. The poor textbook is apt to cover more ground than the notebooks, and if it is properly criticised and annotated can be made a more valuable possession as the years go on than the imperfectly taken notes. I sometimes survey my pile of notebooks, relics of the days of my early education. They are musty now; the writing is illegible, and pages are wanting here and there. I never consult them; and the only permanent advantage of the lectures of which the books are reminders is a list of books of reference which one of the notebooks contains. The chance remark of the instructor that certain data could be found in print has outlived in usefulness all my elaborate notes. If I had been told where to go for information, and how to use my tools when I found them, and had been set to work with them, I should have been saved the labor of taking useless notes, and should not have the memory of an overworked and nervously exhausted teacher, who was annoyed by vapid yawning, snapping of watch cases, and who beat the air in vain.

The lecture system in our universities leads, moreover, to a system of cramming for examinations. Many students neglect entirely to take notes on certain lectures, and rely upon obtaining the notes of some student who makes a business of selling his information, and preparing indolent men to pass examinations on a year's course of lectures by a two hours' cram. To my mind the remedy is plain.

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The audience should be set to work, by some method of investigation which will compel the mind to fix itself upon a subject in order to become interested in it and to appreciate the lectures upon it.

I hear, however, my antagonist and critic murmur, this is the argument of a narrow specialist. Lectures can be made liberalizing, and a general view of a subject can be given without the close and special attention which tends to narrow the mind, and prevent it from taking broad views of the subject. I believe that there is much false sentiment on the subject of what is a liberal education. A learned professor told me once that one of the chief liberalizing advantages, to his mind, of the study of the classics was the ability it gave him to unravel the etymology of scientific words, and therefore to afford him an inkling of what the subject represented by the term treated of. For instance, the word "bolometer" he deduced from βολή, a throw, or cast, and μέτρον, a measure. "Dynamo" came from δύναμις, power, some apparatus for producing power. He was content, being liberally educated, to skim the subject thus, and felt great satisfaction in his liberal knowledge. My critic will say, the student performs a certain experiment on sound, and, with his mind concentrated on the experiment, does not obtain a liberal view of the whole subject of sound which he might obtain from a systematic course of lectures. He looks up a special case, and the great philosophical bearings of the subject never enter his mind. I am afraid that my critic and I can never get upon a common ground; for I believe that a superficial view of a subject is not liberalizing, and that accurate work even in a corner of a subject fits the ground to receive the seeds for a greater growth. A student, I repeat, who has actually worked with lenses — who has taken photographs, and has measured the intensity of light — will read books on optics with a certain avidity unknown before, and will be in the best position to gain a larger knowledge; while the general listener and the general reader never understand what is important and what is unimportant in a subject. Their liberal ideas are often inaccurate ideas, and therefore far from being liberalizing.

Again, I can hear my critic say, Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, walked from Woburn to Cambridge, eight miles, to attend the lectures of Professor Winthrop on physics, and who can tell how much influence they had on his remarkable career as a philosopher? He remembered the college by a liberal benefaction to the subject on which he heard lectures. Other examples can be adduced of the interest which popular lectures have had in turning a boy's mind toward science; but, I reply, the youth Benjamin Thompson and other boys of similar tastes had experimented before they attended the lectures, and were therefore in a condition to profit by the lectures. My remarks are largely directed to the great body of the audience, which has, I am tempted to say, the immoral desire of obtaining something without being willing properly to work for it.

A lecturer on physics, according to my experience, cannot expect to talk intelligently to more than ten students out of a hundred in his audience. These ten men will be those who have taken photographs, experimented with dynamos or telephones, or made some mechanical invention. They are the youthful Rumfords, and their minds have been fitted by actual experience in dealing with the difficulties of the subject to profit by the labors of the professor. The rest of the audience may receive a stimulus, a momentary exhilaration of enthusiasm, but it is a temporary effect unless the hands and eyes are immediately set to work. The professor is lecturing economically only when he lectures to his assistants who know the difficulties of the subject, and who are ready to profit

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by the smallest suggestions. To my mind, Rembrandt's School of Anatomy is a great moral lesson to the university professor. The professor, with the subject before him, is giving his interpretation of the processes which his audience have studied with the same instruments and through the same lenses. They are therefore ready to see what the eye of experience points out. The painter has shown a group of faces, full of attention and thought, and the conversion of energy from the dynamo to the motors is well-nigh perfect. Let us suppose that an instantaneous photograph should be taken of a large, untrained audience listening to a lecture on physics. You would see in it listless heads, vacant expressions, puzzled faces which say plainly, "You are lecturing over my head," faces which betray impatience at what they consider elementary propositions, and faces wrapped in slumber. Here is no resemblance to Rembrandt's picture. If, on the other hand, an instantaneous photograph should be taken of a laboratory section who are listening to a fifteen-minute lecture on the work of the morning before they go to the laboratory tables, almost every face will be thoughtful, bent upon the demonstrator, who is pointing out the precautions that must be taken and the facts that should be observed; and there is a look in the eyes of the students which is analogous to that in the group of physicians painted by Rembrandt.

Realizing fully the danger of reasoning that the best method of procedure in one's own subject would necessarily prove advantageous in other domains of knowledge, I am tempted, however, to dogmatize, and to maintain, from my experience of the advantages of laboratory work, that there should be a minimum of lecturing, and a maximum of audience work, in all subjects. Might not the student of the history of art, even, be in less danger of accepting limiting creeds if he engaged in what is analogous to laboratory work, — the testing of processes which have been used by masters of the art of sculpture and painting, the moulding of objects into classical forms?

The metal worker strikes and moulds the objects he desires to fashion, when they are hot, and not when they are cold and unfit to take impressions. It is encouraging to see a slow but sure substitution of laboratory methods of instruction for lecture methods.

John Trowbridge.

THE AUTHOR OF QUABBIN.

I PROPOSE to write some random recollections of a friend of many years, and of the early days of the magazine he was largely instrumental in establishing. I remember well the occasion of my first meeting with him, much better than I recall the month, or even the year, although I think it must have been late in the autumn of 1853. It was on a Monday morning, and he had been but an hour or two at the desk newly placed for him in the counting-room of Phillips, Sampson & Co., then the most active publishing house in Boston. As I entered on some errand (the firm was then issuing a series of small books for me), the strange face at the new desk looked up with a surprised, interested, penetrating expression, which kindled into cordial recognition as the urbane head of the firm approached and introduced us. From that moment Francis Henry Underwood and I were friends.

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He was then in the flower of early manhood, not quite twenty-nine years old (born January 12, 1825), with a fine ruddy complexion, good nose, and handsome eyebrows, frank yet dignified manners, and an admirable aplomb which made him a noticeable man in any company. He had had his share of the varied experiences commonly attending the career of a typical self-made American. A native of Enfield, in the heart of western Massachusetts, reared in a rural community, and receiving the rudiments of his education in the ungraded district school of those days, — the best part of him developed and trained in the usual hard struggle of a poor but ambitious New England boy striving to better his condition, — he had managed somehow to prepare himself for entering Amherst, and had there made some advance in a collegiate course, which, however, a lack of means prevented him from completing. A good uncle offered to supply the means for that and a subsequent theological course, conditioned on his promise to devote himself to the ministry. This he at one time seriously contemplated doing; but his mind awakening to doubts as to the doctrines he would be expected to preach, he took the only honest course open to him, announced his change of views, and forfeited the proffered advantages with his uncle's favor. On quitting Amherst he went to Kentucky, where he taught school, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He also found a wife there, an estimable woman, who was to become the mother of his four children.

Life in Kentucky, instead of lulling to rest some New England prejudices he entertained against the institution of slavery, only confirmed and strengthened them. He returned to Massachusetts in 1850, enlisted in the Free Soil movement, made friends among its leaders, and was elected clerk of the state Senate in the stirring "coalition" days of 1852, when stalwart Henry Wilson was president of that body, and Banks and Hoar and other notable members of the House were in training for the wider arena of national politics.

But Underwood's aspirations were always more literary than political, and after a year's service in the Senate he had found a more congenial position in the great publishing house, where his chief duties were to examine manuscripts offered for publication, and conduct correspondence with authors. I found him extremely companionable, warming quickly to a new acquaintance; and I envied in him the entire absence of that shyness which in me too often repressed the ardor of social impulses. He had many friends among all sorts of people, but principally among artists and writers. There was one, particularly, of whose intimacy he was justly proud, the brilliant wit and poet of Cambridge, — "my friend Mr. Lowell," as he commonly spoke of him with undisguised satisfaction.

I saw him almost daily at his office, but our real intimacy began when first he invited me to his house. "Come and dine with me on Sunday," he said, "and in the afternoon we will walk over to Elmwood." It was a red-letter day for me, when I went out from Boston at the appointed time, found him in his modest home (he was living in Cambridge), and after dinner walked with him to the home of the Lowells.

I had never yet seen the author of the Biglow Papers and A Fable for Critics, then in the refulgent morning of his fame; and the anticipation of meeting him sensitized my mind for sharp and enduring impressions. I retain a distinct picture of Elmwood as it looked that morning: a spacious, square, old-fashioned mansion, standing in the midst of snow-covered grounds, and surrounded by tall trees and clumps of ragged lilacs, all bare of foliage except the pines lifting their golden-green tops in the wintry sunshine. My guide entered like a familiar guest, and led the way up

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three flights of stairs to a large front room, which was the poet's study. Mere words often convey to the mind impressions of form and color; and I had conceived of Lowell — not that I am aware from anything he had written, but solely from the sound of the two syllables of his name — as a tall, dark, dignified person, with a thin face, ample forehead, and prominent nose. Very great, therefore, was my surprise when I was ushered into the presence of a compact little man in short velvet jacket, with wavy auburn hair parted in the middle over a full, fair forehead that appeared neither broad nor high, and a bright, genial face more expressive of the vigorous and humorous Hosea than of the exalted Sir Launfal.

The easy cordiality of his greeting put me at once at my ease, and prepared me for the enjoyment of a delightful occasion. He was accustomed to receive, at that hour on Sunday afternoons, a small circle of friends, among whom he was the shining central figure. Soon after our arrival Robert Carter came in, a short, sturdy man, with a big head spanned by a pair of gold-bowed spectacles, a walking cyclopædia of information. Dr. Estes Howe, Lowell's brother-in-law, and two or three others made up the company, and a quiet, desultory conversation ensued; not at all that of gods discoursing "from peak to peak all about Olympus," but very much like the talk of men of sense and culture anywhere. Some good stories were told, there was now and then a meteoric pun, or a wise observation illumined a subject like the sudden flash of a search-light; but what interested me most was the reading by Lowell of some verses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print. The talk turning upon French poetry, he took from a shelf of ponderous volumes a work of Voltaire's, from which he first read us a part of Hamlet's soliloquy in the great Frenchman's attenuated and flexible alexandrines; a version as much like the original as some luxuriant vine is like a rugged trunk it climbs and hides. This paraphrase Lowell had retranslated into English quite faithfully, giving it, however, some sly turns to bring out with ludicrous effect its graceful feebleness in contrast with the sententious Shakespearean lines.

It was late in the afternoon when the company separated, and I went home to tea with Underwood. Seeing a friend for the first time in the society of his familiars is like placing him in a room full of mirrors that reflect his different sides; and to know him in his home is still a different revelation. As I walked back to Boston in the evening, and stopped on the bridge — one of "the caterpillar bridges crawling with innumerable legs across the Charles" — to watch the stars mistily wavering in the dark, full river, and to think over the events of the afternoon, I felt that I had come to know Frank Underwood better in those few hours than in all the previous weeks of our acquaintance.

Besides these Sunday afternoons at Lowell's there were Friday evening gatherings, — "ostensibly for whist, at the house of each of the party in turn," as Underwood tells us in The Poet and the Man. The whist club included Lowell, Carter, John Bartlett, John Holmes, and other friends and neighbors of Underwood. Then there were very informal dinners in Boston, nearly always attended by him and Lowell, and often by Edmund Quincy, Francis Parkman, and Dr. Holmes. Such were some of his associates, and all who knew him will attest how generous he was in sharing old friendships with new friends. If never any false pride deterred him from making his friends useful to him, he had the right of one who was equally ready to serve them or to make them useful to one another. One especial favor which he would have done me I recall with mingled gratitude and regret. Hearing that I was intending to go abroad in the spring of 1855, he interested himself in

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my plans, and one morning met me with a significantly uplifted finger, and the startling announcement, "It is all arranged; you are going with Mr. Lowell!"

Startling indeed, for although I knew that Mr. Lowell, lately appointed professor of modern languages in Harvard University, to succeed Mr. Longfellow, was to have a year of study in Europe before assuming the duties of that position, I had not conceived the possibility of having him for a fellow-passenger.

"I have talked it over with him. He is going in a sailing-vessel, and you two will probably be the only passengers. Don't say a word against it!" Underwood went on, as I murmured something about different arrangements. "Take my advice, — cancel them; give up everything else for this rare chance."

Alas, those different arrangements! A very close friend of mine was going abroad with three Spanish-American youths to superintend their education in Paris, and I had engaged to accompany them. Neither he nor they could speak French, and my small familiarity with that language was depended upon to aid in establishing them in the great foreign metropolis. Time was more important to them than it was to me, and they were to make the voyage in a steamer. I should myself have preferred the more leisurely and less expensive passage; and I knew how delightful as well as profitable to me, with my imperfect education and unsettled literary aims, would be a month's daily intercourse with a finished man like Lowell, in the vast and unbroken seclusion of the ocean. But I could not well change my plans. Underwood called me an idiot, as perhaps I was. But he did not weary of serving me; and I cannot forbear the pleasure of recording another instance of his active friendship. When I came home, a year later, with the manuscript of Neighbor Jackwood in my trunk, he took a lively interest in putting it through the press; and it was afterwards through his mediation that I was engaged to make a dramatic version of it for the Boston Museum stage.

Boston had as yet no magazine that could command the united support of the best writers and of an appreciative public. The Dial, started in 1840, with such contributors as Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Margaret Fuller, was designed as a vent to the new wine of Transcendentalism, and commended itself chiefly to the few who had felt the fine intoxication of that ferment. It was near its last days when, in 1843, Lowell and his friend Robert Carter started The Pioneer, with Poe and Hawthorne in its list of contributors; which also failed for the lack of something behind it more substantial than enthusiasm and genius. Up to the time I write of there had been no other noteworthy venture of the sort. There was, indeed, the scholarly and exclusive North American Review, an able quarterly, which had not yet metamorphosed itself to a monthly and emigrated. Philadelphia had its three graces, Graham's, Godey's, and Sartain's, and New York its old Knickerbocker, new Harper's, and Putnam's; why then should not Boston be represented by a monthly of her own, worthy of her literary reputation, and of the authors who stood ready to contribute to its pages? This was a question one often heard discussed; the idea was in the air, as they say, like so many ideas that wait for the right hour and the right man for their materialization.

The man in this case was Underwood, whose position made him a connecting link between a circle of brilliant writers and a publishing firm of enterprise and reputation. He was ardently in favor of such a publication: he talked it over with his literary friends, on the one hand, particularly with Professor Lowell; and with Phillips, Sampson & Co., on the other, particularly with the "Co." Mr. Sampson was then in feeble health, and

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practically out of the business. Mr. Phillips, affable but dignified, had a glacial atmosphere when urged to consider propositions which his judgment failed to approve, and Underwood found his cold side when he talked to him of the magazine. The "Co." in these days was Mr. William Lee, then a young man, now the veteran publisher of the firm of Lee & Shepard. He and Underwood were on intimate terms; and when Underwood came in, charged, from conferences with his Cambridge friends, he found Lee a good conductor. The two partners were in the habit of going out to lunch together; and in that hour of relaxation the junior would sometimes bring up the subject of the proposed magazine, arguing that they ought not to miss so magnificent an opportunity. The coöperation of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, — a dazzling array of names, — was assured; and no doubt that of the then most popular writer in the world, a woman, could be obtained. Warming by degrees, the senior at last said he would consult Mrs. Stowe.

Four or five years before, the manuscript of Uncle Tom's Cabin, or rather the scrapbook containing the newspaper chapters clipped from the National Era, had been offered to Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. for publication in book form. The firm had at that time a large Southern trade, which they feared would be imperiled by the appearance of their imprint on the title-page of that flaming anti-slavery tract in the guise of fiction. Nobody could have foreseen that Uncle Tom was to create for itself a book trade of more value in a single year than the ordinary trade of any house for a decade; so that we need not marvel at the seeming short-sightedness of Mr. Phillips when, after a brief consultation with his partners, he declined the proffered book with his customary courtesy and "with thanks." It went to an obscure Boston bookseller, who had little to risk by the undertaking, and, as it proved, fortune and immense publicity to gain. Its success not only revolutionized public sentiment on the subject of slavery; it also converted booksellers from their conservative views of the relative value of a Southern trade. Mrs. Stowe could well afford to forgive the slight put upon a performance that had vindicated itself so triumphantly; and receiving an intimation that Mr. Phillips would not decline a second work of hers, she had, in 1854, given the firm her Sunny Memories, following it in 1856 with the great anti-slavery novel Dred.

The publisher and the authoress were on exceedingly friendly terms, and Mrs. Stowe rarely came to town without calling upon Mr. Phillips. It was noticeable that while she gave some of the humble frequenters of the Winter Street store one or two careless fingers, the whole of the little hand that had written the most famous book of modern times went out very graciously to him. When he mentioned to her the project of the new magazine, she received it with instant and cordial approval, and promised it her earnest support. The publisher hesitated no longer; a chain of agencies had accomplished what might never have come to pass had either one of them been absent. I well remember Underwood's radiant countenance when, one morning, he announced to me in strictest confidence that the proposed publication was finally decided upon; that Lowell was to be editor in chief, and that he was to be Lowell's assistant. I dare say my own face grew radiant, too, when he went on to say that a contribution from me would be expected for the first number.

The new venture was not yet named, and while all of us who were in the secret were ransacking our wits for a good title, Dr. Holmes, who seemed ever ready with the right thing at the right moment, christened it The Atlantic Monthly.

Early in June, 1857, Underwood went abroad in the interest of the forthcoming

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magazine, taking letters to the foremost British from the best known American writers. Emerson alone, in a characteristic note, declined to furnish the desired introductions. "Since my foreign correspondents have ceased sending their friends to me, it seems hardly fair," he wrote, "that I should accredit any of mine to them." It was Underwood's first trip to Europe, and the mission was very greatly to his mind.

It was the intention to issue the initial number a month or two before it actually appeared, and it was to open with the first chapters of a serial story by Mrs. Stowe. This she was unable to furnish, hindered, I think, by some domestic calamity. Then came the financial panic of that year, and it was feared the publication might have to go over to the next year, or be postponed indefinitely, — a peculiarly dismal prospect to writers whose contributions had been accepted. Few people were aware how narrowly the great publishing house escaped collapse in that tempestuous time. It was October when the delayed first number appeared, bearing date November, 1857.

In this age of magazines, great and small, when nobody is surprised to hear of new ones starting up every few months, it is difficult to conceive of the wide interest excited by the advent of the long-expected Atlantic. The articles were unsigned, which Mr. Phillips himself thought a mistaken policy, with so resplendent a group of names that might have served to emblazon the announcements. The publishers' self-denial found compensation, however, in the interest of the riddles of authorship which the public was each month invited to solve. That of some of the principal articles was generally an open secret, while the guesses as to others were often amusing enough; as when a poem by a little known writer was copied and went the rounds of the press attributed to Longfellow or Emerson, — an incident not calculated to please either him who was thus deprived of his due credit, or the other who had a doubtful honor thrust upon him.

In place of the hoped-for chapters of a serial, Mrs. Stowe had in the first number only a short story, The Mourning Veil, which was disappointing. When asked why so slight a sketch had been admitted, Underwood replied, "When a boy goes a-fishing and catches a small fish, he puts it into his basket for luck, hoping to catch a big one by and by." The magazine caught a big one indeed when, a few months later, The Minister's Wooing began to appear in its pages.

To that first number Emerson contributed, besides an essay, four short poems, one of them the mystical Brahma, which was to be more talked about and puzzled over and parodied than any other poem of sixteen lines published within my recollection. "What does it mean?" was the question readers everywhere asked; and if one had the reputation of seeing a little way into the Concord philosophy, he was liable at any time to be stopped on the street by some perplexed inquirer, who would draw him into the nearest doorway, produce a crumpled newspaper clipping from the recesses of a waistcoat pocket, and, with knitted brows, exclaim, "Here! you think you understand Emerson; now tell me what all this is about, —'*If the red slayer think he slays*,'" and so forth.

Longfellow contributed his beautiful tribute to Florence Nightingale, Santa Filomena; Lowell had a versified fable and a sonnet: and there was a paper by Motley, whose early novels of Morton's Hope and Merry Mount had been forgotten, while his Rise of the Dutch Republic had suddenly placed him in the front rank of living historians. But the great surprise of the number was a contribution which, if not by a new hand, showed that a new force had entered into our literature; the first of a series of papers of inimitable wit and brilliancy, by a hand that never seemed to grow old nor to lose its wonderful facility, until it

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was laid to rest the other day in Mount Auburn, — the hand of the kindly and beloved Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

The writer of this present article was the youngest of the contributors, and, with the exception of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, he is now the sole survivor.

Underwood enjoyed greatly his position on the magazine. Every article offered passed through his hands, but though he possessed unlimited power of rejection, the power of final acceptance rested solely with Lowell. Yet Underwood was not merely the coarse sieve this might imply. He often made up the numbers, subject, however, to Lowell's approval; he conferred with authors, and he was himself also a contributor. He had done a useful work in uniting the forces that combined to originate the magazine, but the character of it was entirely the creation of Lowell.

The death of Mr. Phillips and the subsequent breaking up of the firm in 1859 resulted in the conveyance of the magazine to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and the severance of Underwood's connection with it. This was a grief to him for reasons quite other than pecuniary ones. At his years, with his prepossessing personality and his many friends, there was no doubt of his being easily able to make good any loss of that nature. He soon found a sufficiently lucrative position as clerk of the Superior Court in Boston, the fees of which often bulged his pocket in a most satisfactory fashion as he carried them home at night. He was then living in South Boston, the office he held having necessitated his residence within the city limits, and his removal from the delightful neighborhood in Cambridge where the seven best years of his life had been passed. This position he retained eleven years, after which he unfortunately invested his savings in an established business that promised to pay him dividends on his stock and a salary as secretary. The salary was paid for a while, but no returns from his investment did he ever see, either as dividends or principal, and he at last retired from the concern altogether. Meanwhile his literary activity continued, and in 1871 and 1872 he published his two Handbooks of British and American Authors, to which he had given an immense amount of conscientious labor. He also published two or three works of fiction; and to show how full a life he must have lived, it should be added that he was an active member of literary and musical clubs, and for many years a member of the Boston school board.

Mrs. Underwood dying in 1882, the South Boston home was broken up not long afterwards. In 1885 Underwood was given a consulship at Glasgow, the duties of which he must have performed satisfactorily, since he was reappointed consul by the second administration of President Cleveland, this time at Edinburgh, in 1893. But of far deeper interest to us than the conduct of his office is the life he lived abroad as a representative American and man of letters. His fine presence, his public addresses and after-dinner speeches, and more particularly his lectures on American Men of Letters made him a prominent figure in society; and the University of Glasgow recognized his distinction by conferring upon him the degree of LL. D. His reputation had prepared for him a warm reception in Edinburgh. He was comfortably settled there with the young Scotch wife he had brought with him to America, and taken back with him to her native land; and his friends here had received barely an intimation of his breaking health, when a brief cabled dispatch announced his death, which took place on the 8th of August last, in his seventieth year.

He had had a varied, an interesting, and on the whole an enviable career. It was not without its disappointments, which he was latterly too much inclined to dwell upon, forgetting that they are the common lot of all. He desired for-

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tune for the generous uses to which he would have devoted it; but in the full flood of his prosperous years he failed to attain independence, and the ebbing tide found him still pulling the oar of an unflagging industry. He had literally troops of friends, — no man had more, — as was enthusiastically shown at the farewell banquet tendered him on the occasion of his first departure for Scotland; yet on returning to Boston, after a brief interval of years, he felt himself forgotten and neglected. Without seeming to overrate his own talents, well aware that he lacked the creative gift of genius, he was ambitious of attaining a permanent place in his country's literature; yet while his books had always a certain success, and were commended by the judicious, they did not secure the general recognition he felt they deserved. His sense of these discouragements was not, however, so bitter as might be inferred from letters of his written when he was poor and ill and old, strictly confidential communications, which were hurried into print at the time of his death. Beneath some superficial inconsistencies he had a simple, sound, and cheerful philosophy, which taught him to do with all his skill his daily task, and make the best of life as it sped. He found unfailing enjoyment in literature, music, and art, in friendship and in congenial labor; and his love of nature remained fresh and vigorous to the last, as evinced by his letters to a few friends, and by the loving, lingering touches of description in the pages of Quabbin.

He wrote popular biographical sketches of Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell; and his later work on Lowell, The Poet and the Man, has the interest and value of personal recollections. His Handbooks are characterized by critical acumen and conciseness in the brief prefatory sketches of the authors illustrated, and by excellent judgment in the selections made from their works. He was not a born story-writer, yet his fiction was always readable, and one of his novels, Lord of Himself, has merits of a high order. Undoubtedly, his representative work, the work by which Dr. Underwood will be best remembered, is Quabbin, the Story of a Small Town, his own native Enfield, written in Glasgow in an interval of leisure between his two consulships. To this home of his hopeful boyhood the memory of the much-tried man went back across a thousand leagues of sea and a wider gulf of years, and solaced itself amid scenes which are here recalled with tender affectionateness and absolute fidelity. A genuine labor of love, he brought to it all the resources of his ripened mind. It cannot be classed as fiction, although there are stories within the story which have the form of fiction, sketches of characters and manners touched with pathos, humor, and a realism softened by sympathetic art. It is a study of the interior life, outward aspects, and social evolution of a New England town; a work altogether unique in its plan, showing unusual powers of observation, and a painstaking accuracy in portraying the customs and costumes, sayings and doings and individual traits of a community typifying a phase of rural life which is swiftly passing away, or has already passed. Our chief concern with it here is the revelation it gives of the man; and passing over quaint or curious or beautiful things in every part, we shall content ourselves with a single quotation. It is from the concluding chapter, which describes the Return of the Native, an old man, to the haunts of his youth: —

"In the cool evening, by the margin of the wood, he hears the plaintive whip-poorwill; and it seems that it must be the same bird that he listened to with strange pleasure when a boy. Night comes with the train of ancient stars which know no change. What unutterable thoughts come as he looks up at the shining host! In the morning he is awakened by the sun peering over the eastern hill and touching the vane of

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the steeple. There is a new day, and the world begins its toil. And so it will be when he does not rise at the call, and the grass is beginning to grow over him."

In the work on which he was engaged at the time of his death, The Builders of American Literature, only one volume of which was completed and published, occur these words regarding an earlier man of letters: "The literary world has need of such accomplished and industrious writers, and could often spare more brilliant men," — words that will apply with equal justice to Francis Henry Underwood himself.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MR. WINTHROP'S REMINISCENCES.

To have one's memory of other people good for much, one must have done something one's self; for people of distinction do not in the main display that for which they are distinguished except to those who stand on somewhat the same footing. It is true that now and then a man like Mr. Nassau W. Senior will cultivate to so high a degree the art of taking down conversation by memory as to give himself an honorable place in the society of the great, and it is true also that those who have shared the best society because they have given as good as they got are not generally very eager to hand down what has been a familiar experience; still it remains that the best point of view from which to see greatness is a measurable equality of rank, and that to overhear the casual talk of a man of mark about his fellows is to receive a pleasure by no means dependent on the actual addition it may bring to our knowledge of the men commented on.

Some such pleasure as this may be derived by those who have access to the privately printed volume which contains Mr. Winthrop's Reminiscences of Foreign Travel.[1] In the easy but never careless style which belongs to one who throughout a long life has been wont to respect his audience, whether that audience was one or a multitude, Mr. Winthrop sets down methodically such reminiscences as occur to him, very much as he might deliver them in talk to a friend, and passes so simply through his gallery of portraits that his companion might not stop to consider till it was over to what a collection of famous men he had been lightly introduced. When Mr. Winthrop first crossed the Atlantic, in 1847, he was in his thirty-ninth year, had been a member of Congress for six or seven years, and as a member of the Committee of Foreign Affairs had been brought into official and personal association with members of the diplomatic corps in Washington. Perhaps of more service still was his friendly relation to Webster, Everett, and Bancroft, the last of whom was Minister in England, the second having just returned from holding the same office. Through these, as well as by his own distinction and family connections, he had at once entry into the best houses. On his very first day in London he went to see the Lyells, whom he had known in Boston, and was taken to hear Faraday, at whose lecture he met Dean Milman and Dr. Edward Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich. This was on Saturday.

"On Monday," he writes, "I began to make use of my notes of introduction, and one of my earliest calls was upon Sir Robert Peel. Stopping at his door in

[1] *Reminiscences of Foreign Travel.* A Fragment of Autobiography. By Robert C. Winthrop. Privately Printed. 1894.

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Whitehall Gardens in a somewhat shabby equipage, I remember well the peremptory tone in which I was told by his servant, in answer to my inquiry, that Sir Robert was not at home. But I remember too how speedily that tone was changed when I handed him my card with the note of introduction, on the back of which was written, in his own clear and well-remembered chirography, the name of Edward Everett. 'Oh, Mr. Everett, — I beg pardon, sir!' exclaimed the footman. 'If you will wait a moment, I will take in the letter and card and see if Sir Robert may not have returned.' In another minute the welcome sound was heard: 'Sir Robert is at home, and will be very glad to see you.'

"This great statesman, who only a year or two before had been Prime Minister, was now in retirement, if indeed the position of an active and leading member of the House of Commons can ever be called retirement. But he had no other official position, and was free from the absorbing labors and overwhelming responsibilities of a Premier. The name of Mr. Everett, for whom Sir Robert had a great regard, secured for me a reception which I could not otherwise have enjoyed, and I was soon disabused of the impression I had carried with me from hearing so often of 'the proverbial coldness of Sir Robert Peel.' After a few moments' conversation about Everett and about American affairs, he said to me: 'You find me engaged at this moment in filling out cards' — for he was doing this with his own pen, and had a pile of them on the table at which he was sitting — 'for an exhibition of my pictures next Saturday. I must write your name on one of them, and you must come. You will find the pictures worth seeing; and besides, you will meet many of our best artists, and not a few of our most distinguished persons. But where are you going to-night? Have you been to the House of Commons? There is a debate in which you cannot fail to be interested.' I told him at once that I had already made arrangements to go with Mr. Bancroft, who had kindly proposed to take me with him to the Diplomatic Box. 'I am glad of that,' said he. 'I shall know where to find you.' And so I took my leave, and proceeded on my round of visits.

"At an early hour of the evening I went with Mr. Bancroft to the House of Commons, and after some preliminary business had been gone through, the Education Bill was taken up. Several of the members came out from their seats to talk with Bancroft, and one of them — Sir William Molesworth, if I remember right — took him off to their refreshment room for a cup of tea, leaving me alone. Just then I observed Sir Robert, who was at the farther end of the house, lifting his eyeglass and looking intently toward me. He presently rose, and marching in his somewhat deliberate and stately way the whole length of the chamber, came up and took the seat next to me which Bancroft had left. His conversation was charming, as he recalled some of the incidents of his long service in the Commons, and pointed out to me the seats of some of the older glories of the House, as well as some of those most distinguished at the moment. He had then been in Parliament almost as long as I had lived, having been first elected in the year I was born (1809), and having served with almost all the men best known to the modern history of England, except Pitt and Fox, who died three years before he was old enough to be chosen. During the half-hour he remained at my side several members of note had entered into the debate, among them Mr. Roebuck. But suddenly 'the Right Honorable member for Edinburgh' was announced by the Speaker, when Sir Robert said quietly but quickly to me, 'You must excuse me now; Macaulay has the floor, and I never fail to attend closely to what he says.' And so he marched back to his seat.

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"A night or two afterward I was again at the House of Commons, when the debate was closed, long after midnight, by Lord John Russell and Sir Robert himself. Sir Robert spoke for an hour and a half in a masterly manner, fulfilling all my expectations, and impressing me deeply with his power and persuasiveness as a debater. With a clear and telling voice and a figure of striking dignity, without studied rhetoric or flights of fancy, simple, earnest, and at times almost impassioned, he seemed peculiarly fitted for a parliamentary leader. I know not how it may have been with him on other occasions, but on that night he exhibited hardly anything of the hesitation which was then one of the proverbial attributes of English speakers. His course upon the Corn Laws the year before had not only cost him his place at the head of the government, but had broken up his party, and made many of his old friends look coldly, and even angrily at him. But he bore himself as bravely as if he were still the idol of the hour, and commanded the unbroken attention of a crowded house."

Mr. Winthrop went to the exhibition of Sir Robert's pictures, and besides the pictures saw painters of pictures in Leslie, Landseer, Turner, Eastlake, Stanfield, and Westmacott; men of letters and science, as Hallam, Rogers, Faraday, Buckland, and Dickens, with such men of political fame as Lord John Russell and the Duke of Wellington. He afterward heard the duke in Parliament, and met him more than once in private. He had the distinction, even, of refusing an invitation to dinner with the duke. He gives several agreeable glimpses of the great soldier and statesman, but perhaps none has more interest than that which is incidental to his recollection of Rogers:

"I cannot remember whether my introduction to Samuel Rogers, the poet, in connection with whom, as the author of the Pleasures of Memory, nothing ought to be forgotten, was from Webster or Everett, but he did full honor to whichever it was by calling at once and offering me the kindest attentions. Nothing could be more characteristic than one of his first notes to me: —

"'My Dear Mr. Winthrop, — Pray come and breakfast with me at quarter before ten any morning or every morning.

'Yours ever, S. Rogers.'

"And so I breakfasted with him repeatedly: twice absolutely alone; more frequently with five or six others.

"One great advantage to a stranger in breakfasting alone with Rogers was this: he could tell over again his oldest and best stories with the assurance that they had not been heard before. In a mixed party, on the other hand, one or more persons were certain to have heard them previously, and this restrained and disconcerted him.

"At one of these tête-à-têtes, I remember that he dwelt almost entirely on the Duke of Wellington. He told me that, many years before, when he was dining in company with the great English hero, the duke said: 'I wonder why it is that nobody ever invites me to dine on Sundays. I get three or four invitations for every other day of the week, but on Sunday, after going to church' (for the duke was a regular attendant on public worship), 'I have only a late lonely dinner at home, and a desolate evening.' As soon as Rogers reached home he sat down and wrote two or three invitations on this wise: —

"'Mr. Rogers requests the honor of the Duke of Wellington's company at dinner on Sunday next at 7½ o'clock.'

"'Mr. Rogers requests the honor of the Duke of Wellington's company on Sunday week' (giving the date of the following Sunday) 'at 7½ o'clock.'

"Sending them both together to Apsley House, an affirmative answer to both was received without delay; and the duke dined habitually with Rogers for many Sundays in succession during that season,

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and perhaps during more than one season.

"Rogers took care to avoid introducing strangers or ceremonious company to these dinners, asking only two or three of the particular friends of the duke, so that he should converse entirely without restraint. Of these conversations Rogers made careful record, and on one of the mornings I was with him alone he sent his confidential servant upstairs for his journals of that period, and read to me many interesting passages from them, particularly one of the duke's account of his resigning his post in 1830, 'rather,' as he said, 'than be the head of a faction.' This was about the time of his greatest unpopularity, when his windows were broken by the mob. Rogers ended by telling me what I could not have imagined before, that the duke never saw Napoleon Bonaparte. He may have brought the focus of his field glass to bear upon him in looking at some group at Waterloo, but he never consciously saw the Emperor."

At Rogers's breakfasts Mr. Winthrop met Milman, Whewell, and Thirlwall, the Countess of Orford and her daughter Lady Dorothy Walpole, afterward Lady Dorothy Nevill, the Dowager Lady Lyttleton, and Lady Bulwer-Lytton. On another occasion he was lunching with Rogers at Miss Burdett-Coutts's, when Wordsworth was announced and took his seat with the company. "While we were at table," says Mr. Winthrop, "Miss Coutts chanced to inquire after a favorite servant named James whom she had seen at Rydal Mount. 'He is with me,' said Wordsworth. 'With you! Where?' asked Rogers. 'At the door,' said Wordsworth. 'James at the door!' exclaimed Miss Coutts. 'Why, I must go and see him.' 'So must I,' said Rogers. And thereupon the whole party hastened out to the street door in Stratton Street to greet the faithful attendant of the poet, who had won upon all their hearts by the care which he took of his aged master.

"Wordsworth was then in his seventy-eighth year, and looked quite infirm, with a spiritual look like our Washington Allston's. He was in the first anxiety, too, for a beloved daughter, who died in a few weeks from that time, just as I was passing along Windermere with a view of calling to see her father, agreeably to his request and my promise. I was unwilling to intrude upon so fresh a grief, and wrote him a note of sympathy and apology. The luncheon at Miss Burdett-Coutts's was thus my only interview with Wordsworth. He died in 1850. Ten years after his death I was again among the Lakes, and as I was passing his house I saw a red flag at the gate, betokening an auction sale. I stopped, and found that Wordsworth's library was being sold in the barn, to which it had been removed. I went in, and found quite a company of book-fanciers. I saw one parcel knocked off, but could not resist the temptation of the second parcel. I made a bid, and was successful; but on being called on for my name, I asked leave to take the books and pay for them at once, and to my consternation was refused. So I had to make a little speech in Wordsworth's barn, saying that 'I was an American, accidentally passing by, and that my family were awaiting me in the rain at the door; that I had enjoyed the privilege of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and desired only to obtain a souvenir of one I had so much admired.' The auctioneer at last gave a surly assent, taking my money and giving me the books, but stoutly declaring that it was the only such interruption he would tolerate. So I paid my money, and carried off my prize rejoicing.

"The books were quite miscellaneous, and of no great intrinsic value; but almost all of them had Wordsworth's autograph, and had evidently been read by him. Indeed, one of them proved to be a book of which he had a high opinion. Crabb Robinson, in his Remi-

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niscences, says of George Dyer, 'He wrote one good book, the Life of Robert Robinson, which I have heard Wordsworth mention as one of the best books of biography in the language;' adding that 'Dr. Samuel Parr pronounced the same opinion.' This was one of the books which I purchased so accidentally in Wordsworth's barn at Rydal Mount, and it has an additional interest from its quaint calico binding. Happening to show it to Lord Houghton, when he was one day lunching with me in Boston, he told me that it was probably bound by Mrs. Southey, whose habit it was to bind her husband's books with fragments of her chintz or calico dresses, and who may have treated one of her neighbor's books to a similar covering. The volume is thus doubly redolent of the Lake poets."

Mr. Winthrop used his opportunities for hearing as well as meeting men of mark in the Church, as Blomfield, Bishop of London, whom Webster singled out as one of the most impressive speakers in the House of Lords; Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford; Dr. Harold Browne, who succeeded him at Winchester; Trench, Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop Tait, and Dean Stanley; but he has most to say of a prelate who shines more now with a reflected light than he did in 1847, when he was a very notable figure in his own right, — Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.

"I met him first at a breakfast at Nassau W. Senior's, to whom Webster had given me a letter. When I entered the room, where the other guests had arrived before me, I saw a tall, gaunt figure in a straight-bodied coat, with tightly gaitered legs and an apron appended to his waistcoat, standing with his back to the fire, and holding up a small puppy by the nape of its neck, upon which he was discoursing most humorously. I was hardly prepared for meeting one of the great thinkers and writers of the English Church in such an attitude. But Whately had a vein of drollery which could not be controlled, and which he did not care to control. He was full of anecdote and witty repartee during the breakfast, and made me quite at home with him by his personal cordiality and kindness. He insisted on taking me to my hotel, after breakfast was over, in his chariot, and made me promise to come and see him in Dublin, if I should cross over to Ireland in the summer.

"I met him next at a big dinner at the Marquis of Lansdowne's (then president of the Council), where several Cabinet ministers were present. It was pleasant and sumptuous, but had a little of the coldness and formality which might be imagined in a banquet hall almost lined with antique marble statues. Whately, however, did not fail to 'set the table in a roar' now and then, until he retired with Lady Lansdowne and the other ladies, while the gentlemen remained for half an hour to try the qualities of the Lansdowne cellar. When we went up to the drawing-room, I found the archbishop, with cards and scissors in hand, lecturing on the principle of the *boomerang*, cutting out little semicircular strips, and blowing or snapping them so as to make them return upon his own nose or head. He was in great glee, and the ladies quite wild with merriment."

Of statesmen and men of great affairs, Mr. Winthrop has agreeable reminiscences of Lord Lansdowne, the Earl of St. Germans, Sir Richard Pakenham, Sir John Crampton, Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Napier, Lord Palmerston, the Marquis of Dufferin, and Gladstone, among others. On his first visit to England he was presented at court, as afterward on successive visits.

"Mr. Bancroft, our Minister, was unfortunately taken ill a few days before the Drawing-Room, and I accompanied Mr. Brodhead and Mr. Moran, his secretaries, having been admitted by Lord Palmerston to the diplomatic circle,

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where Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, took me kindly in charge. After making my bow, I was thus privileged to remain in the court circle and witness the presentations from beginning to end. The Queen was then in the full enjoyment of youth and health, and was surrounded by all the beauties of her court, — the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Douro, and Lady Jocelyn among the most conspicuous. Prince Albert was at her side, and the young Grand Duke Constantine of Russia near him, while the old Duke of Wellington was not far off. It was a splendid scene. Soon afterward I was at a ball at Buckingham Palace; and before leaving London I attended the Birthday Drawing-Room, and was again witness to the grace and dignity of the Queen's manner. But the best opportunity I had of seeing and hearing her was in the House of Lords, when she prorogued Parliament in person. Nothing could have been more brilliant than that occasion, — the peers in their robes, the peeresses in all their jewels, floor and gallery crowded with all the distinction and beauty of the realm, the Queen herself in her state attire, with a crown upon her head. But more impressive than anything else was the distinct articulation and exquisite voice with which she read her speech. Fanny Kemble in Portia was not more effective. The whole scene was dramatic, and no part could have been better played than that of her Majesty; while the solemnity and sincerity of her tone sufficiently evinced that she was not playing a part at all, but discharging a duty with simple, unconscious earnestness."

After all, England, to most persons who would take pleasure in Mr. Winthrop's reminiscences, means the England of literature rather than of the court, and the reader is likely to look with most interest on the mention of those Englishmen who by their writings have been naturalized in the United States, — Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Macaulay, Walter Savage Landor, Grote, Lockhart, and Lord Houghton.

After leaving England Mr. Winthrop went to France, and as he had been presented at the English court, so he made his bow at the French court also.

"I was presented to Louis Philippe by Mr. Martin, our Chargé d'Affaires (after Mr. King, of Alabama, had left Paris, and before Mr. Rush had arrived), at the palace of Neuilly. It was a quiet evening reception, and I was invited, out of regular course, as a member of Congress. The British Ambassador (Lord Normanby) and Leverrier, then in the first flush of his celebrity as the discoverer of the new planet, were almost the only visitors, besides myself and Mr. Martin. There were two or three aides-de-camp in uniform; but the King was in plain clothes, and the Queen and Madame Adelaide and the Duchess of Orleans were sitting at a little table, sipping their tea, and then turning to their embroidery. Nothing could have been more simple and unaffected than the manners of them all. The Duchess of Orleans, with whom I conversed most, was particularly graceful and gracious, and gave me an impression of goodness and loveliness which was fully confirmed by her Life and Letters as published after her death. Her son, the Comte de Paris, was a little boy then, and had doubtless gone to bed; but I have known him since in London and in Boston, and he has been good enough to send me his volume on the Trades-Unions of England, and his valuable History of our Civil War. He has always impressed me as the worthy son of so excellent a mother. Louis Philippe himself was cordial and chatty, asking after Americans whom he had known when in the United States as an exile. 'Did you know Tim Pickering?' said he, and then went on to say more than I can remember of him and others of our old-time statesmen. He followed me almost to the door of the room,

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in the easiest way, when I took my leave, and told me emphatically that I must come and see him again. Mr. Martin said this was a royal command, and must be obeyed; and so the next week I went again, this time in plain clothes, for I was in uniform before. Another conversation with the Duchess of Orleans renewed my impression of the sweetness and sincerity of her manner and character, and the King was as jaunty and as cordial as before. In seven or eight months more, he and his family were banished from France, and the palace in which I had seen them was sacked and burned.

"My pleasant associations with the royal family of Orleans were revived and intensified thirty-five years later, in September, 1882, by being privileged, through the kind offices of M. Laugel, to lunch with that distinguished soldier and historical writer, the Duc d'Aumale, at his well-known Château of Chantilly, where he was good enough to show me in person many of the priceless works of art which it contains."

One other potentate is referred to by Mr. Winthrop as coming within the range of his personal experience. "I was first presented," he says, "to Pius IX. in 1860. The late Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, had given me a friendly and flattering letter to Cardinal Antonelli, and I was granted a private audience. The American Minister, Mr. Stockton, accompanied me; and we were ushered into the Pope's private room, where he was sitting in his white flannel or merino robe, with a beautiful crucifix and a jeweled snuffbox on the table at his side.

"Immediately on our entrance, his Holiness said to me in French, 'Vous avez été Président de la Chambre et Sénateur?' and on my replying affirmatively he continued, 'Asseyez-vous, Monsieur,' and then launched out into a most excited discourse on the then threatened removal of the French troops from Rome. He spoke altogether in French, and talked freely and fluently on public affairs on both sides of the ocean. In the course of his remarks upon America as 'a great country, of great destinies, and enjoying a great liberty,' I reminded him that he was the first and only pontiff who had ever crossed the ocean. He said it was true that as a young priest he had been in Chili, and no other Pope had gone so far; but he did not know what might happen hereafter. 'We are in the midst of great events, great changes. I rest tranquil,' said he, 'amid them all, trusting in God. I have no ambition of earthly sovereignty, and am content to part with temporal power whenever God so wills it. But I do not wish, nor is it my duty, to accept the decrees of mortal kings or emperors as indications or instruments of God's will.'

"He more than intimated his belief that the Emperor of the French had already, at that very moment, given orders to Marshal Vaillant to withdraw his troops from Italy. Mr. Stockton suggested that it was probably only from the north of Italy. The Pope replied that he supposed the troops might not be removed quite so summarily from Rome; the Emperor ought certainly to give more than two hours' notice, — a week or two was the least that should be given. But he was not altogether at the mercy of foreign troops, and he trusted all would be safe whether they went or stayed. And then he made an eloquent and impassioned allusion to the exquisite fresco of Heliodorus by Raphael, and to the intervention of a Divine Protector portrayed in that grand picture. Nothing could have been more impressive than this part of his conversation, and I regret that I cannot recall more of it. He spoke with great approbation of a recent speech or letter of the late Archbishop Hughes, and of some manifestation which he himself had just received from Buffalo. But he seemed not to know exactly where Buffalo was, until I referred to it as

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being not far from the great Falls of Niagara. He spoke most gratefully of the sympathy which had been manifested for Rome, not merely by Catholics, but by Protestants throughout the world; alluding particularly, if I mistake not, to some recent act of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, among others."

We have aimed rather at giving excerpts from this agreeable fragment of autobiography, but though we have failed to mention many names that were on Mr. Winthrop's visiting list in his occasional visits to Europe, the reader can scarcely miss noting how abundant and how rich is the storehouse from which he has drawn these memorabilia. Honorable in his own service, which has been given freely even in those years when he might fairly have been allowed to rest as emeritus, his association with men of mark abroad as well as at home for half a century illustrates that delicate network of international social relations which is not much taken into account by publicists, but is after all one of the strongest bonds which unite the peoples of Christendom.

The exigency of magazine publication has made the above to appear in the present tense. It remains only to add a word which could not so well be said here in Mr. Winthrop's lifetime. He gave an intimation in his book that he might write another section of autobiography covering his friendships in his own country. To write of some of his associates in public life could not have been hard, for his own service had been so long that many whom he had worked with had died long before. His commemorative addresses are studded with notable encomiums on them, and not unlikely this fact deterred him, in the wearisomeness of old age, from returning to themes he had already handled. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Winthrop was merely an interesting survivor of an interesting past. His official service in politics came to an end, indeed, many years ago. Yet as he represented high principles in political life, so, continuously after retiring from office, he was in a very notable sense a public man. He stood as a signal instance of the American citizen who recognizes his duty to the community in which he lives, and the opportunities which arise in that vast network of social, philanthropic, and educational activity which happily with us is dissociated from exclusively governmental function. It is idle to assume that ardent devotion to partisan politics exhausts the capacity for good citizenship, or that the only career for an American who desires to serve his country is in the political field. Mr. Winthrop demonstrated clearly that a man of scholarship and independent fortune could, year after year, give a large part of his time to the promotion of great public ends, and do this so unostentatiously that the newspapers did not keep his name standing in large capitals. When this magazine was founded, it bore for a device on the cover the head of the first Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay. That device was supplanted by the American flag when the war for the Union came. In its recognition of the enduring elements of American character and civilization, it regards this descendant of John Winthrop as a great and worthy exemplar.

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A GERMAN APPRAISAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

SINCE the civil war, which disclosed the might of America, there has been begotten in Europe an intelligent curiosity as to the forms and meanings of American life. Scholars have turned to our great republic, and studied its law, history, and social characteristics, and men of practical politics and practical science have profited by our example or learned to shun our follies. Not to speak of more trivial investigations, Bryce, Carlier, and Von Holst have, in their respective languages, given to the world descriptions of the life, law, and history of the United States. Professor Ratzel's book [1] can well be classed with the works of these three; for he has written much more than a dead geography of America. The book is more than scientific; it is human. He feels that the United States has an immense moral influence upon the life of that new Germany which has begun to lift its head under the inspiring consciousness of a realized harmony, and to grope toward a social and industrial situation worthy of the nineteenth century, and befitting its political greatness and its political achievements. This feeling has given the book something of a German cast. His purposes have occasionally affected the accuracy of his scientific insight, but they have also brought his geography securely within the category of the humanities. He feels the meaning of American life so strongly that in his preface he thus confesses to his hopes: "It may be asserted that the political intelligence of a people can be measured to-day by the amount of knowledge and appreciation they may possess of what is occurring, and is likely to occur, in America. We must therefore take care that Germany, which has already derived so much benefit from its knowledge of the United States, shall not be excelled by any people in this knowledge." It is largely, also, because of such feeling that this second edition has become, as Professor Ratzel asserts, a new book. Not only have the facts and figures been altered to agree with the statistics of our last census; the spirit of the book has been changed as well. The author more fully sympathizes in our manifest destiny, and has more minutely studied the influence of topography on character.

The word "geography" may conceal rather than reveal the scope of the work to the reader who has not noticed the trend of modern geographical study. All science has of course come under the sway of the evolutionary idea; and thus geography is no longer an account of the dwelling-place of man, but of his growing-place. It strives to give the physical facts which are making for human development and progress. Even when the exact correspondence between man and his physical environment cannot be determined, new interest is given to topography and climate because of the realization that these are telling facts in human history. No problems in politics, in law, in sociology, are foreign to the student of the subject, because all are at the most but the converse side of geography, the effect of physical forces. All earthy facts assume a spiritual significance when touched by the wand of this most modern of sciences. Ratzel's book is built upon this comprehension of the geographic science. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that it contains

[1] *Politische Geographie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika, unter besonderer Berücksichtigung der natürlichen Bedingungen und wirthschaftlichen Verhältnisse.* Von Dr. FRIEDRICH RATZEL, Professor der Geographie an der Universität zu Leipzig. Zweiter Band von des Verfassers Werk, — Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. München: R. Oldenbourg. 1893.

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not simply a description of the American topography and climate, but a discussion of the race problem and of the emigration question, and a consideration of politics and society, of the physical, mental, and moral structure of the American man.

Professor Ratzel has not endeavored to trace out laboriously the effect of climate upon the energy, fancy, and bodily vigor of European emigrants to America. This is not because he depreciates the value of climate as an historical factor, but because he appreciates that hundreds of other things go to make up man's environment. We find, also, little or no trace of the doctrine of the dynamic economists. And yet their ideas could, with no violence to the theories of the author, be classed as distinctly geographic rather than economic. Perhaps he does not see that an abundance of cheap food — evidently an earthy fact — has had at least as much force in our history as have rivers and lakes and snows. He has made, however, most valuable additions to our thinking upon the relations between physics and politics. As one reads the book, he is almost forced to the conclusion that American history must be rewritten, this time from the standpoint of geography, as before from that of politics or mysticism. Professor Ratzel states some well-known facts so clearly that they have at once a new meaning for us, and show us how inevitably nature has conditioned our history and will shape our destiny. We are, he states, a Pacific as well as an Atlantic power; and this simple statement, clearly and forcibly made, causes us to realize that the Eastern question is for us a Western one. How much political significance is there in the fact that Wyoming holds within her limits the source of irrigation for her Eastern and Southern neighbors? A land which has thus been bound together, the power of secession can never put asunder. But it is easy to give way too readily to the charm of finding sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks. All the energies of our history are not the immediate bequest of physical environment. We know full well, for instance, that the great motive ideas of Puritanism can no more be dug out of the New England drift than sunbeams can be made out of cucumbers.

Professor Ratzel has sought, perhaps not in vain, for one physical fact the effect of which will account for certain evident characteristics common to the whole American people. Spite of the diversities of climate and topography, the men of the United States, wheresoever they may live, are not unlike. He finds one all-pervading influence affecting the social, industrial, and purely intellectual life. This comes from the size or spaciousness (*Raum*) of the country. "The breadth of the land has given to the American spirit something of its own size." This conception of space has stimulated the imagination; it has begotten the idea of manifest destiny, and has thus directly affected our politics and our diplomacy; it has had its enlivening effect not only in commerce and government, but in morals and religion; it has stamped upon the mind of the common man a lasting brand of optimism; it has given to American democracy a peculiar fatalism, which makes us tolerant of political abuses and corruption, and hopeful in the midst of disaster; it has caused the people to give time, energy, and money to schools and colleges, and has made the typical American parent indulgent toward his children, because the manifest destiny of the undeveloped country lies in the mind and brain of the coming generation. The use which the author makes of this idea is so suggestive that one hesitates to criticise it. Yet it is doubtful if the proverbial good nature — I do not mean gayety or frolicsomeness — of the American people can be so intimately connected with spaciousness as Professor Ratzel would have us believe. Better and more abundant food, a more stimulating climate, more reason-

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able political and social conditions, help to differentiate the American from the inhabitant of northern Germany. One who has passed a winter beneath the lowering skies of Saxony, or even Prussia, need not be told that sunshine has its direct physical effect upon the spirits. If the statistics of 1890 are trustworthy, suicides in the states of north and middle Germany are from five to six times as frequent as in the states of America. California alone approaches Germany in the percentage of suicides, but that is because the Chinaman has a peculiar facility in making his quietus with a bare bodkin.

Perhaps the most interesting portions of this book are those which treat of the social and intellectual characteristics of Americans. It must be said that Professor Ratzel is eminently fair, although at times he has failed to sympathize. In fact, one feels that he has seen, but not felt; that he has the cool insight of the surgeon without the compassionate appreciation of the physician. Bryce has shown us that sympathy need not insure commendation. Ratzel does not feel sympathy, fellow-feeling, even when he commends. Yet at times he is fairer toward us than are many of us toward ourselves. He does not hesitate to say, for instance, that the American is bodily and mentally more refined and mobile than the European; that he thinks and acts more quickly than the German; that he is richer in fantasy and less restrained by precedent; that although the American gentleman is often cross (*verdriesslich*), he is on the whole more coolly polished and polite than his European counterpart.

It is to be hoped that some of the plain statements of fact which this book contains may penetrate some German brain which firmly holds the illusion that all learning is Teutonic in origin. The author knows America too well to believe that our thoughts and our genius are all absorbed in petty ingenuity, in inventing new mousetraps or useless paraphernalia for kitchen shelves. The so-called American inventiveness is more than a perverted, paltry ingenuity. At times it is the application of common sense to the simplifying of problems of living; but much of it is genuine scientific research. In some fields, for instance electricity, it is not now necessary for the German savant to say, "It is good," before the world will recognize that something has been done. In astronomy, in geology, in many lines of pure science, the Americans are and have been making contributions to learning. Ratzel knows this, because he himself knew the great Agassiz. He knows enough, too, to repel the assertion of the *a priori* German who ridiculed the possibility of real historical work among us, because, forsooth, so many thousands of Gibbon's Rome were sold yearly in the United States. He spurns, also, the idea that the American mind is deficient in fancy; on the contrary, mobility and airiness are its characteristics. He believes that we love nature; our poetry is the poetry of nature, and our prose betrays its influence. This open-hearted love of nature, as one sees it in its simplicity and grandeur, gives to all our literature a flavor distinguishing it from the literature of modern Europe. Geography has impressed itself upon the heart and soul of the man of letters. We have no ruins or historic minsters, but we have inspiring anticipations of a coming empire, and thus the imagination feels the stimulus of hope.

That America is industrially one of the leaders of the world, and that Germany, much as she has profited by example, has much to learn, no thinking and reading German now denies. This superiority Professor Ratzel takes for granted. His explanation of its cause is somewhat unique. He attributes our industrial energy and productiveness not simply to the richness of the soil, and the unbounded opportunity our spacious country offers for remunerative work. The publicans of South America have

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the same privilege. Even the stimulating climate and race mixture are not dwelt upon as the main causes. He seems to stop short of such physical reasons, and contents himself with what would appear to be a secondary rather than a primary cause. He finds the secret of our industrial energy in the early maturity of our young people. As producers in the economic field, our young men begin to work some five years earlier than in Germany. Statisticians in the latter country place the beginning of the productive age at twenty-five, but our author well says that here it is not later than twenty. "Therein lies the great industrial gain, — that the families are more quickly relieved from the burden of supporting the children, and the young people at an earlier age enter the lists of those who are working to increase the national wealth." If the evolutionary idea that progress has come from lengthening the plastic period of childhood hold true in the more advanced stages of evolution, we may perhaps doubt whether this early maturity is an advantage to our race. The author thinks, however, that the American character is expanded and enriched by the fact that youthful dependence, weakness, and irresolution do not extend far down into the age of manhood. The only evil which he sees is one which attests the fact that, with all his keenness and fairness, he is a foreigner, and a German foreigner still: he laments that the politician uses the youthful voter for his own sad ends, and that young men's political clubs have too much influence in guiding the ship of state. We all might wish that the thoughtlessness of youth were the greatest danger threatening the sensible navigation of our somewhat leaky craft.

Early maturity might establish a presumption of early decay. Professor Ratzel is somewhat misty on this subject. We have heard so much about the American man's burning his candle at both ends that the metaphor has been completely domesticated. Yet our author, while not denying that old age comes early here, asserts that this is true only of the body, not of the mind, — a curious piece of spiritualism to come from a physical scientist. We are asked to believe that after the physique is worn and battered by the stress and storm of life, the mind goes marching on in unabated vigor, — an assertion, in reality, that the cells of the brain have not felt the wear and tear that have broken down the rest of the body. The fact of the matter is, that these theories about the early death of the American man or his early decrepitude are still very nebulous. One would like to see in a scientific book some figures that would materialize or dissipate this misty superstition. The author quotes with apparent approval the remarks of Sir Charles Dilke, who is much shocked at the pale, strained, and haggard faces that he meets on the streets of Boston; but such a sigh might find its echo from the American who walks toweringly among the little men who haunt Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon to enjoy the music or listen to socialistic harangues. Do the figures of life insurance companies show that the European lives longer than the American? Do the reports from hospitals or the hospital tent show the American less enduring under suffering, a more delicate and dangerous subject for the surgeon? Do army measurements show that he is more narrow-chested and has less lung capacity in proportion to his size, — one of the crucial tests of vitality made by our professors of physical culture? The answer must needs be "no" to all these inquiries. Moreover, where the early English stock has been allowed naturally to develop unmixed with the recent emigrations from Continental Europe, the inhabitants of this continent are models of physical manhood. Professor Ratzel himself makes the statement that American babies are larger than those of Europe. Measurements taken at Harvard, Yale, and Cam-

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bridge, England, prove that the New England collegian is larger than the scion of the old English university. All these facts must be admitted. And yet one is asked to believe that, figures to the contrary, these advantages of the American youth are early wasted and frittered away. It must be time to revise these statements about American leanness. Many of them had their origin sixty years ago, or more, when, it may be, the typical Yankee was not caricatured in the figure given to Uncle Sam as he has always appeared in comic cartoons. Possibly the picture was not a libel on many of the farmers and woodsmen, who, in the earlier history of our land, were not fed by the produce of a developed country, but nursed dyspepsia and neurasthenia on salt pork, corn bread, and maple syrup.

Professor Ratzel is seen at his best and at his worst in his chapter on the church: at his best, because it shows a most careful gathering and handling of material; at his worst, because it is impossible in one chapter to characterize the complicated religious life of America. There is something misleading even in the title of the chapter, Die Kirche. In no sense have we *the church.* We have neither a leading denomination nor an established hierarchy; and a combination of all the religious bodies does not form the church, if one gives to that term the meaning which it has in the life of any European state. At his worst he is, too, because the most liberal and open-minded foreigner cannot come to an appreciation of the vitality of American religion through a study of statistics. Yet the author's keenness of vision and philosophic aptitude for his task are so clearly shown that this chapter is fascinating; especially, it may be, because one is intensely interested in seeing the churches of America through the spectacles of a German professor. His opening sentences are amusingly antithetical and pungent. Turning from a gloomy sketch of the dark and devious labyrinth of American politics, he says: "It has been said that the Americans possess a talent for politics. Their talent for religion is perhaps greater. The American has received as an Anglo-Saxon heritage this gift closely connected with earnestness in living, fidelity to duty, and practical sense. Together with his political sense of freedom he has a regard for everything which is generally recognized as worthy of reverence."

The philosophical observer of America has at no time had difficulty in discovering that at least in our newer Western life the motives and impulses of men were closely associated with the moods and teachings of nature, their constant companion and friend. Professor Ratzel has thrown new light upon the subject, and even when stating ordinary facts has helped us to trace more exactly the subtle threads of influence which, coming from the tangible things about us, have been woven into the warp and woof of character. He shows that, although there is now no great unredeemed West to spur the imagination with the thought of material conquest, the consciousness of empire and visions of coming power have cast the warmth of optimism upon the American mind; and in describing our present industrial status, he too yields to the contagion of hopefulness. Especially to Americans geography should be a subject of continuing interest. It must take its place in our college curriculum as one of the fundamental studies in preparation for intelligent citizenship and public service. Modern as it is in its generous phase, it is in its essence the mother of physical sciences, and such a work as this proves that it is the mother of political and social science as well.

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COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Illustrated and Holiday Books. Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen, their Work and their Methods, a Study of the Art To-Day, with Technical Suggestions, by Joseph Pennell. (Macmillan.) A second edition, revised and considerably changed, of a book published five years ago. Mr. Pennell writes and selects his illustrations for artists, and for them only. In his brusque, and one may even say at times ill-mannered text, he seems rather scornful of all other persons. He is, it is true, dealing exclusively with technique, and it is not surprising that an artist who has himself won high distinction in the field of pen drawing, and has made a constant study of the subject since his first edition, should speak with authority and confidence. Nevertheless, if Mr. Pennell, with his cocksureness, is meekly accepted by artists as a final court, things are different in the world of art from what they are in the world of letters. The book is a very handsome one, and the ignorant general reader will get a great deal of pleasure out of it on his own behalf. — The Life of Christ as Represented in Art, by Frederick W. Farrar. (Macmillan.) Archdeacon Farrar takes a somewhat more modest position in this work than in his The Life of Christ. He is but the showman of the painters, and he trusts wisely to the best historians and critics of art. It need scarcely be said that he is occupied quite exclusively with the subject and its treatment from a subjective point of view, and refrains from any technical criticism. The book, with its abundant illustration, becomes thus a convenient and most interesting study of the relation which art in the several great periods has borne toward the central figure of the world. It is possible that Archdeacon Farrar has not wholly considered the purely artistic side of his subject, and has referred sometimes to piety what was due to a painter's delight in his subject, or even to the demands of his patron; and he has brought occasionally a nineteenth-century feeling to bear on products of an earlier period; but his book will be found serviceable.— A delightful edition of Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice is that just issued, with a preface by George Saintsbury, and illustrations by Hugh Thomson. (George Allen, London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Thomson has reproduced capitally the characters of his figures, and given a grace and daintiness to the costumes which half suggests a masquerade of ladies and gentlemen, but has none of the histrionic look which is apt to mar pictures of a revived beginning of the century. It is a great pity that the publishers, in their commercial anxiety, have defaced so many of the pictures with a copyright motto. It is a pleasure to have one of Jane Austen's tales in such fair type and with such charming bits of illustration. — Hypatia, or, New Foes with an Old Face, by Charles Kingsley. Illustrated from Drawings by William Martin Johnson. In two volumes. (Harpers.) Mr. Johnson has in a measure, perhaps unwittingly, followed Kingsley in his illustrations to this stirring tale; for though he has essayed to picture men, women, and objects in the fifth century, he has more than once, we think, used a model of quite distinctly the nineteenth-century type. Nevertheless, his drawing is always graceful and often full of spirit, and the decorative treatment is delightful and most fit. All books do not lend themselves so well as Hypatia to the marginal annotation pictorially, and the result is a singularly beautiful illustrated book. The portrait of Kingsley is taken wisely from one made at the age when he wrote Hypatia. — Their Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells. With Illustrations by Clifford Carleton. (Houghton.) The light air of this charming book is happily felt by Mr. Carleton in his sketchy designs, which do not attempt too much, and remain, as it were, in the background of a book which is so delightfully real in its way that one almost unwittingly looks for photographic illustrations drawn from actual persons and objects. — Mrs. Wiggin's Timothy's Quest has been illustrated by Oliver Herford (Houghton) in what really may be called a new mode. Mr. Herford has used his playful fancy to give a sort of other-world decoration to the events of the story; and instead of contenting himself with translating scenes and persons into pictures, he has given them a half-spiritual translation, and brought out the inner life of this pretty parable. — Portraits in Plaster, from the Collec-

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tion of Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) The illustrations of some seventy casts of mighty men and two women, taken after death, are in themselves interesting, and would be still more so could they be compared with portraits from life by really great artists. Those who have observed the face after death certainly must be aware of a change in many instances. One might almost say that the face retains the residuum of character; but it can hardly be said that the lighter qualities of life, the more joyous elements, ever have any presentation in the death mask. Mr. Hutton has accompanied his plates with agreeable text, in which he strays wisely beyond the immediate confines of his subject. — Child-Life in Art, by Estelle M. Hurll. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) Miss Hurll has treated her subject topically, but with a nice sense of the gradation of her theme; for, beginning with Childhood in Ideal Types, she goes on with Children Born to the Purple, The Children of Field and Village, The Child-Life of the Streets, Child-Angels, and finally The Christ Child. The illustrations are well chosen, and she has brought together a delightful group of interesting pictures in her descriptive passages. The theme is an admirable one, and this is almost a pioneer book. It might well be the starting-point for an interpretative study which should take account of the development of the human mind in its interest in the general subject. — Old English Songs from Various Sources. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and an Introduction by Austin Dobson. (Macmillan.) The songs are all the songs of home-bred wits, such as Thomson delights to illustrate. Not one can be said to have a foreign smack to it, and the illustrations are full of humor, and of that legitimate addition to the text which makes a picture an illustration, and not a repetition. — Messrs. Lee & Shepard have brought out for holiday use four series of colored and illuminated cards after designs by Irene E. Jerome, — designs graceful and pleasing enough to make one regret that they should have been strung upon ribbons to form "banners." Three sets of the cards are dedicated respectively to Joy, Rest, and Every-Day; the fourth illustrates What Will the Violets Be? Easter verses by W. C. Gannett.

History and Biography. The History of the French Revolution, by Louis Adolphe Thiers. Translated by Frederick Shoberl. (Lippincott, Philadelphia; Bentley, London.) The History of the Consulate and Empire, by Louis Adolphe Thiers. Translated by D. Forbes Campbell and John Stebbing. (Lippincott, Philadelphia; Chatto & Windus, London.) Naturally, one of the results of the curious but marked revival of the Napoleonic legend would be the republication of the English versions of the histories of its greatest exponent. The translation of the French Revolution was first brought out by Bentley nearly sixty years ago, while the volumes of the Consulate and Empire closely followed the appearance of the French originals, the earliest of which was published in 1845, the latest in 1862. The present editions of the two works are uniform in style, the first being in five, the second in twelve handsome and exceedingly well-printed volumes. The steel engravings of former days have been retained, which as regards some of the portraits is well, but in the case of the scenic illustrations is not so well. It now hardly needs to be said that Thiers was not a philosophic historian, that he usually wrote as a partisan, and that his patriotism, if ardent and intense, was narrow as well. But his French Revolution, considering that he was the first historian of that convulsion, his youth at the time of writing, and the imperfect material at his command, is a remarkable, even if it long ago ceased to be an authoritative work. As for Thiers's *magnum opus*, The History of the Consulate and Empire, there must be, from present indications, a tolerably large body of readers prepared to give it a sympathetic welcome. The unsympathetic will be interested at least in the treatment of the statecraft of the time by a writer who was himself a maker of history. Both classes should feel grateful to the publishers for the admirably full and comprehensive index which supplements the work. — Songs, Poems, and Verses, by Helen, Lady Dufferin (Countess of Gifford). Edited, with a Memoir and some Account of the Sheridan Family, by her Son, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. (Imported by Scribners.) Lady Dufferin wrote a few graceful and charming songs, tender and pathetic like The Irish Emigrant, or tender and humorous like Katey's Letter; and some bright and often witty society verses, very successful in their own day, and still pleasantly readable, though they have

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not the enduring quality which, despite other times, other manners, makes the verses of Praed still a delight. But after all, the poems are most interesting as additions to or illustrations of the memoir of their author which opens the volume, — surely one of the most beautiful and touching tributes ever paid to a mother by a son. Lord Dufferin has done his work with unfailing good taste as well as warmth of feeling, and his picture of a woman, rarely beautiful, accomplished, brilliant, but above all loving and lovable, illumined as it is by the self-revelation of some of the verses, makes a singularly vivid impression on the reader. The two widely differing letters, each so perfect in its way, which are given here, make the promised publication of an extended biography, including a selection from Lady Dufferin's correspondence, a thing to be desired. Mention should be made of the simplicity and dignity with which the story of Lord Gifford's life and death is told, — a story containing romance and heroism of a very noble sort, such as we should look for vainly in most contemporary works of imagination. — The Life of Jonathan Swift, by Henry Craik. In two volumes. (Macmillan.) A second edition of a work published a dozen years ago, and offering a fresh illustration of the scholarship and general fairness which characterize the literary biography of the past twenty or twenty-five years. The whole group of the English Men of Letters, though unequal in treatment, is on the whole a witness to that spirit of accuracy, of scientific method, and of generally sound judgment which has been laying the foundation, we feel sure, for a more generous and intelligent study of English literature. Students now find the paths cleared for them, and such a book as this of Mr. Craik's will do much toward giving them a right entrance into eighteenth-century ideas. — Diary of a Boston School-Girl. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) These quaint and charming records of Anna Green Winslow are most appreciatively introduced and amply annotated by Alice Morse Earle. Though the daily doings of an elegant little miss, barely in her teens, in 1771, could scarcely fail to have an historical importance by no means inconsiderable, yet the greatest interest and value of this dainty journal are surely sentimental In these degenerate days of indifference to sentiment, — to what can give life otherwise commonplace a distinction and a charm, — these winsome entries make an exquisite contribution to the scanty fringe of association about our workaday lives. A sentiment, then, to the memory of Nanny Green! Not in punch, — though the sprightly little lady objected not to it, either hot or cold, — but in tea: the toast to this demure little maiden of twelve. — Selections from the Correspondence of Thomas Barclay, formerly British Consul-General at New York. Edited by George Lockhart Rives. (Harpers.) Mr. Barclay was a Loyalist who fought on the king's side, and when New York was evacuated went to Nova Scotia. He was one of the commissioners under Jay's Treaty to determine the river St. Croix, and in 1799 was appointed British Consul-General for the Eastern States of America, an office which he held until the war of 1812. Afterward he was agent for British prisoners, and finally one of the commissioners to settle the Northeast Boundary. His letters therefore cover interesting points, and they have been admirably edited, the editor's own text being also forcible and lively. The book is a very handsome one, and a capital addition to our stock of first-hand historical memoirs. — The Life of Charles Loring Brace, chiefly told in his own Letters. Edited by his Daughter. (Scribners.) Mr. Brace's name is identified in the minds of most with his pioneer work in the Children's Aid Society. Others will recall faintly his volume of travels and his interest in language; but those who knew him only in one of his aspects will be surprised and delighted with a book which discloses him in his generous nature, his eagerness for new expressions of truth, and the hospitality which he showed as each new person or interest appealed to him. This Life will go far toward giving those who did not know him at all an acquaintance with a rich and lovable nature. It is a pity that the book should be sent out without an index. — The reader who has heretofore been girding up his loins before attacking Symonds's volumes on the Renaissance, and has stood irresolute before so mighty an enterprise, may engage with cheerfulness upon the single-volume work which has lately appeared, entitled A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy, taken from the work of John Addington Symonds by Lieutenant-

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Colonel Alfred Pearson. (Imported by Scribners.) By a skillful process of elimination, Colonel Pearson has succeeded in leaving a compendium which is so flowing in style as not to suggest condensation, and the reader is early put in possession of that conception of the Renaissance as an expansion of the human spirit which is the clue to what otherwise might be a confused history. The same work is reproduced in more compact form by Henry Holt & Co.

Fiction. My Lady Rotha, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.) We have become so used to finding ourselves in the France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when, with confident assurance of pleasure to come, we open a new book by Mr. Weyman, that it causes a slight shock, in beginning the narrative of Martin Schwartz, steward of the Countess Rotha of Heritzburg, to discover that we are in Thuringia, and about to be plunged into the midst of that most ruthless and desolating of conflicts, the Thirty Years' War. Perhaps we should prefer to remain in the country where we have been so well entertained, but we soon find that the author can move with perfect ease and naturalness in his new environment, and as surely as ever hold his reader. My Lady Rotha is admirably constructed, swift in movement and full of vigorous life. We must confess to finding the love-story of the heroine a matter of quite secondary interest; what most impresses the reader are the vivid glimpses given of devastated and demoralized Germany, the country one vast camp, and the wretched people crushed as between the upper and nether millstones. Mr. Weyman never dwells unduly upon the horrible, but the sketches of Tzerclas and his mercenaries, restrained as they are, will not be quickly forgotten. The illustrations are a regrettable feature of the book. — The Matchmaker, by L. B. Walford. (Longmans.) Admirers of Mrs. Walford's earlier work may, after much more or less disappointing experience in recent years, take heart again, for The Matchmaker, though it cannot share the honors of Mr. Smith or Pauline or The Baby's Grandmother, is in some ways an exceedingly clever story. The picture of the Carnoustie household is very truthful and vivid; every touch tells. Lord Carnoustie with his rustic *gaucherie*, and his wife with her narrow self-complacency and prim code of manners and morals, — the faults and weaknesses of both naturally being intensified by their position of supremacy in their own remote little world, — are realistic sketches of the best sort, full of insight and humorous perception. Especially skillful are the slight indications given of an underlying quality of birth and breeding, which, in emergencies, makes itself felt. The story, though a little drawn out, is told with spirit, and its interest seldom flags. — Highland Cousins, by William Black. (Harpers.) Mr. Black is here on the ground he long ago made his own, so that the setting of the scenes wherein pretty Barbara, with the mind, conscience, and heart of an untaught, petulant child, and Jessie, the personification of the good qualities her cousin lacks, play their parts is all that could be desired. Mr. Black's constant readers, if at all critical, must instinctively divide his later books into two classes, — those which have something of the charm or power of certain of his earlier novels, and those that are the perfunctory work of an experienced story-teller. In spite of one or two clever character studies and some interesting and spirited episodes, Highland Cousins must be counted in the latter category. — The Wings of Icarus, by Laurence Alma Tadema. (Macmillan.) Emilia Fletcher, in her beliefs and unbeliefs, especially the latter, is a *fin-de-siècle* heroine of the intenser sort. Throughout her story, which is given in the form of letters supplemented by a journal, she is effusively in love with Constance, her "poor sweet," a lady unhappily married. Emilia's earlier passion loses none of its ardor when another, still more absorbing, takes possession of her. Its object, Gabriel, who soon becomes her "poor dear," is a penniless poet, coldly looked upon by the relatives of his inamorata, — both well-established reasons that he should fill a hero's place; otherwise he is singularly unattractive. Of course Emilia joyfully brings her two loves together, and equally of course they speedily adore each other. Naturally, these complications end tragically, the *finale* being in execution the weakest part of the book. No gleam of humor gives the needed relief to the stress and strain of the tale; but the writer possesses so genuine an emotional power that we cannot but regret that it is not here used to better purpose. — Doreen, the Story of a Singer, by Edna Lyall. (Longmans.) A very emotional tale dealing with

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Irish politics, the work of an ardent partisan, which will appeal chiefly to the thorough-going sympathizers of the causes advocated, with the usual result, — the convincing of those who are already convinced. — The Story of Dan, by M. C. Francis (Houghton), is an Irish novel of a different sort. It is a village tragedy told with rare simplicity, directness, and self-restraint. An honest, single-hearted lad's infatuation for a worthless girl, with all the sad and evil consequences which flow therefrom, is not in itself a fresh *motif*, but the writer treats it with originality as well as with delicate insight and true feeling. The country folk, whether peasant or farmer, are sketched vividly and with the certainty of touch which comes of intimate knowledge, and there is a very natural as well as artistic blending of humor and pathos. It is a story that is tolerably sure to be read at a sitting. — How Thankful was Bewitched, by James K. Hosmer. (Putnams.) We think Mr. Hosmer has unnecessarily embroidered a bit of stuff in itself fair to the eye. The story is a pretty one in its conception, but there is so much description, speculation, and reflection, the point of view changes so often, and the whole plan involves such a maze that the reader's interest is excited from time to time only to evaporate, and the result is thus somewhat unsatisfactory. — Miss Hurd, an Enigma, by Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs). (Putnams.) The so-called Miss Hurd, a heroine of the impressive, queenly order, spends her time in running away from her husband, — who is liberally endowed with many of the gifts and graces which attract ordinary women, — and in being discovered by him in various ingenious hiding-places. To the reader the principal enigma will be, why should this long-suffering gentleman have cared to reclaim his errant spouse? — The third and fourth issues of the Incognito Library (Putnams) are, Lesser's Daughter, by Mrs. Andrew Dean, and A Husband of No Importance, by Rita, and they prove, on the whole, less noteworthy than their predecessors. As to the latter tale, we think the idlest curiosity will rest satisfied with the pen name of the writer. The story is, in manner and matter, as "modern" as the wit of the author can compass, but its social studies are drawn from a certain class of contemporary novels rather than from life, and so will hardly prove very convincing even to the careless devourer of light fiction. Lesser's Daughter is a stronger tale, though very conventional in plot, and for the most part in characterization. The writer, however, has sufficient skill to hold the reader's attention to the end. — Austin Elliot, in one volume, and The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn, in two volumes, have been added to the Messrs. Scribners' attractive uniform edition of Henry Kingsley's works. — Charles Reade's novelette, Single Heart and Double Face, has been issued in paper covers in the Golden Gem Library. (Optimus Printing Co., New York.) — Also in paper are, The Birth of a Soul, a Psychological Study, by Mrs. A. Phillips (Rand, McNally & Co.), and Baron Kinatas, by Isaac Strange Dement (M. T. Need, Chicago). — Martin Hewitt, Investigator, is published in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Literature. Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley has begun the translation of Molière, and two volumes have appeared: the first containing The Misanthrope and Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme; the second, Tartuffe, Les Précieuses Ridicules, and George Dandin. (Roberts.) The two volumes are introduced by critical judgments of Balzac, Sainte-Beuve, and others, but Miss Wormeley has done the greatest service by her clear, idiomatic translation. Her English is dignified without being stiff, and she certainly succeeds in rendering her author into a form which does not suggest the labor, but the ease of translation. The books are tastefully bound in half leather, and will be of real service in giving Molière a naturalization in America. — Corinne, by Madame de Staël. (Dent, London; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) This attractive reprint of a translation contemporary with the original, and now corrected by a presumably competent hand, is introduced by Mr. George Saintsbury in something less than his ordinary *ex cathedra* tone, but quite in his usual appreciative way. To Mr. Saintsbury's stern and severe literary sense Corinne is still interesting, and to the ordinary reader it will still be so, too; but less, we believe, for its historical and literary value than for its revelation, between the lines, of the interesting character of Madame de Staël. — Catherine de' Medici is the latest volume added to Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac, so admirably translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. It is a sort of chron-

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icle romance, covering as it does the whole period of the reigns of Francis II. and Charles IX., and its main purpose is the rehabilitation of Catherine, a task which no man's wit has yet been able to accomplish. The book impresses one rather as a series of dramatized historical studies than as a genuine novel, and, comparing Balzac with himself, it in all respects falls below his transcripts of contemporary life, though it undeniably contains certain vivid pictures of the Valois court, and some strong situations strongly treated. Incidentally, the work is interesting for the exposition it gives of its author's views on the course of modern history, his sentiments being not unlike those which must animate the devoted souls who now call themselves Jacobites. — Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York), add to their former reproductions of eighteenth and early nineteenth century literature Miss Ferrier's novels in six pretty volumes. We have already in The Atlantic treated of Miss Ferrier as seen in the light of Miss Austen, and we have noted also the attractive edition published by Roberts Brothers. This new applicant for favor has also good characteristic portraits and etchings. May our great-grandchildren enjoy our books in as pretty form. — As You Like It, in the charming Temple Shakespeare, has for frontispiece the Stratford House, and The Taming of the Shrew the Globe Theatre. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) — The pretty little Ariel edition of Shakespeare (Putnams), which we have had frequent opportunities to mention, since its forty volumes have come out in sections, is completed in its leather form, and now is offered at a still cheaper price in neat clothbound volumes. — My Study Fire, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Second series. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A score or two of facile notes on books and on life seen in the light of literature. Mr. Mabie does not quote much, neither does he paraphrase, but one is made to believe that he has assimilated literary nutriment, and moreover that he has fed generously on large literature. He becomes thus an agreeable companion and a healthful one.

Books for the Young. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have brought out a handsome new edition of Bulfinch's Age of Fable, and we are sure that many readers will be glad to learn from it that the deserved popularity of that well-tried friend of their younger days is still undiminished. This volume is an enlargement of the enlarged and revised edition edited by the Rev. E. E. Hale in 1881, which somewhat extended the literary references in the original work, following faithfully the admirable plan of the author. A sketch of the history of Greek sculpture is added to the present issue, as well as a fuller index, and the publishers can justly assert that the volume will serve to explain all ordinary classical allusions in English literature. — The Century Book for Young Americans, by Elbridge S. Brooks. (The Century Co.) Mr. Brooks, availing himself of the convenient machinery of a party of young people, marshaled by an omniscient Uncle Tom, visiting Washington, tells in an animated fashion the story of the government in all its departments, mingling history and biography and law and poetry in a delightful hodge-podge. The grouping of subjects is good, and the book is spirited and full of excellent patriotic suggestion. — Imaginotions, Truthless Tales, by Tudor Jenks. (The Century Co.) Mr. Jenks has a very inventive fancy, and though he has scarcely the pervasive humor of Stockton, he writes stories which in their incidents may be mentioned alongside of that best of wonder-story tellers. The turns and surprises are capital, and the stories are quite sure to carry one on to the end, once they are begun. Some of the illustrations are admirable.

Nature and Travel. From Blomidon to Smoky, and Other Papers, by Frank Bolles. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Of these thirteen papers, the first four are the last literary work which Mr. Bolles did ; the other nine have appeared in different periodicals between 1890 and 1894. The former group record Mr. Bolles's minute and accurate observations of nature on a trip through Cape Breton. Some of these observations one who had never known Mr. Bolles might find insignificant ; but another who had known him could scarcely hold uninteresting any of the vacation doings of one of the kindliest and most helpful of men. — Shakespeare's Stratford, a Pictorial Pilgrimage, by W. Hallsworth Waite. (Imported by Scribners.) One of those attractive little volumes which serve both for guidebooks and souvenirs. Beside Stratford, the artist not only sketches in Shottery and Charlecote, but, we are glad to see, goes still further

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afield, visiting some of those picturesque old-world villages where Shakespeare's country can be found much more truly than in his half-modernized birthplace, — villages where bits of local speech which we have learned from him can still be heard on rustic lips. Mr. Waite uses the pencil better than the pen, but his explanatory comment tells a good deal in a small space, and answers its purpose sufficiently well.

Music. Musicians and Music-Lovers, and Other Essays, by William Foster Apthorp. (Scribners.) Of this collection of nine papers, more than half appeared in The Atlantic. The readers of the magazine will be glad to renew their acquaintance with essays which represent not only scientific knowledge of music, but that power of interpretation which bridges over the space between music and literature. Mr. Apthorp has a pungent, direct attack upon his subjects which at once notifies the reader that the matter in hand is not to undergo a transformation from solid to fluid, and from fluid to gas, as so often happens with writers on music. — Everybody's Guide to Music, by Josiah Booth. (Harpers.) The introductory note to this little handbook expresses the belief that it will serve to introduce "everybody" to the theory, if not the practice of music. As far as so large a design can be accomplished in a small volume (though the task would be hardly less difficult in a book of any size), it is done here. Musical instruments; notation; measure, light and shade, and ornamentation in music; singing; the growth of music illustrated by brief sketches of the greater composers, are successively treated, and a dictionary of musical terms is appended, which will be likely to prove one of the most generally useful features of the book. The writer has followed the best authorities, and his suggestions are usually excellent, but for the effective comprehension of some of them, especially those on singing, an amount of previous training would probably be required that might render this guide unnecessary.

Poetry. Madonna, and Other Poems, by Harrison S. Morris. (Lippincott.) Refreshingly non-decadent. So far, indeed, are these poems from being in the spirit peculiarly distinctive of the present that they have a curiously timeless and placeless quality. Though not particularly profound or inspired, they have something of the simplicity and dignity and sanity of all lasting art. Two things, at least, have conspired to keep the artist simple, dignified, and sane: an honest love of nature — a love that grows fanciful whilst he strays in Arcady — and a fine feeling for the spirit of Greek art.

Books of Reference. The Century Dictionary, following the custom some time ago established of incorporating into the appendix of a dictionary biographical, historical, geographical, and other curious and useful information, has brought forth The Century Cyclopedia of Names (The Century Co.); and as the Dictionary was in six great volumes, this appendix is in one by itself. The plan of having one alphabetical list is undoubtedly the most convenient, and so in 1085 pages from A to Z the reader has names which occur in geography, biography, mythology, history, ethnology, art, archæology, fiction, and even titles of famous poems. It would have been very convenient to have the groups separated, but we suspect the practical purpose of such lists would hardly have been greater than that which attaches to the preposterous indexes at the close of Allibone's great book. It is not always easy to determine the principle of proportion or of selection, as for instance when five cities or towns of Washington are chosen out of the much larger number, and such subjects as Mahabharata and Mabinogion are given at considerable length; but apparently the editors, in the case of the former, selected the conspicuous places only, and in the case of the latter were disposed to go more into detail over the more recondite subjects. A cursory glance shows that a good medium has been secured between prolixity and jejuneness, and the care with which the work has been done, the attention to petty details, which are not petty when one uses the book as a reliable tool, are evident on every page.

Education and Textbooks. The Bureau of Education (Government Printing Office, Washington) has put out four numbers in its series of contributions to American Educational History: The History of Education in Connecticut, by Bernard C. Steiner; The History of Education in Delaware, by Lyman P. Powell; Higher Education in Tennessee, by Lucius Salisbury Merriam; and Higher Education in Iowa, by Leonard F. Parker. There are twenty universities

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and colleges, besides the state university, in Iowa. In Tennessee there are ten universities and lots of colleges. Poor little Delaware has only five colleges and one State Normal University. Connecticut, again, has but two universities and one college. It will be observed, thus, that the younger the State and the farther west it is, the more amply it provides for the higher education of its citizens. We wish, by the way, the government could afford to sew its paper books, and not stab them. The barbed wire fence is a relic of advanced civilization. — A Text-Book of the History of Painting, by John C. Van Dyke. (Longmans.) Books such as this suffer somewhat in the same way as compends of literary history. To the beginner they offer little more than names and dates; they are clothed with an authoritative form which is dangerous, since the student frequently is getting the writer's personal judgment, and not well-tested, accepted opinion, and helps himself easily thus to ready-made decisions which do not fit him. It would have been well, for instance, for the writer of this book to have contented himself with a simple generalization on the subject of American art, instead of throwing out his little paper pustules of criticism. — Messrs. Putnam's Sons have issued a Students' Edition of Irving's Tales of a Traveller, in a comely, well-printed volume. The book, which follows the author's latest revisions, is edited by William Lyon Phelps, who furnishes an introductory sketch of Irving's life, with a brief consideration of his literary style and influence, and some account of the origin and first publication of the Tales. The book is very fully annotated, but not too fully, the editor urges. However this may be, the notes are commendably terse, clear, and explicit. The book is especially intended for the use of students preparing for college entrance examinations in English literature. — The Common Sense Copy Books, a System of Vertical Penmanship, by Joseph V. Witherbee. (A. Lovell & Co., New York.) A capital series of writing books, since they encourage a round, full, and perfectly clear transcription of words. The child that is trained in such a system ought, before he is through with it, to develop his own individual hand. Perhaps he will, if he is not made to write too fast. Much mischief is done to handwriting by calling for rapidity before a good hand is formed.

Law. Comparative Administrative Law, an Analysis of the Administrative Systems, National and Local, of the United States, England, France, and Germany, by Frank J. Goodnow. (Putnams.) This work, in two volumes, is in a measure a pioneer work as regards the United States, and is, aside from its great practical value, an admirable illustration of the predominant place which administration has in our present minds. It has to do with Organization and with Legal Relations, and though based on professional study is by no means addressed to professional students alone. The general reader will learn, both by direct testimony and by comparison with the administrations in other countries, the status of administrative law in the United States and the history of the several elements. The study is of special value now when there is so much unthinking demand for an enormous extension of the administrative function.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Some Negro Superstitions.

It is an error to suppose that the superstitions of the negro are all gentle, mildly ridiculous, and associated with the hooting of owls, the baying of house dogs, and the appearance of jay birds in unusual numbers. He has many legends more virile, and indicative of a higher order of invention. The characteristic reticence of the negro accounts for the fact that these are not more generally known. The Afro-American is quite aware that "white folks" laugh at his notions, and this knowledge has fostered in him a secretiveness concerning his inner thoughts which very effectually limits them to the narrow circumference of his own brain. A negro will seldom talk on the subject of his superstitions, or indeed admit that he has any superstitions. The sto-

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ries which are told in negro cabins at night, by the light of pine-wood boughs appropriated from the neighboring forest, and under the influence of which the crinkled wool of the auditors gradually straightens out into bristles, are rarely overheard by Anglo-Saxon ears. To be admitted to one of these séances, it is necessary to gain the gratitude and confidence of some venerable representative of the race, and by your sympathy with his narratives to assure him that you come not in the character of a scoffer or merely to laugh at his fancies, but are yourself of the opinion that there is something in heaven and earth not dreamed of in the white man's philosophy.

The superstitions of the negro possess no logical order or sequence, and yet there is one central idea about which they all crystallize. This idea is contained in the word "warning." The negro interprets any unusual sight or mysterious sound not as a present threat, but as a warning of future danger. He is not in the least apprehensive that the uncanny things he sees will do him physical injury. An ex-slave, who encountered the ghost of his ante-bellum mistress on the road one evening, ran four miles at the top of his speed, and fell exhausted at the door of the barn on a Virginia farm where I was visiting; but he assured me the next morning that his panic was not due to the fear that the ghost would do him bodily harm, but solely to the fact that the appearance struck him as a warning of his own death, and that he fled from the idea rather than from the phantom.

We will eliminate from our discussion those superstitions which are distinctly referable to Anglo-Saxon sources. Many of the minor and a few of the more important superstitions of the negro are derived from the superior race to which he was so long in servitude. The darkies of Virginia and Maryland are firm believers in what they call the "hell hounds," a spectral pack of hounds coursing in the air; and woe to the belated wretch who hears the baying of these ghostly dogs, for he is certain to die within the year. A colored boatman on the Susquehanna River related to me, with fear-protruded eyes and trembling lip, that about a month before, being on the water after dark, he heard the hell hounds above him in the air, crossing from one bank of the river to the other. He was unshaken in the conviction that a period would be put to his life within the following eleven months; but in this uncomfortable opinion he was mistaken, for, after an interval of three years, he still lives. There can be no doubt that this superstition is simply a survival of the old English story of the Gabriel hounds, and that the negroes derived it from the English settlers of the middle colonies. The African has really made no change in the legend except to give these dogs a less celestial designation, and thus refer their origin to a region from which they might more logically be supposed to proceed.

The negro has no specific names for his ghosts, preferring to describe them by a circumlocution, but he is punctilious in assigning them to appropriate localities; or perhaps it would be better to say particular localities, for in many cases the appropriateness is hardly discoverable. Ghosts which haunt the highway never by any chance appear in a footpath, and the spirits which inhabit the forest are rarely or never manifest in visible form, but make their presence known by strange whisperings, groanings, and inexplicable noises.

It must also be understood by one who would thoroughly appreciate the superstitions of this race that the negro is a great traveler. His journeys are short, being limited to a few miles slowly accomplished on foot or in an ox-cart, but in his own mind these excursions rise to the dignity of pilgrimages. He is always going somewhere, and hence it happens that a very large proportion of his superstitions are in the line of warnings against journeys which he projects, or upon which he has actually entered.

The solitary and unlucky traveler who, as the evening shades are falling, sets out upon an inauspicious journey, designing to visit some remote cabin, or with his imagination filled with the anticipated pleasures of a cake-walk, may encounter a series of ghostly experiences, all of which are for the purpose of warning him that the spirits are opposed to his design. Should his road lie along the public highway, he will become conscious, directly after passing a roadside quarry or crossing a bridge, that he is followed by the man with the iron face, one of the most grisly and gigantic phantoms ever created by the African imagination. Glancing warily over his shoulder, the traveler sees a man of colossal stature, whose tre-

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mendous and impassive features seem made of cast iron, following him with equal step, and sometimes imitating his actions. It is useless to run, for at the end of a breathless dash pursued and pursuer are in precisely the same relative position as at the start.

In spite of his name, it appears that the man with the iron face does not always preserve an absolute immobility of features. I am acquainted with an old negro who, on a secluded country road, was followed by this spectre for the distance of a mile,—which is unusual, as the pursuit does not generally extend beyond a few hundred yards. In this case the victim resorted to several expedients to baffle his ghostly attendant, and, finding these ineffectual, at last turned and faced him, when the mouth of the spectre expanded into an enormous and mirthless grin, which caused the negro to turn and fly without daring again to look behind him.

The striking incongruity connected with this and many other negro superstitions is that the spirits should be at the trouble of sending such a gigantic representative for the trivial purpose of cautioning a traveler against pursuing an unimportant journey. Should the person thus warned be too timid to return over the haunted ground, which he may do with absolute assurance of immunity from supernatural interruption, or should he be bold enough to persist in going forward, he may hear a snort, a shout, and a wild clatter of hoofs behind him, and as he shrinks to the side of the road this whirlwind of sounds will pass close beside him. This is the invisible horseman, another demon of the highway. The hoofs of his steed strike fire from the loose stones of the road and splash through the mud-holes, but horse and rider are alike unseen.

Should the trembling wight still continue to advance, he is liable to receive a third and last warning in the form of a streak or band of intense and midnight blackness lying across the road. If the night is dark and starless, the streak becomes luminous, and shines with a pale, unearthly glow. As the hesitating traveler stands and looks at it, the band is, as it were, rolled up by invisible hands; and he is then at liberty to pursue his way, with the distinct understanding that he does so at his peril.

Strangely enough, I have conversed with a fairly truthful and intelligent white man who soberly and emphatically declared that he had himself seen this mysterious black streak. It was in the month of October, 1887, and the full moon bathed the landscape in a light almost equal to that of day. At an hour approaching midnight he was driving along the road, and, according to his account, thinking anything but ghostly thoughts, when suddenly his horse stopped and exhibited symptoms of intense fright. Looking out and ahead to learn the cause, he saw a band of indescribable blackness, about four feet in width, and extending from side to side of the road. He estimated that the appearance continued for five or six minutes, when, beginning at one end, it rolled up and disappeared.

Of course I advanced the theory of shadow, but he refuted this suggestion by inviting me to accompany him to the exact spot; which I did, and there ascertained, to my complete satisfaction and his triumphant vindication, that there was no object within two hundred yards of the place which could by any possibility cast such a shadow as he described. Accordingly I have no solution to offer; in fact could offer only one, and that one would cast a more than moonlight adumbration upon my informant's veracity.

But to return to our unfortunate pilgrim, painfully working his way to terpsichorean revel or to the humble shrine of dusky sweetheart, and by this time frightened considerably more than half out of his wits. Should he think to baffle the spirits by turning out of the highway into the fields, he is liable to encounter a spectre of gentler but still startling character. Wending his way along the footpath and approaching the middle of the field, he finds awaiting him a beautiful little girl, dressed all in white, and with long flaxen hair streaming to her waist. She looks at him with beseeching eyes, and her extended hand points in the direction by which he has come. Should he not instantly turn and retrace his steps, this little girl undergoes a series of remarkable transformations. Her dress and hair rapidly change from white to blue, and from that to green, to yellow, to red, to brown, and finally to black; after which she vanishes in a mysterious and unaccountable way.

In certain sections of Virginia, the spirits, moved by some reason of their own, substitute for the girl a little white dog, which stands up on its hind legs, as well-trained

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dogs do, and which manifests the same chameleon-like ability to invest itself with prismatic variations.

It is exceedingly difficult to induce the negro to discuss those omens which he regards as foretokens of death. Generally speaking, his esoteric belief is that ghostly manifestations of people he has known are to be thus interpreted. In addition to these there are a few particular and arbitrary phantoms which he regards as ominous of approaching dissolution.

I was informed, during a visit of some days to a Southern country house, that the negroes on the place were panic-stricken by the appearance to one of their number of a huge black dog with fiery eyes, which were described by the victim as being about the size of saucers. Going out to interview this man, a stalwart field hand, I found him engaged in the task of moulding a silver bullet out of a half dollar, and fitting it accurately into the muzzle of his antiquated shotgun. He authenticated the story of the spectral dog, and referred to it as a sign of his speedy death; but he declared that if he could get another sight of the dog and shoot it with his silver bullet the warning would fail. I regretted that an early departure prevented my witnessing what was doubtless a canine tragedy. I learned from him, however, that the fate foreshadowed by a spectral manifestation may be averted by the aid of certain mystic observances.

I was long puzzled to account for the fact that negroes avoid with scrupulous care the vicinity of certain round holes which are sometimes found on farms, and which are doubtless evidences of juvenile enterprise in the pursuit of ground hogs. The only explanation I could get was that these were places where the spirits had dug for hidden money, — a reason which hardly accounted for the absolute refusal of the negroes to approach them. By dint of patient inquiry I at last discovered the true solution. The negroes believe that at night these holes prolong themselves indefinitely into the recesses of the earth, and that mortals may at these times hear the noises made by the spirits in their subterranean home, and may perchance witness the ascent of some spectre to the surface of the earth, for it is by these holes that they have their usual exits and entrances.

The only negro who ever admitted to me that he had listened at the mouth of one of these bottomless pits was unable, on account of a limited vocabulary, accurately to describe the congeries of sounds which ascended to his ears. I gathered from his disconnected and somewhat incoherent sentences that it was made up of a sort of horrible grinding and groaning, interspersed with shouts, trampling, fiendish laughter, and the neighing of horses, and that these sounds continued to ring in his ears for hours after he had fled from the vicinity of the hole.

The spirits of the forest and of deserted cabins belong more appropriately to the subject of negro witchcraft, for these are the auxiliaries that witch and wizard, by means of incantations, summon to their aid; but as these spirits never lay aside the cloak of invisibility, our interest in them is correspondingly diminished.

The ghosts I have mentioned are only specimens of the phantoms invented by this superstition-ridden race. They might be multiplied almost indefinitely, and all the famous spectres might be exhibited in different garbs, characteristic of Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia.

An Imaginative Oath. — Many years ago, I, a little girl of eleven years, was visiting old friends of the family in a quiet country town. Two children, living near, and I, became great friends, and on stormy autumn days we played together in their rambling old house.

One afternoon we had been popping corn, and the fleecy white morsels suggested a flock of sheep. We appropriated a large table for a sheep ranch, slender sticks formed boundary lines, some chessmen were transformed into shepherds, and we played till supper time, eating up our flocks before we ended.

This game proved interesting, and was continued, with many additions, on succeeding days. Other chessmen were begged or borrowed, and arrayed in gay robes of tissue paper; and gradually, from a peaceful pastoral life three stately courts grew up, though always retaining their popcorn flocks, — a combination of mediæval castle life and a Montana sheep ranch. The red knights were princes, the white ones princesses, the pawns acted as domestics and shepherds, while our kings took an active

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interest in farm matters, not disdaining to sally forth each morning to inspect the sheep and select those they wished served up for dinner.

Events followed in quick succession, — weddings, births, and funerals, picnics, riding parties, and visits. We became deeply conversant, also, with matters relating to our flocks; we pored over encyclopædias and agricultural works, and I doubt if many little maidens could have been found who knew so well the fancy breeds and their market value, and the quality of mutton and wool. The finest, poppiest kernels were Southdowns (I cannot at this moment remember why); the next in quality, I believe, were Cotswolds; but those least in favor, and often too numerous when the fire was hot, were the merinos. These were the browned and slightly charred kernels which had failed to pop fully. Merinos had a high market value, as we knew, and could not, conscientiously, be laid aside; so we ate merinos patiently for every-day dinners, and used many in the servants' quarters, but our tenderest, biggest Southdowns were reserved for grand occasions. At such times the consumption was enormous. No Viking feast or Southern barbecue of antebellum days could compare with these festivities, when whole flocks were swept away.

But the days brought tragic events also to our courts. I remember one stormy day (so we "made believe") when the young and lovely wife of my prince was taken violently ill, and there was no doctor for miles and miles, — quite the other end of the table. With his own hands the distracted husband saddled a steed and galloped forth into the wild night. How real it was, that midnight ride! Quite carried away by my own acting, I lost all sense of my surroundings. I was no longer a little girl playing "sheep," that autumn day; I was the young prince riding in the darkness for my bride's life. With what slowness the distance was passed! But at last I drew rein at the doctor's house, to find him (he was a stout red castle) in bed, fast asleep. He was old, and slow to comprehend the desperate situation, and in an agony of impatience I exclaimed, "*Oh, my God! my God!* make haste! my wife is dying!" Then came an awestruck silence as we three children looked at one another in dismay, — a silence broken at last by a tremulous small voice saying, "Oh-h-h! *you swore!*" and instinctively we glanced up at the ceiling as if expecting divine wrath to fall upon us; for had I not taken "his name is vain" by using it while playing "sheep"?

We played no more that day, soon packed away farm and court, and the conscience-stricken culprit hastened home in the fast-gathering dusk, weighed down by a sense of her guilt.

That was long ago, and for years the old childish play had not been thought of, when to-night the children brought to me a newly bought popper, asking my aid in popping corn. The fire was too bright, many kernels were charred, and as I turned out the fragrant mass I found myself murmuring regretfully, "Dear me! how many merinos there are here!"

Night on a Mountain. — An invincible repugnance to early rising seems to have become fixed in the habit of civilized man. He gayly throws away the freshest hours of his life, and tries in vain to make up for this reckless waste by inventing ever new devices for prolonging the hours of weariness. To see the sunrise is one of those delights which he is always promising himself, but never finds time to enjoy. Even when he throws off the other trammels of civilization, and betakes himself to the sweet refreshment of nature in her most charming moods, he still continues to deprive himself of the precious benedictions of the morning, or even counts upon lying a little longer in bed as one of his summer privileges. It is too late — or too soon — to struggle against this special madness; one has only to own up to it, and now and then, in some of those moments of rare elevation of spirit which come to all of us, to wrench himself out of himself, and rise with his rising mood to an effort that is sure to bring its own great reward.

There is a solution of the problem of early rising which has probably occurred to but few persons, namely, not to go to bed at all. This solution has been practically applied now for several years by a group of persons who have found themselves brought together by the chances of the summer into one of those rare New England farm boarding-houses where commercial profit is hidden out of sight by a spirit of gentle living. All enthusiastic lovers of outward nature, they have not been content with her sunlight aspects in wood and field and moun-

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tain, but have sought to win from her the secrets of the night as well. At least once in every summer, when the conditions of the day seem to point to a favorable night, they quietly determine to spend that night on the top of a certain mountain some two thousand feet above the sea. As soon as their plan is known they become objects of the deepest pity to their fellow-boarders. The piazza population wags its head and puts its finger to its forehead, as who should say, "A little queer, or they would stay in their beds like other Christians." The friends, however, take this as part of their enjoyment, and go steadily on with their preparations. A trusty man is sent up in the afternoon with a load of wraps and a few cooking utensils. He repairs the open shanty of spruce-trees, and cuts boughs for its floor and wood for a generous fire. On his way down he meets the party of from two to a dozen climbing up the beautiful wood path in time to catch the glory of the sunset.

I will confess that I too had been among the scoffers. Slave of my sleep as I am, the thought of a sleepless night brought only images of horror to my mind. So when I was actually invited to join this army of the elect, it was only on the express stipulation of a brief interval of slumber that I accepted. The day had been very warm, cloudless and clear. We gained the summit, a party of ten, in time to get our fires going and the coffee boiling before the sunset had reached a stage which forbade all thought of earthly things. As its light began to fade we finished our first supper, and began to divide by natural affinities into silent parties of two or three, or even one, if one so pleased. Toward the west our view spread for miles along a winding valley, the broad, swift river in the midst, with its wide "intervales" gleaming in the golden light, and its border of hills rising into the distance until the valley was closed by the great peaks of the White Mountains themselves. Toward the east we looked off into a vast sea of forest, whose waves, rising ever higher and higher, wrapped the hills in their endlessly varied green.

Not a breath of air stirred the smoke that rose straight up from the camp fire between our two cabins. Only the pleasant chill of a mountain evening made us draw our wraps about us whenever we settled for a time into some new corner of the rocks, to take in, in long draughts of enjoyment, the beauty of the scene. Before the sunlight had really faded from the sky the full August moon began to give faint signs of her appearance. In an hour she possessed the world.

The singular thing was that no one was even drowsy. It cannot have been the coffee, for that had been a flat failure. It was rather a curious exaltation of one's whole nature; the isolation from our kind, the silence, the gorgeous spectacle of the moon-illumined valley, the weird glow of our camp fire, all combined to make us forget our bodies. The usual merriment of a picnic party was subdued into a piercing joy that was too keen for any words. The hours sped by, as they do for all who brave the traditions of the night. Each hour brought its change, and each change was a fresh excitement. As the valley cooled after the heat of the day, we saw the river gradually covered by a low, clinging white mist which reached upward to the tops of the lowest hills, and there stopped, so that it was to us as if the river itself had risen two hundred feet above its highest level, and had become suddenly frozen. Above its even surface the air was so clear that, as the moon got higher, the shadows of little clouds began to be seen gliding over the silver expanse. It made us realize what the river must once have been in the dim geologic past, when its waters filled the valley as it was now filled by this solid mist. This was the chief sensation of the night, a thing few of us have ever experienced, — cloud shadows thrown by a full moon upon a surface of mist.

At midnight, some of us, not because we were weary, but from mere tradition, threw ourselves upon the fragrant pine boughs and slept. Others, unwilling to lose even one moment of their precious experience, plied the fire with logs upon logs, watched for the first hints of coming dawn, and then roused the sleepers. Three o'clock brought us all upon our feet again. In the far east a faint glimmer of light showed where the day was to begin. The sunrise was beautiful, but painful. Nothing could be more exquisite than the floating pink clouds against a blue so tender that it almost eluded the sense of color. Yet there was a feeling that it was growing each moment more pronounced, more like the skies of every day. The sunset

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seemed to find its fitting end in the stillness of the night; the sunrise seemed somehow vulgarized by the glaring day that ended it.

As the sun rose higher the surface of the mist was troubled. As we watched it a fine cloud began to rise, and spread so rapidly that in a few minutes we were caught in it, and the whole world was shut from us. Again a few minutes and this mist cloud broke, driving up into the side valleys, and disappearing so utterly that the surface above the river lay as white and solid as when we had watched the moon shadows chasing over it. Then after an interval the same thing occurred, the valley filling and clearing again, and so it continued until the great mist river was completely broken up.

When we reached our home in the valley once more, the piazza folk overwhelmed us with sympathy that our trip had been such a dismal failure. They fancied that the solid mist in which they had lain all night had been about us too!

Under Hotspur's Battlements.

— Unless one has the good fortune to be linguistically learned one must go to Alnwick to find out what a "pant" is. There the smallest urchin who plays in the crooked, steep gray streets can inform one unerringly. There is danger, indeed, of his being reduced, by shyness and amazement at his questioner's ignorance, to the expedient of merely pointing one out with a short and sturdy forefinger. Not to know what a pant is, is quite as bewildering a peculiarity as it would be to pronounce the name of his native town with the sound of its letters in full. For is there not St. Michael's Pant in the market place, with the patron saint of "A'n'ick" himself on the top of the column, as well as Pottergate Pant on the way to lovely St. Michael's parish church, and Clayport Low Pant in Bondgate Within? And are there not seven others beside, more lowly in stature, but still doing cleansing and refreshing service in the face of modern waterworks? The ancient town under the Percies' castle walls drew bountiful supplies of water from these wells of enigmatical name long before the luxury of having it brought into their grimly solid, dark stone houses was ever dreamed of by Alnwick housewives.

The strange term these wells are known by is by no means all the traveler will find unique in the speech of the kindly, comfortable people of this delightful corner of north Northumberland. If he has no acquaintance among them, he will be likely to invent reasons for asking questions of the chance passer-by, just to have the pleasure of hearing the softly spoken tones of the answer. What curious transmutation of sound it is the letter *r* goes through on Northumbrian lips in being fashioned to the proper degree of North Country richness of tone, it needs a quick ear to determine. But its winning quality, coupled with the indescribably ingenuous and confiding effect of the rising inflection of voice that accompanies it, no ear will easily be able to resist.

Their speech is not necessarily the only surprise the people of Alnwick may have for the stranger who comes unprepared into their midst. Their town, over which Hotspur's massive gateway, stanch in scarred and blackened age, still keeps watch and ward, is one of ancient dignity, as its market cross alone might prove to any one who realizes all that the right to set up such a cross once implied of civic freedom and independence. Let no one fancy, therefore, that he will here meet with a race of subservient tradespeople, like the softer folk of southern blood, or that he will find man or woman ready to efface individuality in the presence of the person he or she may happen to be serving across a counter. How should this be expected in a community where one may buy cakes and tarts off fine old Delft platters which "were my grandmother's," and where his landlady, still "mistress" on the lips of those who use her name familiarly, may very well give him napkins with the date 1814 printed by her provident ancestress in their well-woven corners? It is not likely, indeed, that the kith and kin of townsmen who sit as jurors in the leet-court of the lord of the manor, and who kneel face to face with duke and duchess, earl and countess, in their parish church, should abate any of their proper importance before a new comer, even when engaged in transferring as many pounds, shillings, and pence as are their just right and due from his pocket to theirs. English though they are in blood and name, they nevertheless live near enough the Border to have acquired not a little of the unbending temper which the keen atmosphere of hill and moor has bred in their non-conforming neighbors just across it.

If, however, any one is in the unfortunate

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condition of delighting neither in man nor woman, Alnwick may still perhaps meet his case, since there yet remain for his entertainment the multitude of stone men-at-arms peopling the battlements of the giant castle that rises so finely above the soft banks of its little sponsor in baptism, the Aln. There are no less than five of these blackened stony warriors over the barbican, others still on the frowning gateway behind it, while yet innumerable others, on the keep and on the vast circuit of surrounding towers, are in untiring act of hurling destruction on invaders from below. If one will take the time to grow intimate with them, they also will be found to have their distinct individuality. Worn and battered by time and weather, they stand out weirdly and grimly against the wonderfully low northern clouds, which now and then vouchsafe a blue background to their granite outlines, but more often shed soft shadows, or even pelting showers, on their stern shoulders. One may speculate at will upon their date and history, — so far, at least, as information obtainable at Alnwick is concerned. No place under the sun better illustrates the wise saying that the traveler in foreign parts will only be able to find there what he takes with him in his own eyes and mind. The several guidebooks that hold out false promises on their covers prove to have been specially planned to give no information whatever worth having, and their tantalized buyer has over and over again to repent that he has left unlearned so many of the things he ought to have learned, to make the records of mediæval architecture an open page to his eye.

The venerable porter, whose hale and well-fed old age would seem to insure him for some time to come as the traveler's guide around the inner and outer baileys of this feudal pile of the Dukes of Northumberland (Percies now only through maternal descent, and unforgiven by Freeman for having renounced the paternal Smithson), is entirely of one mind with the guidebooks. "The 'orse-block, to get on 'orseback," although it be to ordinary eyes but a wooden step-ladder, he may be relied on to point out, for some occult reason of his own, with pride and affection; so, too, one after another, the small lights set in the turf to illuminate on its subterranean passage the thrice wondrous car of hot steel that carries its culinary burden from kitchen to dining-hall. But if steel car, steam heat, and even electric-light apparatus are not to the sight-seer's taste, he must be ready to spy out for himself the fine Norman doorway under the keep, the rougher bits of the old masonry in the much-restored "curtain" wall, and silently to note the immensity of proportion of this often assaulted and raided but bravely impregnable border fortress. By all means entreat the porter gently, however, and in spite of cockaded hat, shoulder straps, and impeccable broadcloth, he will lay aside authority sufficiently to allow one to climb into Hotspur's Seat, most picturesque of "garrets" or watch-towers in the outer wall, and to look at leisure through loophole and embrasure upon the serene beauty of the parks beyond.

It is after all the parks — the peaceful home park close under the walls, and the lordly deer and driving park beyond the graceful stone bridge where the Percy lion mounts guard — that keep the beholder in perpetual delight in Alnwick. As if the brimming Aln that winds through them, the wide-horned cattle wandering on its banks, the flock of Danubian geese that make sinuous lines of feathery white along the faultless turf, — which slopes first softly, then abruptly, up to the base of the gray commanding castle, — and the aged, noble trees were not enough to satisfy an omnivorous craving for beauty, nature has added as a background to the whole a moor. Beyond the green hills and the stately tall church tower embowered in foliage, it lifts its purple side high into the clouds, surpassingly lovely in a scene where all is loveliness. And if it is an object of beauty from a distance, it is equally a source of delight when approached. No tremendous pedestrian effort is needed to reach it, and no ungenerous keeper patrols it to say one nay. The exhilarating fragrance of its heather may be breathed, and the feathery pink spikes plucked without rebuke. More, too, than this is in store for the wayfarer who reaches its height. As if to reprove him for undue rapture over what he has been telling himself is the most perfect of scenery, it discloses at his feet a vast field of vision, in which are the Cheviot Hills, stretching out into the still wilder magnificence of Scotland.

Smiles: a Medley. — Miss Agnes Repplier is very judicious in her choice of authors for the dozy hours; but how about

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those dozy minutes after the light is out? I confess, I always like to keep some sunny memory or flattering thought to usher me agreeably into the land of dreams. The other night I cajoled myself to slumber by luxuriously collecting a variety of *smiles.*

The idea was suggested by the vivid recollection of the beaming, friendly face of a little girl who had shown me downstairs, and then stood hugging her cat close, under the projecting eaves of Albrecht Dürer's house. It was not the *fee* smile, which often makes the tourist feel as though everything in life had to be paid for, but a genuine shining out of childish good will, which followed me all the way down the steep street, and will be a bright memory when many a museum and monument have faded out of mind.

Side by side with the little Nuremberger rose the vision of Mona Lisa's mysterious countenance with its enigmatic smile, — a face as real as the living German lassie's, renewing the old perplexity whether or no Leonardo's lady be really *gioconda.* Then, like a bar of music between the pictures came that beautiful old Italian phrase, "*il lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,*" summoning forth sweet flashes seen in soft southern eyes, and recalling a little episode of the Sicilian coast. I had been trying (oh, foolish mortal!) to read, sitting out on the cactus heights of Taormina. Vying with the turquoise sea and snow-clad Etna to divert my attention was a small urchin who vainly sought to make me purchase a bouquet of wild flowers. Failing, he walked off, and presently reappeared bearing a bunch of prickly withered thistles, which he held out to me with a phrase of fine Italian adaptation to foreign requirements. "*They are antiques,*" he said. I looked up, and the mischievous merriment brimming over in his dark eyes is something delicious to remember. "How ancient?" queried I. "Oh, two or three centuries," replied my merchant. But that smile had made us friends; he ceased to speculate on my purse, and after that gave me a beam of good fellowship whenever we met. He was a cheerful pendant to a small maid at the same place, who, after describing in quaint, infantile dialect the bed I was going to sleep on, would point dramatically to the stony ground at our feet, and murmur with a most artistically pathetic intonation, "*Io mi cuco ki.*"

Other smiles came trooping up: there were German and Austrian ones, French, English, and Russian, all speaking one sweet, common speech, breaking the ice between strangers, softening hard moments, mollifying stern or angry folk. There were brave smiles shining through tears, children smiles of happy trust, and mother smiles too tender to be told. In the interstices of my recollections gleamed welcoming smiles under white caps, giving the weary traveler a certain sense of home even in big, impossible caravansaries. Surely the successful manager should keep only smiling maids and waiters. Under the influence of an indulgent smile, I have actually forgotten the funereal solemnity of ordering a steak from gentlemen so sombrely clad. But in my musings all smiles paled, for sheer *illuminating* quality, before those of the negroes. The waiters at the White Sulphur Springs gleamed forth white-jacketed, embodied smiles, and by the side of these rose that delighted grin with which my Virginia cook met all guests, and often put to shame my own more tardy, delinquent sense of hospitality.

Is it not partly in her capacity for ready, sympathetic smiles, the shining out of sweet kindliness and quick perceptions, that the gracious American girl creates a friendly atmosphere about herself, and outshines her sober or timid English sister in winning hearts?

Still the queerly assorted procession of smiles thronged before my mind's eye. The cat from Wonderland came, and Mephistopheles, and the little chimney sweep whose smile was as when

> "a sable cloud
> Turns forth her silver lining on the night."

As the minutes flew, a glad company of poet loves clustered about my bed. "Sweetly smiling Lalage" and "Hebe in wreathèd smiles" led Cherry Ripe and dainty Hester from whose

> "cheerful eyes a ray
> Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
> A bliss that would not go away,
> A sweet forewarning."

I think madcap Beatrix and arch Rosalind were there, and certainly the Highland girl brought a

> "face with gladness overspread,
> Soft smiles by human kindness bred."

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